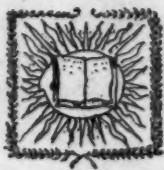


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LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD."

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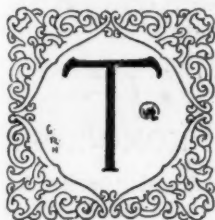
NOVEMBER, 1890.

NO. 1.

AN AMERICAN IN TIBET.

AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



TIBET, separated as it is from India and China by the highest range of mountains in the world, and from Mongolia by broad and desert steppes the altitude of which renders them uninhabitable for man, has naturally remained the most inaccessible and least known country of Asia. But besides these natural barriers, the ignorance of the people; the monopolist tendencies of the sacerdotal class, the Lamas; the jealous apprehension of Tibet's real masters, the Chinese, that foreign influence and trade may displace them — these are obstacles no less serious to overcome before foreigners can enter the country.

A learned French missionary who for thirty years has been living on the Tibetan borderland, writing some years ago of Tibet, said:

What is known of the great plateau which stretches out from the valley of the Tsang-po to the Kuen-lun range? The same may be asked of the form of government, the civil and military organization, the rights of ownership, the civil and religious condition of the people, their virtues and vices, their morals and their customs. Who can speak of the geology, the mineralogy, the mines of Tibet? What is the value of its commerce, both domestic and foreign?

Instead of applying themselves to throw some light on these and many other questions, people generally, and even *savants*, have only this to say: Tibet is the poorest country in the world; it has nothing to sell, there is nothing to be gotten out of it. A convenient answer, in truth, but one which only proves that Tibet is a perfect *terra incognita*. A big volume might be written on what we do not know about Tibet; and if such a book was ever written and had the good fortune to be read, it would dispel many of our illusions.

Thus said Abbé Desgodins in 1881, and ten years have added but little to our knowledge.

Of the many attempts made within the last fifty years to penetrate Tibet none have been really successful save that of Huc in 1845, whose charming work has but little scientific or geographical value. Other travelers have gone as far as Bat'ang, on the high road between China and Lh'asa, but have invariably been stopped at that point. Prjevalsky's explorations never extended to Tibet proper, unless we apply that name to the desert and uninhabitable tablelands on the north of that country.

In northeastern Tibet foreign travelers had not been more successful. In 1884-85 Colonel Prjevalsky, with an escort of fourteen Cossacks and sixty-five camels, was unable to enter it, and a few years previously Count Szechenyi and his expedition had not been allowed by the Chinese authorities to advance in this direction.

Of the great value of exploration in this part of the country it may be noted that Prjevalsky in his last work speaks of it as among the *spolia opima* of future travelers, and it is said that Stanley was so alive to it that he expressed at one time a strong desire to attempt a journey there.

Besides the attraction which travelers would naturally feel for an entirely unexplored region, this one was known, from Chinese sources, to present many features of peculiar interest. A primitive political organization; nomadic tribes, among them the Golok, the most lawless and most feared throughout the country; old and quaint customs which had disappeared from the more civilized parts of Tibet — all pointed to it as showing Tibetan culture in its early and primitive form. It was said to be a well-watered land, traversed by a number of important rivers, presenting many varieties of climate and vegetation, rich in mineral wealth, and the habitat of a great variety of wild animals, many of them unknown to naturalists.

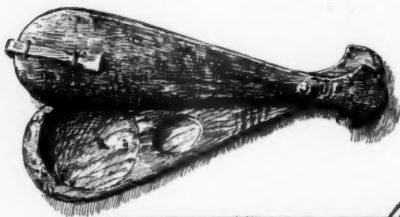
For years I had wished to visit Tibet, especially this part of it. From the time I was a boy I was much interested in Tibetan Buddhism, and I early acquired a fairly good knowledge of the literary language. So when, in 1884, I was attached to the United States Legation in Peking, it seemed as though I might be able to carry out my plans of exploration if I could learn the spoken language, a knowledge of which, from the first, I held to be an absolute requisite for success. No foreigner spoke the language, and none of the natives whom I first met would consent to teach me, being suspicious of the use I might make of my learning. I finally gained the friendship of an intelligent Lama from Lh'asa, and with him for the next four years I studied Tibetan, giving also much of my time to the study of Chinese.

In the autumn of 1888, having resigned my position in the diplomatic service, I started on my travels to this strange land.

My whole journey from Peking through Tibet to Shanghai occupied nine months. From where I left the Ts'aidam till I reached Ta-chien-lu had never before been trodden by a white man. All this country I was able to survey, besides correcting some errors of previous travelers in the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam, and adding something to our knowledge of those little-known regions.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THROUGH NORTHERN CHINA TO THE KOKO-NOR.



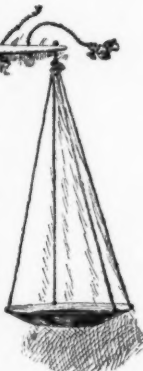
ONE day in 1886, while I was secretary of the United States Legation at Peking, I took to the minister a despatch for the Secretary of State, requesting him to indorse it favorably. It was to ask for an eight months' leave of absence, without pay, to travel in Western China and Tibet. The minister read it over, and turning to me said: "I cannot give my approval to this. If you absent yourself from the legation I must have some one to take your place and do your work. But I tell you what I will do: since you are so anxious to see Tibet, I will use all my influence at Washington to have you appointed minister resident and consul-general there." I timidly asked him if he knew where

Tibet was. "No," he answered; "but it makes no difference. I'll do what I said."

What better illustration could I give of the ignorance in which we are concerning Tibet? The minister of the United States to China did not know that it was an integral part of the empire to the court of which he was accredited!

Seeing that there was no possibility of my retaining my connection with our legation and accomplishing the work of exploration on which I had set my heart years ago, I resigned my post, and in the latter part of 1888 was ready for the journey which would take me through Northern China, the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam countries, and thence whitherward, as Carlyle would say, but certainly into some part of Tibet; and so long as it was an inhabited one, it mattered little: it would be unexplored, and could not fail to prove interesting.

Travel in Northern China is accomplished in a cart, a mule litter, or the saddle. The first method is the most uncomfortable but the most rapid, the second the most comfortable but the slowest, the third the most independent but the most uncertain. The cart used



SILVER SCALES AND CASE.



THE COURTYARD OF AN INN.

in Northern China has two heavy wheels, with wooden axle, no springs, and a body about four feet long and three broad, over which is a light framework top covered with blue cotton. Two mules driven tandem by a carter seated on the left shaft take it along at a rate of about three miles an hour, and one can make in it an average of thirty-five miles a day, even over the roughest country. It will carry about three hundred pounds of goods, and one or even two passengers; and the tighter one is squeezed in the more comfortable it will prove, for that, and that alone, will be a protection from the terrible jolting over the rough country roads. It is told in some old book of travel, in the narrative of the mission of Lord Amherst to the court of Peking, if I remember rightly, that one of his attendants died from the effects of the jolting he received during a short journey in one of these carts. But this mode of travel being the most rapid, I adopted it. Several years of experience of cart travel in China had made me bold, so that I did not fear the fate which had overtaken the Amherst mission man. Comfortably wrapped in my wadded Chinese clothes, I squeezed myself into my cart, feeling like a delicate piece of china ware packed in cotton, and after a hearty farewell to the friends with whom I was staying at Peking, the carters cracked their whips, and with a shout to the mules we were off.

I had made a contract with a cart firm to supply me with two carts to take me to Lanchou Fu, the capital of Kan-su, a distance of over thirteen hundred miles, in thirty-four days. For every day over the stipulated time I was to receive two ounces of silver (two taels), and for every day gained on the schedule time I was to pay them a bonus of the same amount. This arrangement worked perfectly. I experienced no delays on the route, and reached my destination two days ahead of time.

One of the most troublesome questions to contend with in traveling in China is that of money. As is well known, the Chinese have no other currency than the copper cash, about fifteen hundred of which are worth at Peking a Chinese ounce of pure silver, called by foreigners a "tael of sycee." Silver is naturally used in commercial transactions, but as bullion only; and by weight, so every one has to have a set of small scales. The inconvenience that this weighing entails would be comparatively small were all the scales throughout the empire uniform, but such is not the case. They differ considerably from one town to another, and even in the same locality. Thus at Peking there is a government standard, a maritime customs standard, and a commercial standard. The same diversity is found over all the empire, and the consequent complications and even serious loss in exchange are a continual

vexation. Nor is it possible to escape this loss by carrying copper cash with one; for, putting aside their excessive weight, there is not even a standard cash in China. Those used at T'ien-tsin are not used at Peking; those at Peking are not current, except at a discount, at T'ai-yuan. Here I bought a very debased kind of cash, giving one "large cash" for four of them; a hundred miles farther south these small cash were at par, and even, in a few cases, at a slight premium over the intrinsically more valuable large one.

One would be inclined to think that the Chinese, a clever and profoundly commercial people, would remedy this state of things by having a single standard for cash throughout the empire, and dispose of the silver question by following in the wake of all civilized and even barbarous races in adopting a silver currency. The reason for not doing so is at once found in the profit which officials and brokers find in the existence of these various standards. Take, for example, the case of a governor of a province remitting silver to Peking. He levies the taxes, or the special tax, according to a certain standard of weight obtaining in his jurisdiction, but he has to remit it to Peking according to the standard adopted by the Treasury (*Hu-pu*); the difference — and it is often a very considerable one — will usually be found to be to the credit of the governor, and goes to improve his rather inadequate salary. Such cases could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but the above suffices to show that those who could bring about the change are not, and probably never will be, disposed to advocate it. While on the question of the Chinese monetary system it is in order to note that the Mongols, Tibetans, and Turkestanese have never consented to use the Chinese copper cash, although it is the standard money of the realm. The first-named people use silver ingots or brick tea, the others have a silver currency of their own, of which I shall speak farther on.

I took with me about sixty pounds of silver shoes¹ and twenty ounces of gold sewed in my clothes, besides a small assortment of articles for trading and presents. The importance of making suitable presents to persons whose assistance or friendship one may have to seek cannot be too carefully considered when traveling in China and Central Asia. They need not be of such a valuable nature that one's conscience feels troubled with the thought that one has resorted to bribery; but their effect on the official mind is very marked, and

on two or three occasions, when great difficulties sprang up in my way, I had proof of their mollifying effect when bestowed, with suitable compliments, in the right quarter.

In the first stage of my journey, which took me across the western border of Northern China to the Koko-nor country, I was accompanied by one Chinese servant, a young rascal who prior to this had made a journey with Lieutenant Younghusband of the British army through Mongolia and Turkestan and thence across the Mustagh pass to India. He was of scanty assistance to me, as I lived on what food I could purchase at the inns, and, speaking Chinese myself, I did not require his services as interpreter, in which capacity he may have rendered some aid to his former master, although the "pigeon English" jargon he spoke would have required more study to understand than the most difficult dialect in China.

The route we followed between Peking and Hsi-an Fu is the great highway and artery of commerce between northeastern, central, and southwestern China, and travel over it presents no hardships: every few miles along the road one passes inns and eating-houses, and large towns are met with daily.

For the first three days I traveled through the fertile plain which stretches over the greater part of the province of Chih-li, stopping only a few hours for meals and to rest in the big straggling villages which line the way, taking advantage of the bright moonlight to push on as fast as possible to Pao-ting, the capital of the province. I found it at first somewhat difficult to accustom myself to the Chinese mode of starting in the middle of the night, — or rather as soon as the moon rises, — but after a few days I recognized the advantage of doing so, for the next stage is reached early and there are good rooms and meals to be had; while if, as most foreigners do, one leaves only at daylight, one arrives at the inn too late to get even a tolerable room and bad food. The invariable rule with Chinese travelers is to leave early without eating; after four hours' going they stop for two hours to breakfast and to feed the teams, then on again till about three in the afternoon, when the stage is reached.

Every one we passed in the night our drivers insisted were brigands, and they asked me to keep my revolver handy. To judge from the number of watch-houses and patrolmen we saw, their fears did not seem ill founded, but we were never molested. Brigandage is a popular winter occupation in Northern China; not of the "stand and deliver" or "hands up" kind, but of the sneak thief in rags and tatters and armed with a pike or old sword description. Even in the immediate vicinity of Peking, and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of

¹ Thus called by Europeans on account of the shape of the ingots, which resemble a Chinese shoe or boat (in Dutch *schuyt*). The Chinese call those weighing fifty taels *yuan-pao*, which word becomes in Turkestan and Tibet *yambu*.

the high officials and the frequent executions, highway robbery and brigandage break out afresh every year. Poverty pushes the peasants in many cases to adopt this means of livelihood, which must present great difficulties in such a

portion of the room raised about two feet and a half above the floor. It is about six feet broad and is covered with coarse mats; the interior is hollow and receives heat from a fire built in it through a hole on the outside, or in



CAVE-DWELLINGS IN LOESS COUNTRY (FEN HO VALLEY).

thickly inhabited country with no Sherwood forests to retire to.

Pao-ting Fu is a densely populated town and an important commercial center, but it does not give one the impression of a large city, especially as the suburbs are not very extensive. The shops, though small, are well stocked with every kind of goods, both domestic and foreign, the latter being brought from T'ien-tsin by boat.

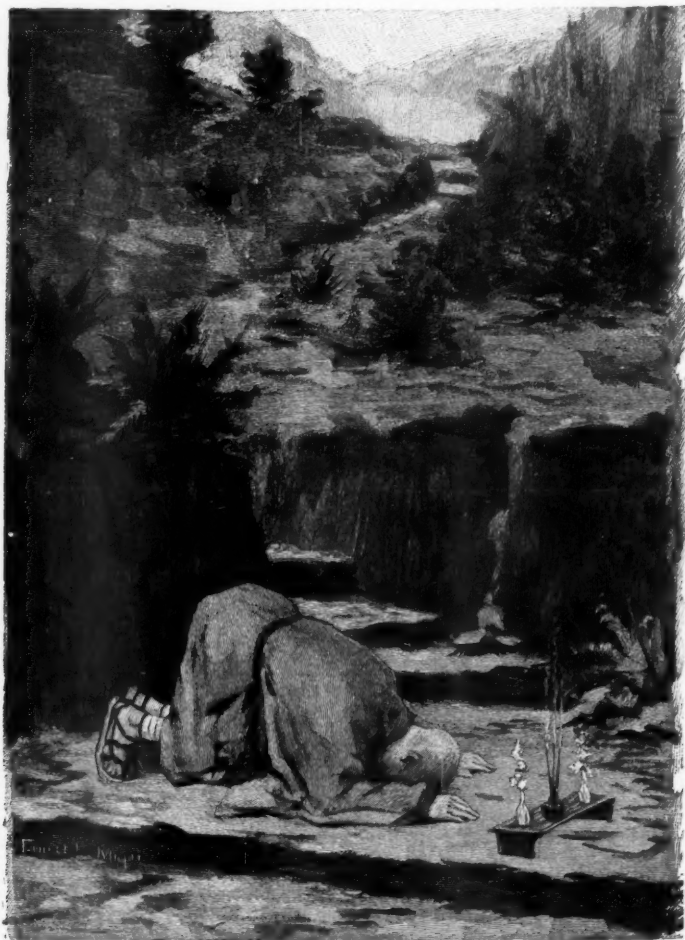
I staid at Pao-ting only a night and hurried on towards T'ai-yuan, the capital of Shan-hsi, some two hundred miles to the west. Our road at first lay through a level country, densely populated, and with every spot of arable soil under cultivation. At this season of the year (late December) it was, however, painfully bare; every blade of dry grass had been carefully scraped up to supply fuel to the *k'ang*.

The *k'ang* is such an important feature in the domestic economy of Northern China that it merits a few words of description. It is a

the front when coal is used. The heat of the fire rapidly warms the whole structure, and as very little draft is required for the small fire built under it,—generally a bundle of straw,—the *k'ang* remains warm for a considerable length of time. On it the family sit in the daytime and sleep at night, and, thanks to the genial heat which radiates from it, they do not require more than a light coverlet during the coldest nights; when one side gets cold they only have to turn over and warm it. This, however, is precisely what foreigners cannot get used to in the *k'ang*, one side roasting and the other freezing and no possibility of striking the happy medium. In parts of Kan-su the *k'ang* is nothing more than a big wooden box without any hole communicating with the outside air. In it is put a lot of dry powdered manure with a few live coals; this smolders for hours and warms the upper planks thoroughly, without any danger of breaking into a flame and igniting them.

Some sixty-five miles to the west of Pao-ting we left the plain and entered a hilly region chiefly interesting on account of its coal measures and the deposits of loess which cover it. Loess is a yellowish earth, extremely porous,

not require to be manured, and three thousand years of cultivation of the Shan-hsi and Shen-hsi loess has not exhausted it in the least. Loess beds, where they are compact and have a vertical face, are used by the people to make



PILGRIM ON THE ROAD TO LH'ASA.

and when dry easily reduced to an impalpable powder. One of its peculiar features is the perpendicular splitting of its mass under the action of the rains, forming chasms or *arroyos*, many of which are hundreds of feet deep. Its porosity has also the effect of rendering it highly suitable for cultivation as long as the subsoil is sufficiently wet to supply moisture to the roots of the plants by the tubes of the loess. Furthermore, crops planted in the loess do

cave habitations. These dwellings are frequently lined with brick, have an arched ceiling, and are sometimes two storied. The front is formed of brick, or else a sufficient thickness of loess is left to take the place of a wall. These houses are warm in winter and cool in summer, and naturally require no repairing. I once asked an inn-keeper who lived in one of them if these cave-dwellings had any particular name to distinguish them from ordinary houses. He

answered in the negative, but said they are known as houses which stand a myriad years.

Baron von Richthofen was the first geologist to propound the theory, now universally adopted, that the loess of China owes its origin to the action of wind sweeping over the treeless steppes of Central Asia, removing the sand and dust eastward, the latter finally settling in the grass-covered districts of North-western China, the Koko-nor, and even Eastern Tibet. New vegetation was at once nourished, while its roots were raised by the constantly arriving deposit; the decay of old roots produced the lime-lined canals which impart to this material its peculiar characteristics.¹

Through these loess beds I traveled with but few interruptions until I left China proper to enter the Koko-nor region, a distance of about 1200 miles. Generally speaking the traveling was most uninteresting, for the roads lay at the bottom of deep cuts and all view of the surrounding country was hidden from us.

Between Pao-ting and T'ai-yuan we passed through a number of towns, but they presented absolutely no feature of interest, nor, for that matter, do any towns I have visited in Northern China; in all are found the same tumble-down official buildings, the same small dark shops on crowded narrow streets, the same mangy dogs and lank pigs. The people differ only slightly in their language, and in some peculiarity of dress; never, however, in their longing to make the most out of you they can.

We reached T'ai-yuan Fu on the seventh day after leaving Pao-ting. It is a rather small city, its walls being about two and a half miles long by a mile and three-quarters broad, but the ground within them is closely built over, and the excellence of the houses and the general cleanliness bear witness to the well-known prosperity of its inhabitants. The people of the province of Shan-hsi, and of its capital T'ai-yuan especially, are famous throughout China as bankers, traders, and merchants. The largest banking-houses at Peking, T'ientsin, Hsi-an, and even farther north, are kept by Shan-hsi men, and traders from this province may be found all over Mongolia, at Tachien-lu on the Tibetan border, and in many other localities farther west.

The province produces little for exportation save iron and salt, and the northern portion of it is decidedly poor. There the people live principally on potatoes, which they boil and eat without so much as a little salt. In the central and southern parts cabbages, wheat bread, vermicelli, pork, and mutton constitute their food.

To the foreign traveler perhaps the most interesting spot in Shan-hsi is the great Buddhist sanctuary of Wu-t'ai shan, "The Five Table-mountains," a few days' journey north of the capital. In 1887 I visited this place and found it quite as attractive as it had been pictured to me by natives who had lived there. On a low hill in a narrow valley surrounded by high peaks, on one at least of which lies perpetual snow, and down which flows a clear mountain brook, stands a Buddhist sanctuary sacred to Wen-shu P'usa, the Indian Manjusri. From afar its bright green-tiled roof, on which rise golden spires, its red walls, and the dark evergreens growing around it, attract the eye. Near this most sacred shrine, but lower down the hill, are other temples, in one of which rises a great white pagoda with golden spire. Under this monument are said to be body relics of the Buddha Sakyamuni, brought there in the first century of our era by the Indian missionary who introduced Buddhism into China. In another of the temples there stands a chapel some thirty feet square and over fifty feet high, entirely made of the finest bronze exquisitely chased and once gilded. Near by are large incense-burners in form like the familiar Chinese pagodas, but all of bronze covered with the most beautiful designs. These are gifts of some of China's emperors. Most of the temples have been built through their munificence, and the numerous priests who inhabit the houses which surround them are in receipt of salaries in money and food from the government. The interiors of the temples are most gorgeous. Images of the gods, of all sizes and made of different materials,—gold, silver, bronze, and clay,—smile, frown, or make hideous faces at one from every side, while the altars before them are covered with offerings of fruit, confectionery, and bowls of clear water, the darkness made bright by innumerable little brass lamps filled with butter and arranged in rows along the altar edge. In one temple I saw a number of large cloisonné incense-burners dating from the seventeenth century, exquisite in color and design. In another were stored all the divers implements used in church worship,—drums, conch shells, trumpets (some eight feet long and in shape like the alpine horn),—and on shelves arranged along the walls were copies of the sacred books, in Tibetan and Mongol, written in gold and most wonderfully illuminated. A little lower down the hill, in one of the temples, I was shown a footprint of the Buddha, one foot six inches long and six inches broad.

The priests who live here number about five thousand and are mostly Tibetans and Mongols, and the form of worship is the Lama-

¹ See Richthofen's "China," Vol. I., p. 74, and Wells Williams, "Middle Kingdom," Second Edition, Vol. I., p. 303.

ist or that prevailing in Tibet. There are sixty-five temples or shrines in the valley, and it is said that there used to be three hundred and sixty, so that a man could perform his devotions at a different one nearly every day of the year.

The name of this most sacred place, "Five Table-mountains," is due to there being round about it five high peaks with level tops. The highest one, called the Northern Peak, is 10,050 feet high, and in clear weather one can see the China Sea from it—at least, so it is said; but when I was on it, in the middle of October, I could not see two hundred yards away, on account of the heavy snow which was falling.

The Wu-t'ai shan is visited yearly by tens of thousands of Mongols and by many Tibetans. It is no uncommon sight, when traveling over one of the roads leading there, to see devout Mongols journeying thither on foot and making a full-length prostration every two steps, measuring the whole distance with their bodies. Months are frequently taken in performing this highly meritorious deed, for three or four miles a day when gone over in this fashion are enough to exhaust the strongest man. This reminds me that one day when traveling through Su-ch'uan, over the mountains between Ta-chien-lu and Ya-chou, I met a *ho-shang*, a Chinese Buddhist priest, from the famous P'u-t'o shan convent in the Chusan Archipelago, not far from Ning-po. He was on his way to Lh'asa, and was making a prostration every two steps. He had traveled about 1600 miles in four years, making these prostrations all the way. He carried in his hands a little altar on which burned some joss-sticks, and this he placed before him, in the supposed direction of Lh'asa, before making his prostration. He was very cheerful, and told me that he hoped to be able to reach Lh'asa in about two years, as he had only some 1100 miles more to cover. He carried with him certificates from abbots of different temples where he had rested his wearied limbs for a while, attesting the truth of his story and recommending him to the charity of all whom he might meet.

From T'ai-yuan our road led south down the valley of the Fen ho, which drains the greater part of the province and finally empties into the Yellow River near its great and final bend eastward. Everywhere the country was thickly populated, and every available inch of soil was under cultivation. To one who passes quickly through Northern China without paying any special attention to the question the country would not seem so thickly settled, for detached farms are nearly unknown, the people congregating in villages, probably as affording better protection from robbers and not

infrequently from rebels. So one sees broad stretches of country without a habitation, but then towns of 10,000 or 20,000 inhabitants are found every ten or fifteen miles along the road, and similar ones are seen no matter which way one goes. In Su-ch'uan only does the density of the population strike one; for there, and as far as I know there alone, do the people live in detached cottages and far from villages.

The largest, though not the most important, town we passed through before reaching the Yellow River was P'ing-yang. Richthofen tells a story of it in his letter on the province of Shan-hsi, which is typical of official customs, and hence worth repeating.

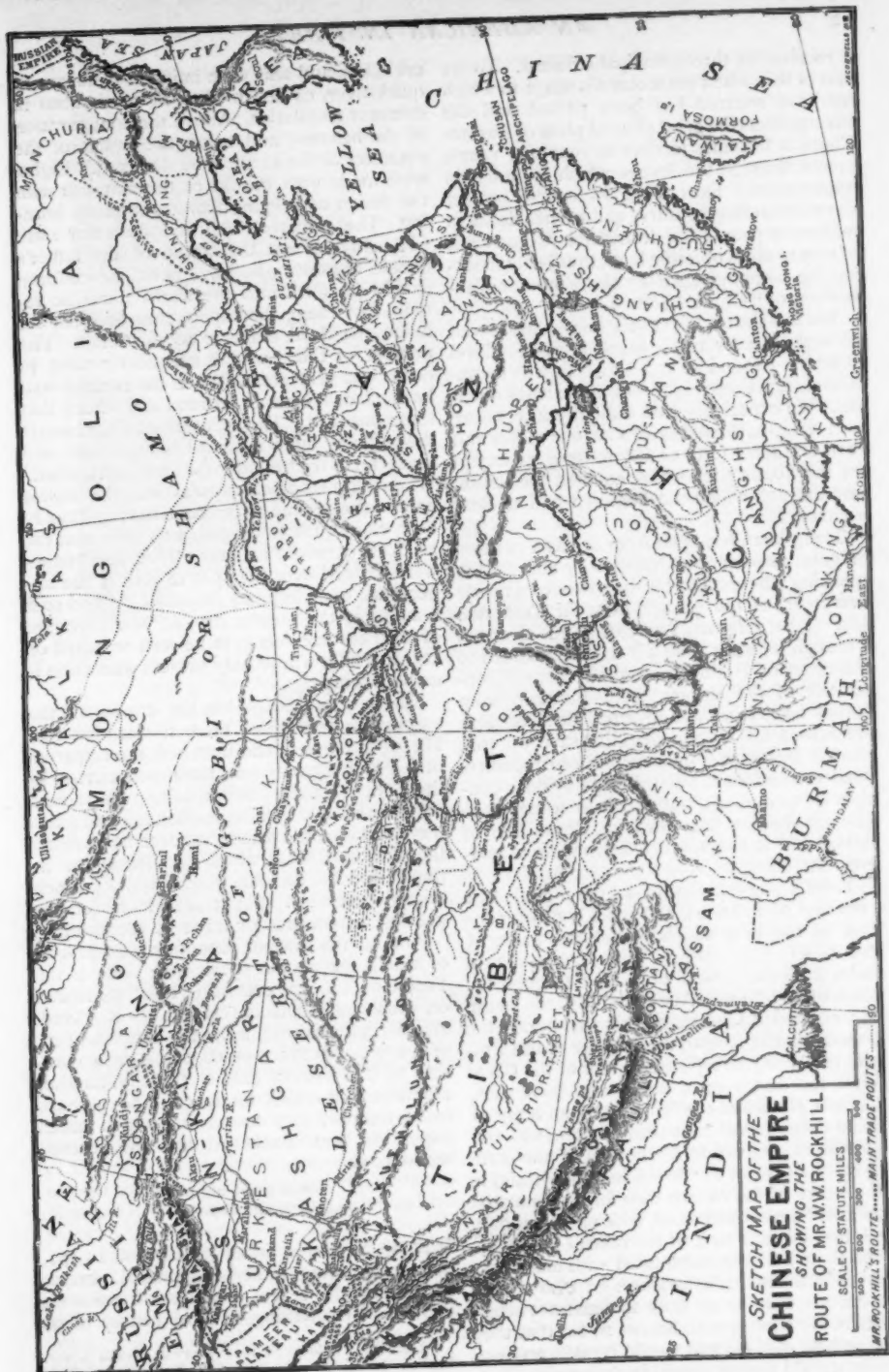
Towards 1869 a band of rebels coming from Ho-nan entered the city quite unexpectedly, but left again after a slight pillage. When they were at some distance the mandarins, in order to give some substance to their projected report to the emperor of having saved the city by martial defense, ordered some shots to be fired after them from the wall. The rebels, considering this an ungrateful treatment, turned back and destroyed the whole city, killing a great many people.

So completely did they destroy the town that it is still in a ruinous condition, and only a small portion of it is inhabited.

In the lower part of the province cotton is very extensively cultivated, and, from what was shown me of it, I believe it to be superior to that raised in Chih-li. Jujube and persimmon trees grow all over the fields, and the former are frequently made into hedgerows. The jujube fruit is, when preserved, a most excellent substitute for dates, and the dried persimmon I prefer to the best figs. Brandied jujubes are also much liked, and from the persimmons a kind of whisky, resembling poor Scotch whisky, connoisseurs say, is distilled.¹

We came to the bank of the Yellow River in front of the great customs station of T'ung-kuan early on the morning of January 5. The river is here between five hundred and six hundred yards wide, a muddy and rather sluggish stream, flowing between high banks of loess, behind which rise to the east ranges of dark, jagged mountains, while to the west and north-west spreads out a vast loess plain, the basin of the river Wei, from of old the granary of China. It is its yellow color, due to the loess, called "yellow earth" by the Chinese, which suggested the use of yellow as the color sacred in China to imperial majesty. This point of the river is called by the Chinese "the head of the Yellow River," for it is near here that

¹ See Rev. Chester Holcombe in "Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," New Series, Vol. X., p. 64.



it receives its three principal affluents. To the east of this, when the mountain range to which we have referred has been passed and the stream enters the great alluvial plain of Eastern China, it becomes terrible as year after year it breaks through the levees which for miles in uninterrupted lines along its course protect the surrounding country, and carries death to millions of people and destruction to thousands of square miles of fertile land, thus justly meriting the name, given it by the Emperor Tao-Kuang, of "China's Sorrow."

But the Yellow River at T'ung-kuan showed no signs of ever rising much above the level at which I found it, and its depth was considerable, perhaps eight feet, in the main channel. We experienced no difficulty in crossing it in a flat-bottomed skiff, with our mules and carts and some forty or fifty passengers, except for the floating ice which covered the stream and through which the boatmen had to clear a channel.

T'ung-kuan has been from of old a position of great importance, strategically and fiscally speaking: there converge the roads from nearly every part of the empire, from far Turkestan and Tibet, from Yun-nan and Kan-su. Through its walls pass all tribute missions to the court of Peking from the remote dependencies of the empire, from Burmah, from Nepal and Tibet. Here *octroi* dues or *likin* are levied on all merchandise save on that carried by tribute missions, whose members avail themselves of this privilege to do a considerable business: not only is their merchandise allowed to pass through China free of duties, but it is transported for them at government charge.

From T'ung-kuan to Hsi-an, the capital of the province of Shen-hsi, the road lay along the foot of the hills which bound the basin of the Wei to the south. When some sixteen miles from the capital we passed through the town of Lin-t'ung. About a mile to the south, in a hill called Li shan, is said to be buried the famous She Huang-ti, the founder of the Empire of China, the reputed builder of the Great Wall, the destroyer of books and book men. China's Herodotus tells us that "an army of more than seventy thousand laborers was employed in excavating the bowels of the earth at this spot down to 'threefold depth'; and in the heart of the cavern thus formed 'palatial edifices' were constructed, with partitions duly allotted to each rank of the official hierarchy, and these buildings were filled with marvelous inventions and rare treasures of every kind. Artificers were set to work to construct arbalists ready strung, with arrows so set that they would be shot off and would transfix any one who should penetrate within their reach. Riv-

ers, lakes, and seas were imitated by means of quicksilver, caused to flow by mechanism in constant circulation. Above the configuration of the heavens, and below the outline of the countries of the earth, were depicted. Lights were made with the fat of the man-fish with the design of keeping them continually burning. The emperor's son and successor said, 'It behooves not that those of my father's female consorts who have borne no children should go forth into the world'; and he required of them, thereupon, that they should follow the dead emperor to the tomb. The number of those who consequently went to death was very great. When the remains had been placed beneath ground it chanced that some one said, 'The artificers who have made the enginery know all that has been done, and the secret of the treasure will be noised abroad.' When the great ceremony was over, the central gate of the avenue of approach having already been closed, the lower gate was shut, and the artificers came out no more. Trees and hedges were planted over the spot to give it the appearance of an ordinary mountain,"¹ and so it remains to the present day, for not a vestige of all these wonders is to be seen or heard of at Lin-t'ung, whose only present attraction is its hot springs.

The city of Hsi-an was the capital of the empire for centuries. Here it was that She Huang-ti reigned, and from here the emperors of the Han dynasty sent forth their envoys to the Roman Empire. Its imposing walls, second only to those of Peking, its monumental gateways and imperial palace, are even now among the first in China, while the density of its population and the commercial activity which reigns in it show that it is still one of the greatest emporiums of trade in the country.

Among the ancient monuments of Hsi-an of which the people speak with pride is the Forest of Tablets, consisting of stone tablets on which the Confucian classics are engraved, and dating, it is said, from the ninth century of our era. But there stands, a mile or two outside of the western gate of the city, another monument in which foreigners take perhaps more interest, and concerning which much paper has been blackened and the learned world have

heard great argument
About it and about —

It is the Nestorian tablet raised in A. D. 781, containing some rather enigmatical phrases concerning the tenets of a sect of which we know hardly anything, a short history of its

¹ See W. F. Meyers in "Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," New Series, Vol. XII., p. 14.



MENDICANT TAOIST MONK.

life in China down to the date of the erection of the tablet, and winding up with a number of poor verses mostly containing fulsome compliments to the various emperors who had befriended the teachers of the creed.

I was struck while in Hsi-an with the number of Taoist priests I saw on the streets, while Buddhists were met but rarely. Although both belong to mendicant orders, the former resort to stranger artifices to obtain alms than do the latter. Thus it is no uncommon sight to meet one going about begging with four or

five long iron skewers run through his forearm and little ribbons hanging therefrom. Two I have met had long iron rods running through their cheeks, and they had made oath to remove them only when they had collected a certain sum of money sufficient to repair their temples. The one whose picture is here given had had the iron rod through his face for over four months, living the while on soup and tea only. Another way of raising money is for a priest to take his seat in a little brick sentry-box and let himself be walled in, leaving only



CARD AND CARD-BLOCK OF THE AUTHOR.

a small window through which he can see and can pull a rope by which a big bell is sounded and the attention of passers-by attracted. Here he will sit for months. I have known one to remain in his box for nearly a year without being able to lie down or stand up, but apparently perfectly happy and always ready to have a bit of gossip.

I stopped at Hsi-an only a day and a half, as I was most anxious to reach Lan-chou, and, if possible, Hsi-ning, before the Chinese New Year (January 31). The distance between Hsi-an and the capital of Kan-su is about five hundred miles. The country gradually but steadily rises, the road lying over loess-covered hills and through loess-lined valleys. The population grew thinner as we advanced westward, and the ruins of towns and villages, sad mementos of the late Mohammedan rebellion, became more numerous and more complete. From the moment we entered the province of Kan-su the aspect of the road changed, for from there all the way to the capital rows of willow trees have been planted on both sides of it. It was told me that Tso Tsung-t'ang, late governor-general of Kan-su and the conqueror of Kashgaria, having heard that it was customary in western lands to plant trees along the highways, had the road leading from Hsi-an through Lan-chou and as far as Liang-chou planted with those I saw, and, strangely enough, they have now been growing for years in a country where no other trees are to be seen, all having been cut down long since; but these have not been too badly treated by the people, who have contented themselves with lopping off the lower boughs.

Not very far from the border of Shen-hsi, and

a little to the west of the city of P'ing-chou, we passed the Ta Fo ssu, "the temple of the big Buddha." The valley in which we were traveling is bounded for over six hundred feet on the south side by a bed of sandstone rising vertically for over a hundred feet. In this soft stone a number of cave-temples have been cut, only one of which is now in repair. The temple is entered by a narrow passageway, passing under a high brick structure built against the face of the rock, and in the top of which is a large aperture corresponding to a hole made in the rock by which light enters the temple. The temple is dome shaped; the interior rock has not all been removed, but shaped into a huge statue of the Buddha seated cross-legged. On each side of him is a smaller image of a standing demiurge. The principal figure is about forty-five feet high and richly gilt, as are also the two smaller ones. The work is not of a high order, and cannot compare with what I saw in the cave-temple of Yung-Kan, near Ta-t'ung in Shan-hsi, on a former journey. This latter temple, I feel very sure, was made in the fifth or the sixth century of our era, and it is probable that the Ta Fo ssu was excavated at about the same time.

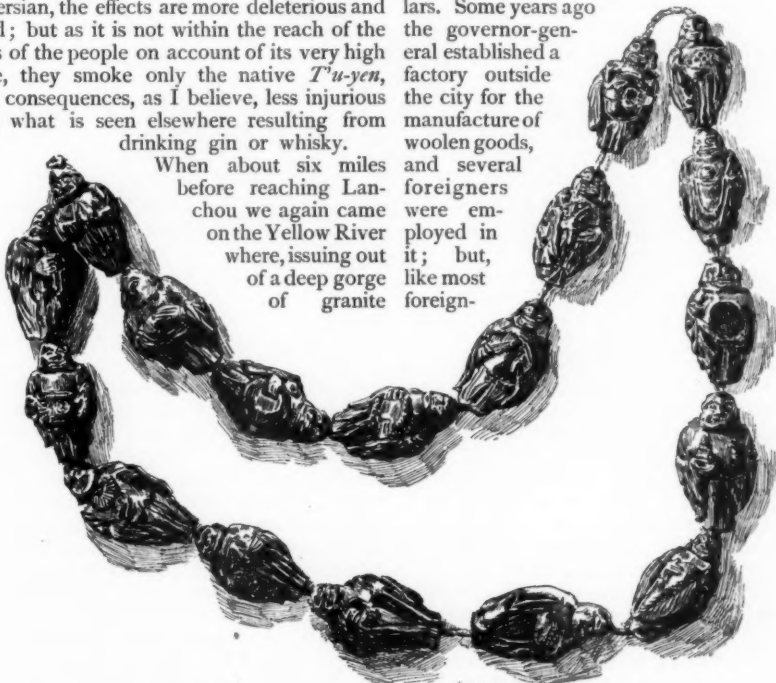
Kan-su is a sparsely peopled province which has had much to suffer during the late Mohammedan rebellion. Its towns and villages have been pillaged and burned, first by rebels then by the imperial troops, and its people have been killed by myriads; but the spirit of the Mohammedan has not been crushed, and though nearly twenty years have elapsed since the rebellion was quelled, the officials in the western and south-western parts of the province are in constant dread of a fresh uprising. The people are poor, and they lack that energy and push which is so striking a characteristic of most of their countrymen. The villages through which I passed were mostly composed of miserable mud hovels, not over twelve feet square, a *Kang*, lighted from the outside, and in which grass or dried manure served as fuel, occupying more than half of the hut. A mud stand with a hole for a fire, kept burning by a box-bellows, and over which is placed a shallow iron pan, the only cooking utensil in the house, is the next most important article of furniture. A small hand-mill or quern, a few earthenware pots, and some bits of dirty felt and cotton complete the *ameublement* of these dens, in which frequently three generations live huddled together. Around the mouth of the *Kang* lie a few lank pigs trying to get a little warmth from the fire within, while a half-dozen skinny children, clothed only in too-short and much-tattered jackets, gambol about and romp in the mud with some asthmatic chickens and mangy

dogs. The food of this people is *mien* or vermicelli, and cakes of wheat flour called *mo-kui* or *mo-mo*, varying only in size and thickness, but never in their sodden indigestibility. Once in twelve months, at New Year's, the natives, if they are Mohammedans, indulge in meat, pork or mutton, not wisely but too well, for frequently they die from gorging themselves with it. Their only pleasure in life is opium-smoking, and I never had the heart to begrudge it them, for I do not believe that it affects the mass of those who use it as perniciously as has generally been said. Take, for example, the Ssu-ch'uanese: they do work of the heaviest kind, as porters over the rough mountain roads or as boat-trackers up the swift eddying rivers of their province,—work which only strong and healthy men could do,—and nearly every one of them is a confirmed opium-smoker. Nor does opium-smoking dull the mind and produce somnolence; its effects are just the reverse. The brain under its influence becomes more active, there is but little inclination to sleep, and labor of any kind seems to become easier. Its use, however, destroys all taste for food and for any sensual indulgence, hence the emaciated condition of those who have been inveterate smokers for a long time. When, however, the smoker uses the foreign drug, Indian or Persian, the effects are more deleterious and rapid; but as it is not within the reach of the mass of the people on account of its very high price, they smoke only the native *T'u-yen*, with consequences, as I believe, less injurious than what is seen elsewhere resulting from drinking gin or whisky.

When about six miles before reaching Lan-chou we again came on the Yellow River where, issuing out of a deep gorge of granite

rock in which it has worn a narrow channel, it bends northward and flows through a broad level country till it has passed Ning-hsia. Here the stream is clear and swift, some 175 yards wide, and resembled nowise the sluggish, muddy river we had crossed at T'ung-kuan. It only becomes muddy after passing Ning-hsia, where it flows through a sandy waste. The winds which are always blowing there carry great masses of dust into the river; to this silt the three great affluents which empty into it near T'ung-kuan add the loess carried down in their waters. The Yellow River down to Ning-hsia is navigated on rafts made of inflated ox-hides, and in this way large quantities of goods are brought down country at a nominal cost, the skins composing the rafts being readily disposed of.

Lan-chou is situated on the right bank of the Yellow River and has a population of from 70,000 to 80,000, a large percentage of whom are Mohammedans. There is a bridge of boats across the river; but in winter this is removed, and the ice is usually sufficiently strong for carts to cross over. The city offers little of interest for the sightseer, and the only important industry is the manufacture of water-pipe tobacco, the annual sale of which amounts to about six hundred thousand dollars. Some years ago the governor-general established a factory outside the city for the manufacture of woolen goods, and several foreigners were employed in it; but, like most foreign-



ROSARY BEADS CUT TO REPRESENT THE EIGHTEEN LO-HAN (ARHATS).

equipped industries in Chinese hands, it proved abortive, and to-day the factory is used as a small-arms repair shop and governmental godown, its high brick chimney a landmark seen for miles away.

At Lan-chou my cart journey was at an end.

mountains to the east of it gold washing is extensively carried on, although the profit derived therefrom seems to be very small. It is a common saying among the people that when a man has tried in vain to make a livelihood by all conceivable methods he finally takes to washing gold.



TSONGK'APA, BORN AT KUMBUM. PAN-CH'EN RINPOCHE' OF TRASHIL'UNPO.
THE TALE'LAMA OF LH'ABA. THE INCARNATE GODS OF TIBET. (FROM A TIBETAN PAINTING.)

I hired three mules to carry my luggage, and having bought a pony for myself to ride, I left the city after a sojourn of ten days, during which I enjoyed the hospitality of Father de Meester of the Belgian Catholic Mission. I would like to speak here of the work of this mission in Mongolia, Kan-su, and Turkestan, and of the lives and privations of these devoted men, but I must hurry on.

We followed up the course of the Yellow River for a day and a half, and then, crossing the stream on a small ferryboat, entered the valley of the Hsi-ning River, up which we journeyed for four days more, passing only one town on the way, the prefectural city of Nien-pei. In the

When some ten miles from Hsi-ning we crossed a wooden bridge to the right bank of the river, after which our road led through a narrow gorge in a range of granitic and schistose rocks which cuts the valley at right angles. The road here presented no more difficulty than is usually met with in such gorges, in fact not nearly so much as in those near Lao-ya-p'u. But listen to what Abbé Huc says of it in his charming "Souvenirs of a Journey in Tartary and Tibet."

A day before reaching Si Ning we traveled over a most difficult and dangerous piece of road, where we often had to recommend ourselves to the protection of Divine Providence. We went amidst great

boulders and beside a deep torrent where seething waters leaped at our feet. The abyss yawned beneath us and a slip would have sufficed to precipitate us into it. But chiefly did we tremble for our camels, so awkward and so heavy when walking in dangerous places. But in the end, thanks to God's bounty, we reached Si Ning without accident.

A clear case of distance lending enchantment to the view; for not only is the gorge a short one, but there is absolutely no danger in it, and the most awkward camel in the world could go through it on a run.

We reached Hsi-ning Fu on the afternoon of February 6, and took up our quarters in a large inn in the suburbs; but we had hardly alighted when I was requested by the police to report to the authorities, show my passport, and tell them my plans, none of which did I in the least care to do. So at daylight next morning, having shaved my head and

face and changed my Chinese gown for a big red cloth one like that worn by Mongols and Tibetans, and having made a few minor alterations in my dress, I left Hsi-ning with a party of K'alk'a Mongols with whom I had traveled for the last few days, and went to the famous lamasery of Kumbum, called by the Chinese T'ar-ssu, about twenty miles away, where there were no bothersome officials asking embarrassing questions and prying into one's affairs.

The road thither was crowded with pilgrims, Mongols, Tibetans, and Sifans, all hurrying to witness the feast of the 15th of the first moon and the display of wonderful butter bas-reliefs, when the temple and the adjacent villages are filled with people from all the country round and from far-off Tibet, from Lh'asa, Trashil'unpo, and K'amdo, from Eastern Mongolia and from Turkestan.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

TWO FRENCH SCULPTORS.¹

RODIN — DALOU.



SIDE by side with the academic current in French art has moved of recent years a naturalist and romantic impulse whose manifestations have been always vigorous though occasionally exaggerated. In any of the great departments of activity nationally pursued — as art has been pursued in France since Francis I. — there are always these rival currents of which now one and now the other constantly affects the ebb and flow of the tide of thought and feeling. The classic and romantic duel of 1830, the rise of the naturalist opposition to Hugo and romanticism in our own day, are familiar instances of this phenomenon in literature. The revolt of Géricault and Delacroix against David and Ingres are equally well known in the field of painting. Of recent years the foundation of the periodical "L'Art" and its rivalry with the conservative "Gazette des Beaux Arts" mark with the same definiteness, and an articulate precision, the same conflict between truth, as new eyes see it, and tradition. Never, perhaps, since the early Renaissance, however, has nature asserted her supremacy over convention in such un-

mistakable, such insistent, and, one may say, I think, such intolerant fashion as she is doing at the present moment. Sculpture, in virtue of the defiant palpability of its material, is the most impalpable of the plastic arts, and therefore it feels less quickly than the rest, perhaps, the impress of the influences of the epoch and their classifying canons. Natural imitation shows first in sculpture and subsists in it longest. But convention once its conqueror the return to nature is here most tardy, because, owing to the impalpable, the elusive quality of sculpture, though natural standards may everywhere else be in vogue, no one thinks of applying them to so specialized an expression. Its variation depends therefore more completely on the individual artist himself. Niccolò Pisano, for example, died when Giotto was two years old, but, at the other end of the historic line of modern art, it has taken years since Delacroix to furnish recognition for Auguste Rodin. The stronghold of the Institute had been mined many times by revolutionary painters before Dalou took the grand medal of the Salon.

Owing to the relative and in fact polemic position which these two artists occupy the movement which they represent, and of which as yet they themselves form a chief part, a little obscures their respective personalities, which are nevertheless, in sculpture, by far the most positive and puissant of the present epoch. M.

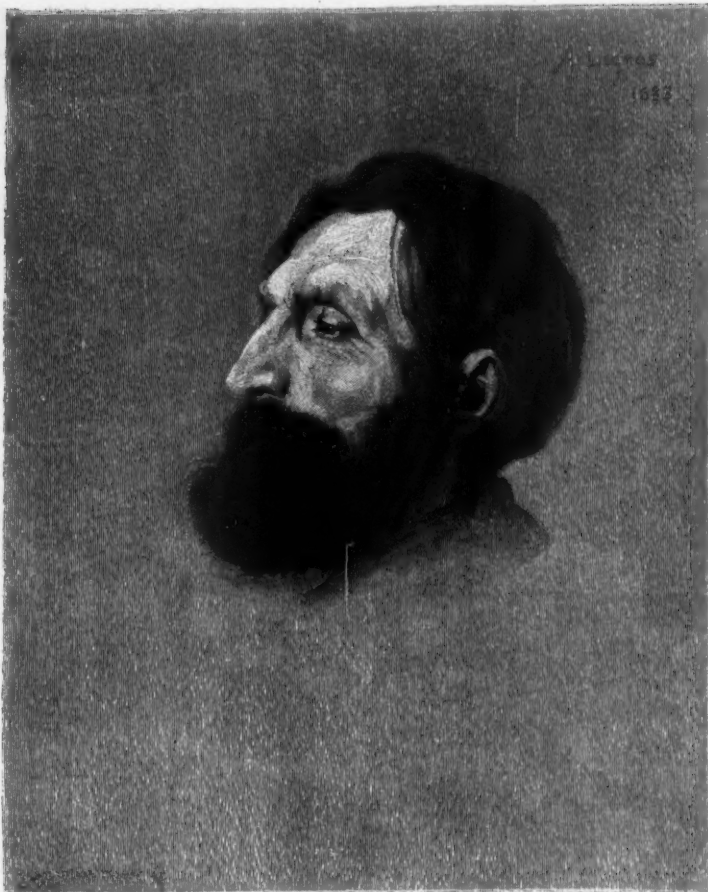
¹ To explain the absence of reference to some of Rodin's latest work it should be said that this article was written some years ago, and has been delayed on account of the preparation of suitable illustrations.—
EDITOR.



MME. MORLA — PORTRAIT BUST IN MARBLE BY RODIN. (LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.)

Rodin's work especially is so novel that one's first impression in its presence is of the implied criticism of the Institute. One thinks first of its attitude; its point of view, its end, aim, and means, and of the utter contrast of these with those of the accepted contemporary masters in his art — of Dubois and Chapu, Mercié and Saint-Marceaux. One judges generally, and instinctively avoids personal and direct

impressions. The first thought is not, Is the "Saint Jean" a successful work of art? But, *Can* it be successful if the accepted masterpieces of modern sculpture are not to be set down as insipid? One is a little bewildered. It is easy to see and to estimate the admirable traits and the shortcomings of M. Dubois's delightful and impressive reminiscences of the Renaissance, of M. Mercié's refined and grace-

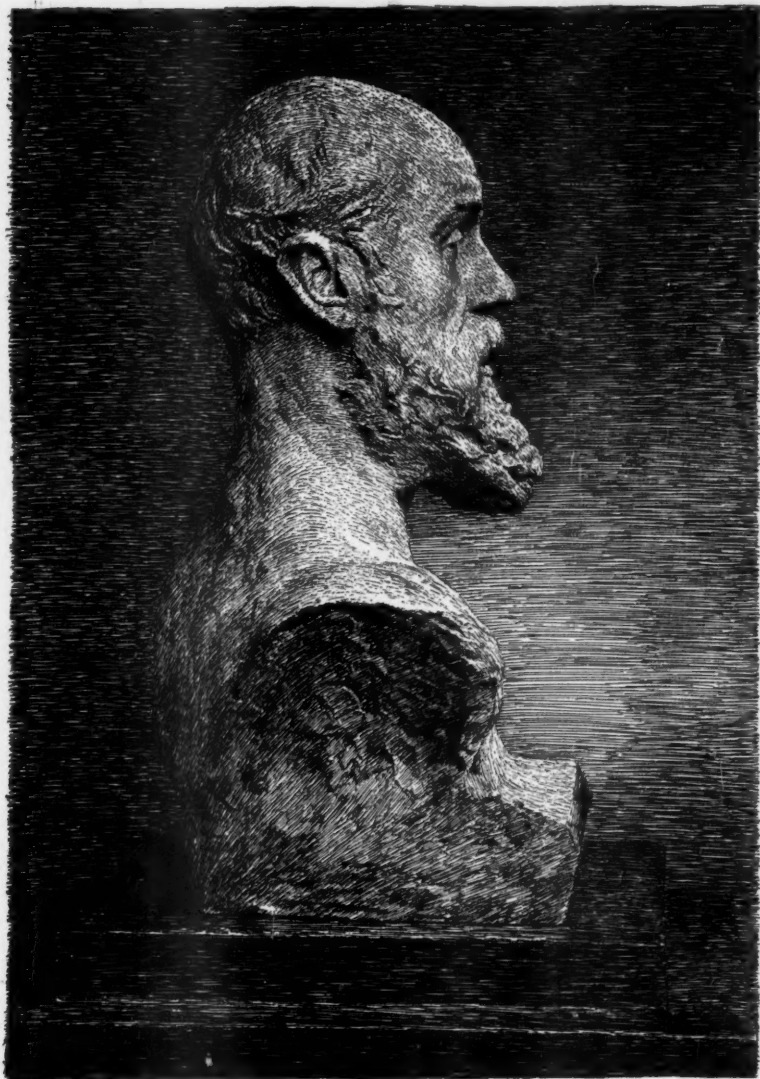


PAINTED BY A. LEGROS.

AUGUSTE RODIN.

ful compositions. They are of their time and place. They embody, in distinguished manner and in an accentuated degree, the general inspiration. Their spiritual characteristics are traditional and universal, and technically, without perhaps often passing beyond it, they exhaust cleverness. You may enjoy or resent their classic and exemplary excellences, as you feel your taste to have suffered from the lack or the superabundance of academic influences; I cannot fancy an American insensitive to their charm. But it is plain that their perfection is a very different thing from the characteristics of a strenuous artistic personality seeking expression. If these latter when encountered are evidently seen to be of an extremely high order, contemporary criticism, at all events, should feel at once the wisdom of beginning with the endeavor to appreciate,

instead of, as is generally the case, "lightly running amuck at an august thing." French esthetic authority which did this in the instances of Barye, of Delacroix, of Millet, of Manet, of Puvis de Chavannes, did it also for many years in the instance of M. Rodin. It owes its defeat in the contest with him—for like the recalcitrants in the other contests, M. Rodin has definitively triumphed—to the unwise attempt to define him in terms heretofore applicable enough to sculptors but wholly inapplicable to him. It failed to see that the thing to define in his work was the man himself, his temperament, his genius. Taken by themselves and considered as characteristics of the Institute sculptors the obvious traits of this work might, that is to say, be adjudged eccentric and empty. Fancy Professor Guillaume suddenly subordinating academic



JEAN PAUL LAURENS—PORTRAIT BUST IN MARBLE BY RODIN.

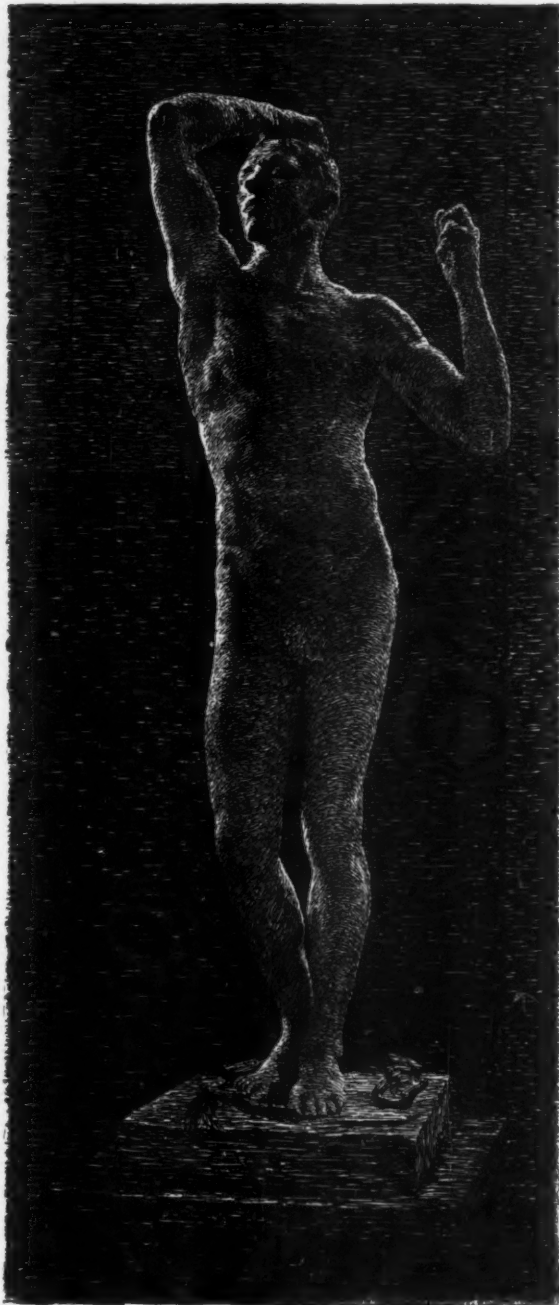
disposition of line and mass to true structural expression! One would simply feel the loss of his accustomed style and harmony. With M. Rodin, who deals with nature directly, through the immediate force of his own powerful temperament, to feel the absence of the Institute training and traditions is absurd. The question in his case is simply whether or no he is a great artistic personality, an extraordinary and powerful temperament, or whether he is merely a tur-

bulent and capricious protestant against the measure and taste of the Institute. But this is really no longer a question, however it may have been a few years ago; and when his Dante portal for the new Palais des Arts Décoratifs shall have been finished and the public had an opportunity to see what the sculptor's friend and only serious rival, M. Dalou, calls one of if not the most original and astonishing pieces of sculpture of the nineteenth century, it will be

recognized that M. Rodin, so far from being amenable to the current canon, has brought the canon itself to judgment.

How and why, people will perceive in proportion to their receptivity. Candor and intelligence will suffice to appreciate that the secret of M. Rodin's art is structural expression, and that it is this and not any superficial eccentricity of execution that definitely distinguishes him from the Institute. Just as his imagination, his temperament, his spiritual energy and ardor individualize the positive originality of his motive, so the expressiveness of his treatment sets him aside from all as well as from each of the Institute sculptors in what may be broadly called technical attitude. No sculptor has ever carried expression further. The sculpture of the present day has certainly not occupied itself much with it. The Institute is perhaps a little afraid of it. It abhors the *baroque* rightly enough, but very likely it fails to see that the expression of such sculpture as M. Rodin's no more resembles the contortions of the Dresden Museum giants than it does the composure of M. Delaplanche. The *baroque* is only violent instead of placid commonplace, and is as conventional as any professor of sculpture could desire. Expression means individual character completely exhibited rather than conventionally suggested. It is certainly not too much to say that in the sculpture of the present day the sense of individual character is conveyed mainly by convention. The physiognomy has usurped the place of the physique, the gesture of the form, the pose of the substance. And face, gesture, form are, when they are not brutally naturalistic and so not art at all, not individual and native, but typical and classic. Very much of the best modern sculpture might really have been treated like the figurines of Tanagra, of which the

VOL. XLI.—4.



WYATT EATON 1890. AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM RODIN

STATUE BY RODIN — "THE AGE OF BRONZE."

bodies were made by wholesale, being supplied with individual heads when the time came for using them.

This has been measurably true since the disappearance of the classic dress and the concealment of the body by modern costume. The nudes of the early Renaissance in painting, still more than in sculpture, are differentiated by the faces. The rest of the figure is generally conventionalized as thoroughly as the face itself is in Byzantine and the hands in Giotto's painting. Giotto could draw admirably, it need not be said. He did draw as well as the contemporary feeling for the human figure demanded. When the Renaissance reached its climax and the study of the antique led artists to look beneath drapery and interest themselves in the form, expression made an immense step forward. Color was indeed almost lost sight of in the new interest, not to reappear till the Venetians. But owing to the lack of visible nudity, to the lack of the classic gymnasia, to the concealments of modern attire, the knowledge of and interest in the form remained, within certain limits, an esoteric affair. The general feeling, even where, as in the Italy of the *quattro* and *cinque* *centi*, every one was a connoisseur, did not hold the artist to expression in his anatomy as the general Greek feeling did. Every one was a connoisseur of art alone, not of nature as well. Consequently, in spite of such an enthusiastic genius as Donatello, who probably more than any other modern has most nearly approached the Greeks,—not in spiritual attitude, for he was eminently of his time, but in his attitude towards nature,—the human form in art has for the most part remained, not conventionalized as in the Byzantine and Gothic times, but thoroughly conventional. Michael Angelo himself certainly may be charged with lending the immense weight of his majestic genius to perpetuate the conventional. It is not his distortion of nature, as pre-Raphaelite limitedness glibly asserts, but his carelessness of her prodigious potentialities that marks one side of his colossal accomplishment. Just as Mr. Eidlitz will protest that Michael Angelo's architecture was meretricious, however inspiring, so M. Rodin declares his sculpture unsatisfactory, however poetically impressive. "He used to do a little anatomy evenings," he said to me, "and used his chisel next day without a model. He repeats endlessly his one type—the youth of the Sistine ceiling. Any particular felicity of expression you are apt to find him borrowing from Donatello—such as, for instance, the movement of the arm of the 'David,' which is borrowed from Donatello's 'St. John Baptist.'" Most people to whom Michael Angelo's creations appear

celestial in their majesty at once and in their winningness would scout this. But it is worth citing both because M. Rodin strikes so many crude apprehensions as a French Michael Angelo, whereas he is so radically removed from him in point of view and in practice that the unquestionable spiritual analogy between them is rather like that between kindred spirits working in different arts, and because, also, it shows not only what M. Rodin is not, but what he is. The grandiose does not run away with him. His imagination is occupied largely in following out nature's suggestions. His sentiment does not so drench and saturate his work as to float it bodily out of the realm of natural into that of supernal beauty, there to crystallize in decorative and puissant visions appearing out of the void and only superficially related to their corresponding natural forms. Standing before the Medicean tombs the modern susceptibility receives perhaps the most poignant, one may almost say the most intolerable, impression to be obtained from any plastic work by the hand of man; but it is a totally different impression from that left by the sculptures of the Parthenon pediments, not only because the sentiment is wholly different, but because in the great Florentine's work it is so overwhelming as wholly to dominate purely natural expression, natural character, natural beauty. In the Medici Chapel the soul is exalted; in the British Museum the mind is enraptured. The object itself seems to disappear in the one case, and to reveal itself in the other.

I do not mean to compare M. Rodin with the Greeks—from whom in sentiment and imagination he is, of course, as totally removed as what is intensely modern must be from the antique—any more than I mean to contrast him with Michael Angelo, except for the purposes of clearer understanding of his general esthetic attitude. Association of anything contemporary with what is classic, and especially with what is greatest in the classic, is always a perilous proceeding. Very little time is apt to play havoc with such classification. I mean only to indicate that the resemblance to Michael Angelo found by so many persons in such works as the Dante door is only of the loosest kind,—as one might, through their common lusciousness, compare peaches with pomegranates,—and that to the discerning eye, or the eye at all experienced in observing sculpture, M. Rodin's sculpture is far more closely related to that of Donatello and the Greeks. It, too, reveals rather than constructs beauty, and by the expression of character rather than by the suggestion of sentiment.

An illustration of M. Rodin's affinity with the antique is an incident which he related to



ENGRAVED BY A. LEVEILLE.

A GROUP FROM THE "BOURGEOIS DE CALAIS," BY RODIN.

me of his work upon his superb "Age d'Airain." He was in Naples; he saw nature in freer inadvertence than she allows elsewhere; he had the best of models. Under these favoring circumstances he spent three months on a leg of his statue; "which is equivalent to saying that I had at last absolutely mastered it," said he. One day in the Museo Nazionale he noticed in an antique the result of all his study and research. Nature, in other words, is M. Rodin's *material* in the same special sense in which it was the antique material, and in which, since Michael Angelo and the high Renaissance, it has been for the most part only the sculptor's *means*. It need not be said that the personality of the artist may be as strenuous in the one case as in the other; unless, indeed, we maintain, as perhaps we may, that individuality is more apt to atrophy in the latter instance, for as one gets farther and farther away from nature he is in more danger from conventionality than from caprice. And this is in fact what has happened since the high Renaissance, the long line of conventionalities being continued, sometimes punctuated here and there as by Clodion or Caffieri, Houdon, David, Rude, or Barye, sometimes rising into great dignity and refinement of style and intelligence as in the contemporary sculpture of the Institute, but in general almost purely decorative or sentimental, and, so far as natural expression is concerned, confining itself to psychological rather than physical character.

What is it, for instance, that distinguishes a group like M. Dubois's "Charity" from the *genre* sentiment or incident of some German or Italian "professor"? Qualities of style, of refined taste, of elegance, of true intelligence. Its artistic interest is purely decorative and sentimental. Really what its average admirer sees in it is the same moral appeal which delights the simple admirers of German or Italian treatment of a similar theme. It is simply infinitely higher bred. Its character is developed no further. Its significance as form is not insisted on. The parts are not impressively differentiated, and their mysterious mutual relations and correspondences are not dwelt on. The physical character, with its beauties, its salient traits of every kind, appealing so strongly to the sculptor to whom nature appears plastic as well as suggestive, is wholly neglected in favor of the psychological suggestion. And the individual character, the *cachet* of the whole, the artistic essence and *ensemble*, that is to say, M. Dubois has, after the manner of most modern sculpture, conveyed in a language of convention, which since the time of the Siense fountain, at all events, has been classical. The literary

artist does not proceed in this way. He does not content himself with telling us, for example, that one of his characters is a good man or a bad man, an able, a selfish, a tall, a blonde, or a stupid man, as the case may be. He takes every means to express his character, and to do it, according to M. Taine's definition of a work of art, more completely than it appears in nature. He recognizes its complexity and enforces the sense of reality by a thousand expedients of what one may almost call contrasting masses, derivative movements, and balancing planes. He distinguishes every possible detail that plays any structural part, and in short, instead of giving us the mere symbol of the Sunday-school books, shows us a concrete organism at once characteristic and complex. Judged with this strictness, which in literary art is elementary, how much of the best modern sculpture is abstract, symbolic, purely typical. What insipid fragments most of the really eminent Institute statues would make were their heads knocked off by some band of modern barbarian invaders. In the event of such an irruption would there be any torsos left from which future Poussins could learn all they should know of the human form? Would there be any *disjecta membra* from which skilled anatomists could reconstruct the lost *ensemble*, or at any rate make a shrewd guess at it? Would anything survive mutilation with the serene confidence in its fragmentary but everywhere penetrating interest which seems to pervade the most fractured fraction of a Greek relief on the Athenian acropolis? Yes, there would be the debris of Auguste Rodin's sculpture.

In our day the human figure has never been so well understood. Back of such expressive modeling as we note in the "Saint Jean," in the "Adam" and "Eve," in a dozen figures of the Dante door, is a knowledge of anatomy such as even in the purely scientific profession of surgery can proceed only from an immense fondness for nature, an insatiable curiosity as to her secrets, an inexhaustible delight in her manifestations. From the point of view of such knowledge and such handling of it, it is no wonder that the representations of nature which issue from the Institute seem superficial. One can understand that from this point of view very delightful sculpture, very refined, very graceful, very perfectly understood within its limits, may appear like *baudruche*—inflated gold-beater's skin, that is to say, of which toy animals are made in France, and which has thus passed into studio *argot* as the figure for whatever lacks structure and substance. Ask M. Rodin the explanation of a movement, an attitude, in one of his works which strikes your



A. LEGROS—BRONZE BUST BY RODIN.

convention-steeped sense as strange, and he will account for it just as an anatomical demonstrator would—pointing out its necessary derivation from some disposition of another part of the figure, and not at all dwelling on its grace or its other purely decorative felicity. Its artistic function in his eyes is to aid in expressing fully and completely the whole of

which it forms a part, not to constitute an harmonious detail merely agreeable to the easily satisfied eye. But then the whole will look anatomical rather than artistic. There is the point exactly. Will it? I remember speculating about this in conversation with M. Rodin himself. "Is n't there danger," I said, "of getting too fond of nature, of dissecting with so much

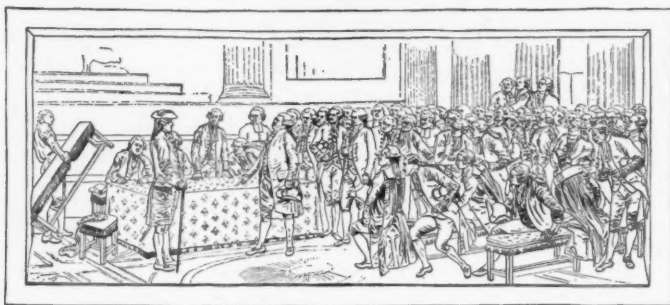
enthusiasm that the pleasure of discovery may obscure one's feeling for pure beauty, of losing the artistic in the purely scientific interest, of becoming pedantic, of imitating rather than constructing, of missing art in avoiding the artificial?" I had some difficulty in making myself understood; this perpetual see-saw of nature and art which enshrouds esthetic dialectics as in a Scotch mist seems curiously factitious to the truly imaginative mind. But I shall always remember his reply, when he finally made me out, as one of the finest severings conceivable of a Gordian knot of this kind. "Oh, yes," said he; "there is, no doubt, such a danger—for a mediocre artist."

M. Rodin is, whatever one may think of him, certainly not a mediocre artist. The instinct of self-preservation may incline the Institute to assert that he obtrudes his anatomy. But prejudice itself can blind no one of intelligence to his immense imaginative power, to his poetic "possession." His work precisely illustrates what I take to have been at the best epochs the relations of nature to such art as is loosely to be called imitative art—what assuredly were those relations in the mind of the Greek artist. Nature supplies the parts and suggests their cardinal relations. Insuffi-

expressing character as well as of suggesting sentiment. Very beautiful works are produced without her aid to this extent. We may be sure of this without asking M. Rodin to admit it. He would not do his own work so well were he prepared to; as Millet pointed out when asked to write a criticism of some other painter's canvas, in estimating the production of his fellows an artist is inevitably handicapped by the feeling that he would have done it very differently himself. It is easy not to share M. Rodin's gloomy vaticinations as to French sculpture based on the continued triumph of the Institute style and suavity. The Institute sculpture is too good for any one not himself engaged in the struggle to avoid being impressed chiefly by its qualities to the neglect of its defects. At the same time it is clear that no art can long survive in undiminished vigor that does not from time to time renew its vitality by resteeping itself in the influences of nature. And so M. Rodin's service to French sculpture becomes at the present moment especially signal and salutary because French sculpture, however refined and delightful, shows just now very plainly the tendency towards the conventional which has always proved so dangerous, and because M. Rodin's

work is a conspicuous, a shining example of the return to nature on the part not of a mere realist, naturalist, or other variety of "mediocre artist," but of a profoundly poetic and imaginative temperament.

This is why, one immediately perceives in studying his works, Rodin's



SKETCH OF THE MIRABEAU RELIEF IN BRONZE BY DALOU.

cient study of her leaves these superficial and insipid. Inartistic absorption in her leaves them lifeless. The imagination which has itself conceived the whole, the idea, fuses them in its own heat into a new creation which is "imitative" only in the sense that its elements are not inventions. The art of sculpture has retraced its steps far enough to make pure invention, as of Gothic griffins and Romanesque symbology, unsatisfactory to every one. But save in M. Rodin's sculpture it has not fully renewed the old alliance with nature on the old terms—Donatello's terms; the terms which exact the most tribute from nature, which insist on her according her completest significance, her closest secrets, her faculty of

treatment, while exhausting every contributory detail to the end of complete expression, is never permitted to fritter away its energy either in the mystifications of optical illusion or in the infantine idealization of what is essentially subordinate and ancillary. This is why he devotes three months to the study of a leg, for example—not to copy, but to "possess" it. Indeed no sculptor of our time has made such a sincere, and in general successful, effort to sink the sense of the material in the conception, the actual object in the artistic idea. One loses all sense of bronze or marble, as the case may be, not only because the artistic significance is so overmastering that one is exclusively occupied in apprehending it, but because there are none of those super-



THE MARQUIS DE BRÉZÉ AND MIRABEAU. (FROM THE RELIEF.)

ficial graces, those felicities of surface modeling, which, however they may delight, infallibly distract as well. Such excellences have assuredly their place. When the motive is conventional or otherwise insipid, or even when its character is distinctly light without being trivial, they are legitimately enough agreeable. And because in our day sculptural motives have generally been of this order we have become accustomed to look for such excellences, and, very justly, to miss them when they are

absent. Grace of pose, suavity of outline, pleasing disposition of mass, smooth, round deltoids and osseous articulations, the perpetually changing planes of flesh and free play of muscular movement, are excellences which in the best of academic French sculpture are sensuously delightful in a high degree. But they invariably rivet our attention on the successful way in which the sculptor has used his bronze or marble to decorative ends, and when they are accentuated so as to dominate the

idea they invariably enfeeble its expression. With M. Rodin one does not think of his material at all; one does not reflect whether he used it well or ill, caused it to lose weight and immobility to the eye or not, because all his superficial modeling appears as an inevitable deduction from the way in which he has

of the idea, really emphasizes itself unduly because of its imperfect and undeveloped character. Detail which is neglected really acquires a greater prominence than detail which is carried too far, because it is sensuously disagreeable. But when an artist like M. Rodin conceives his spiritual subject so largely and



PORTION OF THE BAS-RELIEF "THE REPUBLIC," BY DALOU.

conceived his larger subject, and not as "handling" at all. In reality of course it is the acme of sensitive handling. The point is a nice one. His practice is a dangerous one. It would be fatal to a less strenuous temperament. To leave, in a manner and so far as obvious insistence on it goes, "handling" to take care of itself is to incur the peril of careless, clumsy, and even brutal modeling, which, so far from dissembling its existence behind the prominence

with so much intensity that mere sensuous agreeableness seems too insignificant to him even to be treated with contempt, he treats his detail solely with reference to its centripetal and organic value, which immediately becomes immensely enhanced, and the detail itself, dropping thus into its proper place, takes on a beauty wholly transcending the ordinary agreeable aspect of sculptural detail. And the *ensemble* of course is in this way en-

forced as it can be in no other, and we get an idea of Victor Hugo or St. John Baptist so powerfully and yet so subtly suggested that the abstraction seems actually all that we see in looking at the concrete bust or statue. Objections to M. Rodin's "handling" as eccentric or capricious appear to the sympathetic beholder of one of his majestic works the very acme of misappreciation, and their real excuse — which is, as I have said, the fact that such "handling" is as unfamiliar as the motives it accompanies — singularly poor and feeble.

As for the common nature of these motives, the character of the personality which appears in their varied presentments, it is almost idle to speak in the absence of the work itself, so eloquent is this at once and so untranslatable. But it may be said approximately that M. Rodin's temperament is in the first place deeply romantic. Everything the Institute likes repels him. He has the poetic conception of art and its mission, and in poetry any authoritative and codifying consensus seems to him paradoxical. Style, in his view, unless it is something wholly uncharacterizable, is a vague and impalpable spirit breathing through the work of some strongly marked individuality, or else it is formalism. He delights in the fantasticality of the Gothic. The west façade of Rouen inspires him more than all the formulæ of Paldadian proportions. He detests systematization. He reads Shakspeare, Schiller, Dante almost exclusively. He sees visions and dreams dreams. The awful in the natural forces, moral and material, seems his element. He believes in freedom, in the absolute emancipation of every faculty. As for study, study nature. If then you fail in restraint and measure you are a "mediocre artist," whom no artificial system devised to secure measure and restraint could have rescued from essential insignificance. No poet or landscape painter ever delighted more in the infinitely varied suggestiveness and exuberance of nature, or ever felt the formality of much that passes for art as more chill and drear. Hence in all his works we have the sense first of all of an overmastering sincerity; then of a prodigious wealth of fancy; then of a marvelous acquaintance with his material. His imagination has all the vivacity and tumultuousness of Rubens's, but its images, if not better understood, which would perhaps be impossible, are more compact and their evolution more orderly. And they are furthermore one and all vivified by a wholly remarkable feeling for beauty. In spite of all his knowledge of the external world no artist of our time is more completely mastered by sentiment. In the very circumstance of being free from such conventions as the cameo relief, the picturesque costume details, the goldsmith's work

characteristics of the Renaissance, now so much in vogue, M. Rodin's things acquire a certain largeness and loftiness as well as simplicity and sincerity of sentiment. The same model posed for the "Saint Jean" that posed for a dozen things turned out of the academic studios, but compared with the result in the latter cases that in the former is even more remarkable for sentiment than for its structural sapience and general physical interest. How perfectly insignificant beside its moral impressiveness are the graceful works whose sentiment does not result from the expression of the form but is conveyed in some convention of pose, of gesture, of physiognomy! It is like the contrast between a great and a graceful actor. The one interests you by his intelligent mastery of convention, by the tact and taste



KEY TO THE BAS-RELIEF "THE REPUBLIC," BY DALOU.

with which he employs in voice, carriage, facial expression, gesture, diction, the several conventions according to which ideas and emotions are habitually conveyed to your comprehension. Salvini, Coquelin, Got, pass immediately outside the realm of conventions. Their language, their medium of communication, is as new as what it expresses. They are inventive as well as intelligent. Their effect is prodigiously heightened because in this way, the warp as well as the woof of their art being expressive and original, the artistic result is greatly fortified. Given the same model, M. Rodin's result is in like manner expressively and originally enforced far beyond the result towards which the present French school employs the labels of the Renaissance, as conventionally as its predecessor at the beginning of the century employed those of the antique.

"Formerly we used to do Greek," says M. Rodin with no small justice, "now we do Italian. That is all the difference there is." And I cannot better conclude this imperfect notice of the work of a great master, in characterizing which such epithets as majestic, Miltonic, grandiose suggest themselves first of all, than by calling attention to the range which it covers, and to the fact that even into the domain which one would have called consecrate to the imitators of the antique and the Renaissance, M. Rodin's informing sentiment and sense of beauty penetrate with their habitual distinction; and that the little child's head entitled "*Alsace*" and a small ideal female figure, which the manufacturer might covet for reproduction, but which, as M. Bastien-Lepage said to me, is "a definition of the essence of art," are really as noble as his more majestic works are beautiful.

M. DALOU is the only other sculptor of acknowledged eminence who ranges himself with M. Rodin in his opposition to the Institute. Perhaps his protestantism has been less pronounced than M. Rodin's. It was certainly long more successful in winning both the connoisseur and the public. The state itself, which is now and then even more conservative than the Institute, has charged him with important works, and the Salon has given him its highest medal. And he was thus recognized long before M. Rodin's works had risen out of the turmoil of critical contention to their present envied if not cordially approved eminence. But for being less energetic, less absorbed, less intense than M. Rodin's, M. Dalou's enthusiasm for nature involves a scarcely less uncompromising dislike of convention. He had no success at the *École des Beaux Arts*. Unlike Rodin, he entered those precincts and worked long within them, but never sympathetically or felicitously. The rigor of academic precept was from the first excessively distasteful to his essentially and eminently romantic nature. He chafed incessantly. The training doubtless stood him in good stead when he found himself driven by hard necessity into commercial sculpture, into that class of work which is on a very high plane for its kind in Paris, but for which the manufacturer rather than the designer receives the credit. But he probably felt no gratitude to it for this, persuaded that but for its despotic prevalence there would have been a clearer field for his spontaneous and agreeable effort to win distinction in. He greatly preferred at this time the artistic anarchy of England, whither he betook himself after the Commune — not altogether upon compulsion, but by prudence perhaps, for like Rodin his birth, his training, his disposition, his ideas, have always been

as liberal and popular in politics as in art, and in France a man of any sincerity and dignity of character has profound political convictions even though his profession be purely esthetic. In England he was very successful both at the Academy and with the amateurs of the aristocracy, of many of whom he made portraits, besides finding ready purchasers among them for his imaginative works. The list of these latter begins, if we except some delightful decoration for one of the Champs Élysées palaces, with a statue called "*La Brodeuse*," which won for him a medal at the Salon of 1870. Since then his production has been prodigious in view of its originality, of its lack of the powerful momentum extraneously supplied to the productive force which follows convention and keeps in the beaten track.

His numerous peasant subjects at one time led to comparison of him with Millet, but the likeness is of the most superficial kind. There is no spiritual kinship between the two whatever. Dalou models the Marquis de Brézé with as much zest as he does his "*Boulonnaise allaitant son Enfant*"; his touch is as sympathetic in his Rubens-like "*Silenus*" as in his naturalistic "*Berceuse*." Furthermore there is absolutely no note of melancholy in his realism. His vivacity excludes the pathetic. Traces of Carpeaux's influence are plain in his way of conceiving such subjects as Carpeaux would have handled. No one could have come so closely in contact with that vigorous individuality without in some degree undergoing its impress, without learning to look for the alert and elegant aspects of his model, whatever it might be. But with Carpeaux's distinction Dalou has more poise. He is considerably farther away from the rococo. His ideal is equally to be summarized in the word *Life*, but he cares more for its essence, so to speak, than for its phenomena, or at all events manages to make it felt rather than seen. One perceives that humanity interests him on the moral side, that he is interested in its significance as well as its form. Accordingly with him the movement illustrates the form, which is in its turn truly expressive, whereas occasionally, so bitter was his disgust with the pedantry of the schools, with Carpeaux the form is used to exhibit movement. Then too M. Dalou has a certain nobility which Carpeaux's virile and vigorous vivacity is a shade too animated to reach. Motive and treatment blend in a larger sweep. The graver substance follows the planes and lines of a statelier if less brilliant style. It *has*, in a word, more style. I can find no exacter epithet, on the whole, for Dalou's large distinction, and conscious yet sober freedom, than the word Venetian. There is some subtle phrenotype that associates him with the great

colorists. His work is, in fact, full of color, if one may trench on the jargon of the studios. It has the sumptuousness of Titian and Paul Veronese. Its motives are cast in the same ample mold. Many of his figures breathe the same air of high-born ease and well-being, of serene and not too intellectual composure. There is an aristocratic tincture even in his peasants — a kind of native distinction inseparable from his touch. And in his women there is a certain gracious sweetness, a certain exquisite and elusive refinement elsewhere caught only by Tintoretto, but illustrated by Tintoretto with such penetrating intensity as to leave perhaps the most nearly indelible impression that the sensitive amateur carries away with him from Venice. The female figures in the colossal group which should have been placed in the Place de la République, but was relegated by official stupidity to the Place des Nations, are examples of this patrician charm in carriage, in form, in feature, in expression. They have not the witchery, the touch of Bohemian sprightliness that make such figures as Carpeaux's "Flora" so enchanting, but they are at once sweeter and more distinguished. The sense for the exquisite which this betrays excludes all dross from M. Dalou's rich magnificence. Even the "Silenus" group illustrates exuberance without excess: I spoke of it just now as Rubens-like, but it is so only because it recalls Rubens's superb strength and riotous fancy; it is in reality a Rubens-like motive purged in the execution of all Flemish grossness. There is even in Dalou's fantasticality of this sort a measure and distinction which temper animation into resemblance to such delicate blitheness as is illustrated by the Bargello "Bacchus" of Jacopo Sansovino. Sansovino afterwards, by the way, amid the artificiality of Venice, whither he went, wholly lost his individual force, as M. Dalou, owing to his love of nature, is less likely to do. But his sketch for a monument to Victor Hugo points warningly in this direction, and it would perhaps be easier than he supposes to permit his extraordinary decorative facility to lead him on to execute works unpenetrated by personal feeling, and recalling less the acme of the Renaissance than the period just afterwards when original effort had exhausted itself and the movement of art was due mainly to momentum — when, as in France at the present moment, the enormous mass of artistic production really forced pedantry upon culture, and prevented any but the most strenuous personalities from being genuine because of the immensely increased authoritativeness of what had become classic.

Certainly M. Dalou is far more nearly in the current of contemporary art than his friend Rodin, who stands with his master

Barye rather defiantly apart from the regular evolution of French sculpture, whereas one can easily trace the derivation of M. Dalou and his relations to the present and the immediate past of his art in his country. His work certainly has its Fragonard, its Clodion, its Carpeaux side. Like every temperament which is strongly attracted by the decorative as well as the significant and the expressive, pure style in and for itself has its fascinations, its temptations for him. Of course it does not succeed in getting the complete possession of him that it has of the Institute. And there is, as I have suggested, an important difference, disclosed in the fact that M. Dalou uses his faculty for style in a personal rather than in the conventional way. His decoration is distinctly Dalou, and not arrangements after classic formulae. It is full of zest, of ardor, of audacity. So that if his work has what one may call its national side it is because the author's temperament is thoroughly national at bottom, and not because this temperament is feeble or has been academically repressed. But the manifest fitness with which it takes its place in the category of French sculpture shows the moral difference between it and the work of M. Rodin. Morally speaking, it is mainly — not altogether, but mainly — rhetorical, whereas M. Rodin's is distinctly poetic. It is delightful rhetoric and it has many poetic strains — such as the charm of penetrating distinction I have mentioned. But with the passions in their simplest and last analysis he hardly occupies himself at all. Such a work as "La République," the magnificent bas-relief of the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, is a triumph of allegorical rhetoric, very noble, not a little moving, prodigious in its wealth of imaginative material, composed from the center and not arranged with artificial felicity, full of suggestiveness, full of power, abounding in definite sculptural qualities, both moral and technical; it again is Rubens-like in its exuberance but of firmer texture, more closely condensed. But anything approaching the *kind* of impressiveness of the Dante door it certainly does not essay. It is in quite a different sphere. Its exaltation is, if not deliberate, admirably self-possessed. To find it theatrical would be simply a mark of our absurd Anglo-Saxon preference for reserve and repression in circumstances naturally suggesting expansion and elation — a preference surely born of timorousness and essentially very subtly theatrical itself. It is simply, not deeply, intensely poetic, but rather a splendid piece of rhetoric, as I say.

So, too, is the famous Mirabeau relief, which is perhaps M. Dalou's masterpiece, and which represents his national side as completely as the group for the Place des Nations does those

of his qualities I have endeavored to indicate by calling them Venetian. Observe the rare fidelity which has contributed its weight of sincerity to this admirable relief. Every prominent head of the many members of the Assembly, who nevertheless rally behind Mirabeau with a fine pell-mell freedom of artistic effect, is a portrait. The effect is like that of similar works designed and executed with the large leisure of an age very different from the competition and struggling hurry of our own. In every respect this work is as French as it is individual. It is penetrated with a sense of the dignity of French history. It is as far as possible removed from the cheap *genre* effect such a scheme in less skillful hands might easily have had. Mirabeau's gesture, in fact his entire presence, is superb, but the Marquis is as fine in his way as the tribune in his. The beholder assists at the climax of a great crisis, unfolded to him in the impartial spirit of true art, quite without partisanship, and though manifestly stimulated by sympathy with the nobler cause, even more acutely conscious of the grandeur of the struggle and the distinction of those on all sides engaged in it, and acquiring from these a kind of elation of exaltation such as the Frenchman experiences only when he may give expression to his artistic and his patriotic instincts at the same moment.

The distinctly national qualities of this masterpiece and their harmonious association with the individual characteristics of M. Dalou, his love of nature, his native distinction, his charm, and his power, in themselves bear eminent witness to the vitality of modern French sculpture, in spite of all the influences which tend to petrify it with system and convention. M. Rodin stands so wholly apart that it would be unsafe perhaps to argue confidently from his impressive works the potentiality of periodical renewal in an art over which the Institute presides with still so little challenge of its title. But it is different with M. Dalou. Extraordinary as his talent is, its unquestioned and universal recognition is probably in great measure due to the preparedness of the environment to appreciate extraordinary work of the kind to the high degree which French popular esthetic education, in a word, has reached. And one's last word about contemporary French sculpture — even in closing a consideration of the works of such protestants as Rodin and Dalou — must be a recognition of the immense service of the Institute in education of this kind. Let some country without an institute, around which what esthetic feeling the age permits may crystallize, however sharply, give us a Rodin and a Dalou!

W. C. Brownell.

THE PAWNBROKER.

IN some grim purlieu doth he dwell, that seems
Always, through tricks of sorcery, midnight's lair;
Above his door, in lamplight's flickering gleams,
Darts out the shadowy word that reads "Despair."

With marble face, with quick insidious hand
Whose fingers glide like pale snakes to and fro,
Behind his dark-barred grating doth he stand,
To meet the timorous forms that come and go.

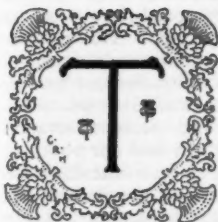
Each with some treasured offering that allures
His look and wins from it sardonic glee,
These vague and variant forms are mine, are yours,
Yes, even are thousands wild and weak as we.

Love, pride, hope, honor, fame, year after year
We pawn him, by infatuate ardors urged,
Then grasp the coin he doles, and disappear
Back in the swallowing gloom whence we emerged.

But oft, with pay close-clutched, while hurrying o'er
His threshold, bent on our fleet homeward course,
We cast one farewell glance at his dim door,
And in the dubious lamplight read "Remorse!"

Edgar Fawcett.

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE IN THE TIME OF LINCOLN.



HE daily life of the White House during the momentous years of Lincoln's presidency had a character of its own, different from that of any previous or subsequent time. In the first days after the inauguration there was the unprecedented rush of office-seekers, inspired by a strange mixture of enthusiasm and greed, pushed by motives which were perhaps at bottom selfish, but which had nevertheless a curious touch of that deep emotion which had stirred the heart of the nation in the late election. They were not all ignoble; among that dense crowd that swarmed in the staircases and the corridors there were many well-to-do men who were seeking office to their own evident damage, simply because they wished to be a part, however humble, of a government which they had aided to put in power and to which they were sincerely devoted. Many of the visitors who presented so piteous a figure in those early days of 1861 afterwards marched, with the independent dignity of a private soldier, in the ranks of the Union Army, or rode at the head of their regiments like men born to command. There were few who had not a story worth listening to, if there were time and opportunity. But the numbers were so great, the competition was so keen, that they ceased for the moment to be regarded as individuals, drowned as they were in the general sea of solicitation.

Few of them received office; when, after weeks of waiting, one of them got access to the President, he was received with kindness by a tall, melancholy-looking man sitting at a desk with his back to a window which opened upon a fair view of the Potomac, who heard his story with a gentle patience, took his papers and referred them to one of the Departments, and that was all; the fatal pigeon-holes devoured them. As time wore on and the offices were filled the throng of eager aspirants diminished and faded away. When the war burst out an immediate transformation took place. The house was again invaded and overrun by a different class of visitors—youths who wanted commissions in the regulars; men who wished

to raise irregular regiments or battalions without regard to their State authorities; men who wanted to furnish stores to the army; inventors full of great ideas and in despair at the apathy of the world; later, an endless stream of officers in search of promotion or desirable assignments. And from first to last there were the politicians and statesmen in Congress and out, each of whom felt that he had the right by virtue of his representative capacity to as much of the President's time as he chose, and who never considered that he and his kind were many and that the President was but one.

It would be hard to imagine a state of things less conducive to serious and effective work, yet in one way or another the work was done. In the midst of a crowd of visitors who began to arrive early in the morning and who were put out, grumbling, by the servants who closed the doors at midnight, the President pursued those labors which will carry his name to distant ages. There was little order or system about it; those around him strove from beginning to end to erect barriers to defend him against constant interruption, but the President himself was always the first to break them down. He disliked anything that kept people from him who wanted to see him, and although the continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy, and with distress which he could not always relieve, wore terribly upon him and made him an old man before his time, he would never take the necessary measures to defend himself. He continued to the end receiving these swarms of visitors, every one of whom, even the most welcome, took something from him in the way of wasted nervous force. Henry Wilson once remonstrated with him about it: "You will wear yourself out." He replied, with one of those smiles in which there was so much of sadness, "They don't want much; they get but little, and I must see them." In most cases he could do them no good, and it afflicted him to see he could not make them understand the impossibility of granting their requests. One hot afternoon a private soldier who had somehow got access to him persisted, after repeated explanations that his case was one to be settled by his immediate superiors, in begging that the President would give it his personal attention. Lincoln at last burst out: "Now, my man, go away! I cannot attend

to all these details. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a spoon."

Of course it was not all pure waste; Mr. Lincoln gained much of information, something of cheer and encouragement, from these visits. He particularly enjoyed conversing with officers of the army and navy, newly arrived from the field or from sea. He listened with the eagerness of a child over a fairy tale to Garfield's graphic account of the battle of Chickamauga; he was always delighted with the wise and witty sailor talk of John A. Dahlgren, Gustavus V. Fox, and Commander Henry A. Wise. Sometimes a word fitly spoken had its results. When R. B. Ayres called on him in company with Senator Harris, and was introduced as a captain of artillery who had taken part in a recent unsuccessful engagement, he asked, "How many guns did you take in?" "Six," Ayres answered. "How many did you bring out?" the President asked, maliciously. "Eight." This unexpected reply did much to gain Ayres his merited promotion.

The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visits nominally at ten o'clock, but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, senators and members of congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives. On days when the Cabinet met, Tuesdays and Fridays, the hour of noon closed the interviews of the morning. On other days it was the President's custom, at about that hour, to order the doors to be opened and all who were waiting to be admitted. The crowd would rush in, thronging the narrow room, and one by one would make their wants known. Some came merely to shake hands, to wish him God-speed; their errand was soon done. Others came asking help or mercy; they usually pressed forward, careless, in their pain, as to what ears should overhear their prayer. But there were many who lingered in the rear and leaned against the wall, hoping each to be the last, that they might in tête-à-tête unfold their schemes for their own advantage or their neighbors' hurt. These were often disconcerted by the President's loud and hearty, "Well, friend, what can I do for you?" which compelled them to speak, or retire and wait for a more convenient season.

The inventors were more a source of amusement than annoyance. They were usually men of some originality of character, not infrequently carried to eccentricity. Lincoln had

a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and often detected a flaw in an invention which the contriver had overlooked. He would sometimes go out into the waste fields that then lay south of the Executive Mansion to test an experimental gun or torpedo. He used to quote with much merriment the solemn dictum of one rural inventor that "a gun ought not to rekye; if it rekyed at all, it ought to rekye a little forrid." He was particularly interested in the first rude attempts at the afterwards famous mitrailleuses; on one occasion he worked one with his own hands at the Arsenal, and sent forth peals of Homeric laughter as the balls, which had not power to penetrate the target set up at a little distance, came bounding back among the shins of the bystanders. He accompanied Colonel Hiram Berdan one day to the camp of his sharpshooters and there practised in the trenches his long-disused skill with the rifle. A few fortunate shots from his own gun and his pleasure at the still better marksmanship of Berdan led to the arming of that admirable regiment with breech-loaders.

At luncheon time he had literally to run the gantlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning; late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing; at six o'clock he dined. He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine; not that he remained always on principle a total abstainer, as he was during a part of his early life in the fervor of the "Washingtonian" reform; but he never cared for wine or liquors of any sort, and never used tobacco.

There was little gaiety in the Executive house during his time. It was an epoch, if not of gloom, at least of a seriousness too intense to leave room for much mirth. There were the usual formal entertainments, the traditional state dinners and receptions, conducted very much as they have been ever since. The great public receptions, with their vast rushing multitudes pouring past him to shake hands, he rather enjoyed; they were not a disagreeable task to him, and he seemed surprised when people commiserated him upon them. He would shake hands with thousands of people, seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, murmuring some monotonous salutation as they went by, his eye dim, his thoughts far

withdrawn; then suddenly he would see some familiar face,—his memory for faces was very good,—and his eye would brighten and his whole form grow attentive; he would greet the visitor with a hearty grasp and a ringing word and dismiss him with a cheery laugh that filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. Many people armed themselves with an appropriate speech to be delivered on these occasions, but unless it was compressed into the smallest possible space it never got utterance; the crowd would jostle the peroration out of shape. If it were brief enough and hit the President's fancy, it generally received a swift answer. One night an elderly gentleman from Buffalo said, "Up our way, we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln," to which the President replied, shoving him along the line, "My friend, you are more than half right."

During the first year of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two younger children, William and Thomas: Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys, aged eight and ten, with their Western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed. William was, with all his boyish frolic, a child of great promise, capable of close application and study. He had a fancy for drawing up railway time-tables, and would conduct an imaginary train from Chicago to New York with perfect precision. He wrote childish verses, which sometimes attained the unmerited honors of print. But this bright, gentle, studious child sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work the same as ever. His bereaved heart seemed afterwards to pour out its fullness on his youngest child. "Tad" was a merry, warm-blooded, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless, and full of odd fancies and inventions, the "chartered libertine" of the Executive Mansion. He ran continually in and out of his father's cabinet, interrupting his gravest labors and conversations with his bright, rapid, and very imperfect speech—for he had an impediment which made his articulation almost unintelligible until he was nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even on his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor,

when the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.

Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theater, and was particularly fond of a play of Shakspeare well acted. He was so delighted with Hackett in *Falstaff* that he wrote him a letter of warm congratulation which pleased the veteran actor so much that he gave it to the "New York Herald," which printed it with abusive comments. Hackett was greatly mortified and made suitable apologies; upon which the President wrote to him again in the kindest manner, saying:

Give yourself no uneasiness on the subject. . . . I certainly did not expect to see my note in print; yet I have not been much shocked by the comments upon it. They are a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule, without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it.

This incident had the usual sequel: the veteran comedian asked for an office, which the President was not able to give him, and the pleasant acquaintance ceased. A hundred times this experience was repeated: a man whose disposition and talk were agreeable would be introduced to the President; he took pleasure in his conversation for two or three interviews, and then this congenial person would ask some favor impossible to grant, and go away in bitterness of spirit. It is a cross that every President must bear.

Mr. Lincoln spent most of his evenings in his office, though occasionally he remained in the drawing-room after dinner, conversing with visitors or listening to music, for which he had an especial liking, though he was not versed in the science, and preferred simple ballads to more elaborate compositions. In his office he was not often suffered to be alone; he frequently passed the evening there with a few friends in frank and free conversation. If the company was all of one sort he was at his best; his wit and rich humor had free play; he was once more the Lincoln of the Eighth Circuit, the cheeriest of talkers, the riskiest of story tellers; but if a stranger came in he put on in an instant his whole armor of dignity and reserve. He had a singular discernment of men; he would talk of the most important political and military concerns with a freedom which often amazed his intimates, but we do not recall an instance in which this confidence was misplaced.

Where only one or two were present he was fond of reading aloud. He passed many of the summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He

would there read Shakspeare for hours with a single secretary for audience. The plays he most affected were "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and the series of Histories; among these he never tired of "Richard the Second." The terrible outburst of grief and despair into which *Richard* falls in the third act had a peculiar fascination for him. I have heard him read it at Springfield, at the White House, and at the Soldiers' Home.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed ;
All murdered :—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and humored thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls and—farewell, King !

He read Shakspeare more than all other writers together. He made no attempt to keep pace with the ordinary literature of the day. Sometimes he read a scientific work with keen appreciation, but he pursued no systematic course. He owed less to reading than most men. He delighted in Burns ; he said one day after reading those exquisite lines to Glencairn, beginning, "The bridegroom may forget the bride," that "Burns never touched a sentiment without carrying it to its ultimate expression and leaving nothing further to be said." Of Thomas Hood he was also excessively fond. He often read aloud "The Haunted House." He would go to bed with a volume of Hood in his hands, and would sometimes rise at midnight and traversing the long halls of the Executive Mansion in his night clothes would come to his secretary's room and read aloud something that especially pleased him. He wanted to share his enjoyment of the writer ; it was dull pleasure to him to laugh alone. He read Bryant and Whittier with appreciation ; there were many poems of Holmes's that he read with intense relish. "The Last Leaf" was one of his favorites ; he knew it by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling :

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb ;

giving the marked Southwestern pronunciation of the words "hear" and "year." A poem by William Knox, "Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" he learned by heart in his youth, and used to repeat all his life.

Upon all but two classes the President made the impression of unusual power as well as of unusual goodness. He failed only in the case of those who judged men by a purely conventional standard of breeding, and upon those so poisoned by political hostility that the testimony of their own eyes and ears became untrustworthy. He excited no emotion but one of contempt in the finely tempered mind of Hawthorne ; several English tourists have given the most distorted pictures of his speech and his manners. Some Southern writers who met him in the first days of 1861 spoke of him as a drunken, brawling boor, whose mouth dripped with oaths and tobacco, when in truth whisky and tobacco were as alien to his lips as profanity. There is a story current in England, as on the authority of the late Lord Lyons, of the coarse jocularly with which he once received a formal diplomatic communication ; but as Lord Lyons told the story there was nothing objectionable about it. The British Minister called at the White House to announce the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He made the formal speech appropriate to the occasion ; the President replied in the usual conventional manner. The requisite formalities having thus been executed, the President took the bachelor diplomatist by the hand, saying, "And now, Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

The evidence of all the men admitted to his intimacy is that he maintained, without the least effort or assumption, a singular dignity and reserve in the midst of his easiest conversation. Charles A. Dana says, "Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of the President." In his relations to his Cabinet "it was always plain that he was the master and they were the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will, and if he ever yielded to them it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate." While men of the highest culture and position thus recognized his intellectual primacy there was no man so humble as to feel abashed before him. Frederick Douglass beautifully expressed the sentiment of the plain people in his company : "I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother and that there was safety in his atmosphere."

As time wore on and the war held its terrible course, upon no one of all those who lived through it was its effect more apparent than

upon the President. He bore the sorrows of the nation in his own heart; he suffered deeply not only from disappointments, from treachery, from hope deferred, from the open assaults of enemies, and from the sincere anger of discontented friends, but also from the world-wide distress and affliction which flowed from the great conflict in which he was engaged and which he could not evade. One of the most tender and compassionate of men, he was forced to give orders which cost thousands of lives; by nature a man of order and thrift, he saw the daily spectacle of unutterable waste and destruction which he could not prevent. The cry of the widow and the orphan was always in his ears; the awful responsibility resting upon him as the protector of an imperiled republic kept him true to his duty, but could not make him unmindful of the intimate details of that vast sum of human misery involved in a civil war.

Under this frightful ordeal his demeanor and disposition changed—so gradually that it would be impossible to say when the change began; but he was in mind, body, and nerves a very different man at the second inauguration from the one who had taken the oath in 1861. He continued always the same kindly, genial, and cordial spirit he had been at first; but the boisterous laughter became less fre-

quent year by year; the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased. He aged with great rapidity.

This change is shown with startling distinctness by two life-masks—the one made by Leonard W. Volk in Chicago, April, 1860, the other by Clark Mills in Washington, in the spring of 1865. The first is of a man of fifty-one, and young for his years. The face has a clean, firm outline; it is free from fat, but the muscles are hard and full; the large mobile mouth is ready to speak, to shout, or laugh; the bold, curved nose is broad and substantial, with spreading nostrils; it is a face full of life, of energy, of vivid aspiration. The other is so sad and peaceful in its infinite repose that the famous sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens insisted, when he first saw it, that it was a death-mask. The lines are set, as if the living face, like the copy, had been in bronze; the nose is thin, and lengthened by the emaciation of the cheeks; the mouth is fixed like that of an archaic statue; a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-sufficing strength. Yet the peace is not the dreadful peace of death; it is the peace that passeth understanding.

John Hay.

THE COURAGEOUS ACTION OF LUCIA RICHMOND.

(Manuscript found in a chest in the garret over the left wing of the old Richmond House.)



WHEN my dear Miss Silence died I was twenty, and it was then that I went back to the old house whence she took me, when I was two years old, from my dying mother's arms.

Miss Silence was my mother's old teacher and her dearest friend. For sixty years she taught school, and had made pens enough in that time, she herself said, to have written all the books in the English language. She had such a knack at a nib, soft but not too soft, fine but not too fine, that even Priest Ransom and 'Squire Amasa used to send in their quills for her to make. And this they would not have condescended to do to another woman in the parish, and not to Miss Silence if she had not been a maid; for the priest taught and the 'squire believed that a married woman should be in subjection to her husband, and it would be

unbecoming in her to set up to make so much as a quill pen on her own responsibility.

Miss Silence kept a school for girls, for girls were not taught at the public expense. To do that would have been considered a waste of money; yea, more than a waste, for it would have been putting woman where God in his providence had not intended her to be put. Priest Ransom's own mother could only make her mark, and he considered learning a dangerous thing for a woman to meddle with. A woman if she wanted to know anything must ask her husband. And if she had no husband, as is the misfortune of many women, why, there was always the minister of the parish, whose solemn duty it was to look after the weaklings of his flock.

Miss Silence herself was a learned woman. That Priest Ransom admitted. She was taught by her father, who had no son. He was a minister, and fitted young men for college in his family. Miss Silence, who had a great hunger

for learning, as happens to a woman now and then, got her first taste of it from overhearing the young men recite their lessons; afterwards she studied these lessons privately, as a thing to be ashamed of, for so it was considered. But one day her father coming in and finding her so absorbed that she did not answer when spoken to, and wondering much if it could be her sampler which she had been at work on for two years and had not finished, she hated it so, he came up behind and looked over her shoulder, and lo! she was reading the Greek Sophocles in a low voice to herself, the words dropping from her lips sweet and clear as the honey of Hymettus.

He was so surprised that he could not speak for some moments. Miss Silence's first thought was to clap the book behind her. Then she stood up proudly and confessed what she had done, and that she could read Latin as well as Greek and knew her Euclid. When he saw how eager she was he did not chide her as she had feared and expected he would, but he patted her head gently and said: "Is it indeed so, my little maid? Are you too longing to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? Well; so be it. It is like thy own dear mother before thee." And after that he taught her as he would a son.

Such was her learning, indeed, that it was whispered about that Priest Ransom had once consulted her concerning a doubtful passage in the Greek Testament. It was only a surmise, for no one durst ask him whether it was so. The entire town stood in wholesome awe of him, as they should of one of God's anointed ministers; and we young women always stood to one side and dropped our deepest courtesies when we met him, which he acknowledged or not as he pleased.

Miss Silence did not instruct the girls of her school in Greek. Even she thought that such knowledge as that was too much for all but the select among women. But happily for me, she looked upon me — whether worthily so or not is not for me to say — as one of the select women vouchsafed by Providence to our generation, and taught me all that I was capable of receiving. For, to her lasting regret, I never took to Greek.

You have asked me, my dear daughter, to write it all out for you how I laid the ghost, and you may think I have wandered far from my subject in what I have been telling you, and that all this can have no connection whatever with that remarkable experience. But it seems to me necessary to a true understanding of my action that you should know under what influences I was bred — that you should know something concerning my dear Miss Silence, without whose teaching and example I am sure

I should never have had the courage and presence of mind to do what I did.

I am, as you know, through my mother and grandmother Sturtevant a lineal descendant of Captain Benjamin Church the Indian fighter — as brave a man as ever trod shoe-leather or carried a musket. My mother and my grandmother before me were fearless women, and stood in no awe even of an Indian in his war paint; though always ready to give him the go-by when it could be done, thinking that true courage is not bravado or foolhardiness, but the standing up to a thing when you see you must and it is right.

So by right of inheritance I was never a coward, and as I grew up never flinched at danger, not even when 'Squire Amasa's great Scotch bull came at me when I was thirteen years old with his ugly head lowered and his sharp horns pointed and his eyes like live coals. But I stood to meet him, and off with my striped blanket and threw it over his head when he was two feet off, and so had time to climb the great oak in the ridge pasture.

Miss Silence always said that courage like that by inheritance was not the kind to be justly proud of; that it was good to have strong nerves and a heart that beats regularly no matter what happened, but it was better to have a courage grounded upon reason; and that women especially made themselves weak by believing in all sorts of signs and superstitions — such as the fork falling and sticking into the floor, which was a stranger coming; or a snuff in the candle, which was a coffin.

But Priest Ransom encouraged his wife in these superstitions, for he liked to see women live up to his ideas of them.

Yet Miss Silence did not disbelieve in ghosts, though she said they walked a good deal less than folks thought. She said she believed with *Prince Hamlet* in Mr. Shakspeare's play:

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

She said that *Prince Hamlet* acted like a reasonable being — though some folks do say now he was crazy — and as a dutiful son should. She would not be a mite afraid herself to meet her father's ghost any time of day or night; though it was not a thing likely to happen to a God-fearing Hopkinsian minister, whose flesh was resting in hope, to be condemned to wander nights and to spend his days in purgatory, seeing that he never believed in purgatory.

But it is possible that Miss Silence might have entertained a different opinion concerning a ghost with no body at all. Of that, however, I cannot speak with knowledge, never having

heard her give her opinion thereupon. To my own mind it is a much more fearsome thing to hear the footsteps of a being you cannot see than to look upon the most direful shape a restless spirit ever took on. Such we read was the experience of Eliphaz the Temanite, the hair of whose flesh stood up and the very bones within him did shake when a spirit breathed upon his face and he could not discern any appearance thereof. Such a formless ghost it was that haunted the house wherein had dwelt my ancestors even to the fourth generation.

The ghost that walked in that old ancestral home was that of a young girl, my father's only sister, who had taken her own life by violence when she was eighteen years old. Her father (and my grandfather) was a man of high spirit, proud of his ancestry, proud of his social eminence, proud of his inherited wealth, which had not been acquired through trade, but which at his death was found to have melted away like a late snow under an April sun. He was kind and even generous to those below him in the social scale so long as they kept their places, but hard towards any who wished to rise, as it is right and proper for men to do in our free Republic. And when a poor young man, the son of a blacksmith, fell in love with his only daughter and she with him, he had nothing but scorn and deep anger for that love. And though the young man was a good young man and of excellent promise, of a superior mind and a scholar, he would not hear of their marriage.

Such however was the girl's resolution and iron will, being the true daughter of her father, that she would have married her lover in spite of him. But one day he came to her with tales to her lover's discredit, and he brought such proofs of his unfaithfulness to her that it was not in human reason to doubt. She wrote him a little letter of dismissal, and only two days after he was thrown from his horse and killed. Then it came out that the tales were false, and that they were the work of one who would fain have married this young girl, and one whom her father favored. The truth coming to her ears she went raving mad, and getting away from her watchers while they slept, she hanged herself at eleven o'clock of the night in the high and wide garret over the left wing. The rope broke and she fell, but she was quite dead when the watchers, having awakened from their sleep, sought and found her.

It was not long before her father followed her to the grave, his iron will at last broken, and mourning as one without hope for her who when alive in her young beauty had been the very light of his eyes and pride of his heart.

Then my mother, who had lived in the house ever after her marriage to my father, died also, and the house was shut up and no one could be induced to live in it. For even before my mother's death — yea, even before that of my grandfather, so my mother told Miss Silence — the ghost had begun to walk, coming in with soft-falling footsteps at eleven o'clock of the night, void and without shape, and going slowly up the stairs to the high, wide garret, of which at its approach the door swung open without touch of mortal fingers. The fearful listeners below would hear a heavy chest dragged, just as the poor mad creature had dragged it in her frenzy, up under the piece of rope that hung fastened from the staple in the wall, and then after another moment of horror would be heard the falling of the body, followed by the soft-falling footsteps descending the stairs.

When my dear Miss Silence died I was, as it were, turned out of doors, though she fain would have bequeathed to me the small but endeared house in which the greater part of my life had been spent within the shelter of her love. But she had only a life interest in the dwelling and its furniture, as is commonly the case with women, who are thought hardly fit to be trusted with the use of property during life, much less with the disposal of it by will at death. So there was nothing for me to do but to go back to the old house which had fallen to me by inheritance, and whence she had taken me from my dying mother's arms.

On the tenth-morning after she had been laid to rest in her grave on the hill Silas Crowde carried me, my chests of blankets and household linen of my own spinning and weaving,—some of the tablecloths and towels being woven in a thistle pattern of Miss Silence's own devising, the rest being in the snow-drop, which has ever been a favorite in our family,—my box of clothing, my pewter, my mother's china, which had been kept in store for me, my bed of live-geese feathers, and my books, in his ox-cart over to Parting Ways, where the old house stood and still stands, back from the highway, with only one other house in sight, the village being hidden by a turn in the road and a thick pine wood.

It is true that the women of Triphammer, where Miss Silence had lived, remonstrated with me for my headiness in going back to the haunted house, and Mrs. Ransom even said that it was a bearding of Providence, which if persisted in would most likely and rightly bring down upon my head a fearful judgment and condemnation.

"But what else can I do?" I was fain to ask at last, though more out of defense than

from any notion of acting upon the advice of these women who had assembled in Miss Silence's keeping-room the day before my departure to inquire into my concerns, to offer vain counsel, and to drink for the last time of Miss Silence's tea, famous for its strength and staying qualities, and of which a few drawings still remained in the bottom of the blue and gilt tea-caddy.

Not one of them spoke in answer to my question, but went on sipping their tea with loud sips, and casting their eyes down into their cups, being in that condition of mind women-folks are apt to be in when brought up short from their ramblings by a pointed question. Then they looked each at the others, and Mrs. Ransom spoke first, as belonged to her by right to do, seeing she was Priest Ransom's wife and so the first woman in the parish.

"To my mind," she said, "it's a sight properer and more in agreement to scriptur' and the teachin's of the 'postle Paul for a young maid to marry than to go away by herself and live all alone in a house. And it's contrary to natur' as well as scriptur', women bein' the weaker vessel, and so to be keered for." She paused here, but no one spoke, and she again took up the thread of her discourse. "There's Cyrus Martin. His wife Sarah Jane has been dead nigh onto eight months, and him with five small child'en, and 'leven cows, and nobody to do a stroke o' work except for wages. He'd be tickled enough to have y'. And he's a good provider,—a leetle close, mebbe,—and you'll have a good home, and a husband to cherish y', and split yer kindlin', and fetch in water, and hang out your clo'es when it rains. He was dretful good to Sarah Jane, and he'd only have to be spoke to to think on 't. He's be'n lookin' round. But law! I don't s'pose he ever thought o' you, a-livin' so with Miss Silence, and she feelin' so superior, bein' a minister's darter and havin' an edication. But 't ain't safe to look too high, and every woman can't marry a minister or doctor or even a store-keeper. And a good likely farmer with means ain't to be despised. And what Miss Silence left y' in the bank will come handy to buy that medder land Cyrus has be'n wantin', and —"

"Don't y' never let that money go to buy medder land for the best man that ever breathed. That's my advice to y'." It was Mrs. Silas Crowde who was speaking. She had come in just as Mrs. Ransom was beginning her discourse, and had been waiting for her to end. But seeing no prospect thereto she now burst in without further ceremony. "Men are human bein's, the best on 'em, with sights o' human natur'. And the minute they

get their clutch onto your money it's gone and you'll never have any good on 't. I know all about it. I married Silas Crowde and brought him a dowry of a hund'ed acres o' woodland, good pine and oak timber for ship-buildin'. And he's made sights o' money out on 't, and not a cent of it is mine, nor never will be. And I've be'n a faithful, hard-workin' wife to him, if I do say it. He's made his will and give the heft on 't to his son by his fust wife. And he's goin' to leave our Mahala two hund'ed dollars, and myself 'll have the widder's thirds and that's all. And Silas is as good's they'll av'ridge. No, Lucia Richmond, as long's the marriage laws are what they be and give a woman up to her husband, soul and body and property, you'd better go and live with ghosts enough sights and take your chance, and —"

But here, sick at heart, I stole away and left them to settle it among themselves, and went and sat down in the chair in my dear Miss Silence's bedroom where she used to sit and talk with me in tender, serious, motherly fashion; and I am not ashamed to confess that I cried heartily, and kissed the chair and the pillows of her bed.

It was the latter part of December, a showery day, that Silas Crowde took me home; for so I began to call it then, and have continued to do ever since. The old house was damp and the furniture fallen much awry, and the spiders, its sole occupants through all these years, had spun their webs across doors and windows. We went from room to room, and I fixed upon the southeast room and the bedroom above it as being the most habitable, and in them Silas set my goods. He cut up the fallen branches with which the ground around the house was thickly strewn, and built a noble fire in each fireplace, which blazed and crackled in a truly enlivening manner.

When he had gone I hung the teakettle to boil on the crane in the lower room, and then went out on the upper porch to look about me a little, for the sun had broken through the clouds and was making a glorious setting. I opened the door leading from the upper hall with difficulty, owing to its long disuse. I watched Silas down the long avenue of Lombardy poplars till he was out of sight. I experienced a feeling of pleasure at being thus left alone. Silas had gone away expressing great pity for me, of which, however, I did not feel the need — not so far as living in the old house was concerned. For I cared nothing for the ghost, knowing of it only by hearsay, and that so little that I had fallen into a disbelief of it. I was filled with pleasure only at having a house all my own and to myself, since I could

no longer be with my dear Miss Silence. For I was always of a reserved nature, like my revered father, who had died in the East Indies before my birth, and cared for but few, and would always rather be alone if I could not have the company I enjoyed.

I lingered a long time on the porch, sitting upon its stout balustrade. I have been all my life a lover of the curious and secret ways of nature, and I observed, as I had often done before, how the leaves of the great elm, the branches whereof swept the porch floor, were evenly wet with moisture, while those of the locusts held theirs in the form of drops, like living jewels, which at the lightest touch of breeze or finger dropped sparkling to the grass below, leaving them as dry as in the heat of a summer's day.

The clouds in great thunder-heads fled into the east before the rays of the parting sun. A few lingered in his light and were changed to gold or a delicate pink, like the pink of the sweet-brier rose. The open sky, by reason of contrast with those clouds of pink and gold, was a most pellucid blue, and in its azure depths they floated in security, an emblem, I could but think, of the souls that dwell in the deeps of God's love, of which this fathomless sky was only a faint and feeble type.

As the night drew on I went in, fastened the outer doors, and closed the shutters of the upper room. I then drew up to the fire the round, light stand, whereon I placed a candle of my own molding from the small store I had brought, and then drank my tea, which I have all my life considered the most comfortable and comforting of beverages. I then read aloud the ninety-first Psalm, which my dear Miss Silence called her "staff," and, following her instructions of "early to bed and early to rise," covered up the embers, climbed into the curtained bed in the corner, and so under the refuge of His wings laid me down and slept in peace, and was awakened by the sun, once more in the east and sending his earliest beams through the heart-shaped openings in the tops of the shutters.

All the next morning I was pleasantly busied in putting my household goods in place, looking into every cranny in the house, and in the afternoon walking in the old garden in its almost obliterated paths and amid its wild tangles of box, lilac, sweet-brier, and Southern bush. So, perhaps, it was because of over-fatigue that I did not readily fall asleep that night, but lay tossing behind the heavy curtains. The embers flamed up from their ashes and died out just as the clock in the room below struck the hour of eleven. I was then sinking into a gentle-doze when I was aroused by the sound of soft-falling foot-

steps, heard distinctly through the partition which separated my bedchamber from the staircase leading to the high, wide garret in the left wing. I was half asleep and half awake, in that inexplicable state which is neither the one nor the other, and in which the most grotesque as well as the most rational thoughts seem to have equal place. This condition of mind, which lasted perhaps a few seconds, though seemingly of much longer duration, suddenly gave way to a mortal terror, which seized upon me and brought me sitting up in bed, holding the curtains down with a frenzied clutch, and saying to myself, "The ghost!" while I shivered in every nerve of my body. Had the footsteps hesitated one instant at my door I know I should have shrieked aloud, so entirely had I lost control of my powers, both mental and physical. But they did not pause. They went on with that soft-measured pace such as characterizes no mortal footsteps. I heard the dragging of the chest, the falling of the body, the footsteps descending, and then I aroused from my irrational terror. I sprang out of bed and piled the branches of pine upon the coals until they roared in a vast flame up the chimney and lighted every corner of the room like noonday. For I have ever found that light scatters quickly the phantoms that people the darkness. Then, after again commending myself to that Being who holds all the powers of the supernatural as well as the natural world in his keeping, I fell asleep.

The next day I meditated much and deeply upon my situation. This was my home. I had none other in all the wide world, neither did I wish to have. It was the home of my forefathers, and as such I loved it. Its time-stained walls were inexpressibly dear to me. Within them my mother had passed the few brief years of her married life. Here she had given birth to me, and from here she had passed into eternity. In this house I felt I must remain. Not for even a brief moment could I bring myself to entertain the idea of giving it up. Of the ghost I, of a truth, was not really afraid; at least, not when wide awake and in full possession of my powers of mind. Should I then suffer it to drive me hence when under the spell of half-waking visions, themselves specters of the imagination such as my dear Miss Silence would have scouted? No, I answered; I would remain. But, I further reflected, it would be necessary to guard against the possibility of being again overtaken by such mortal though causeless terror as was that of the previous night. Therefore I resolved to meet the ghost only when wide awake.

So that night I did not go to bed at my

usual hour of nine, but sat up, and as the hour of eleven drew nigh I heaped the wood high upon the fire, and drew up a large old chair to that corner of the hearth opposite the one wherein I sat with my knitting. As the clock struck the last note of the hour I heard the soft-falling footsteps ascending the stairs. I breathed a brief prayer for help and guidance, feeling of a surety that these would be vouchsafed me in this that I had determined upon doing, and then, hastening to the door opening upon the staircase that led up into the high, wide garret of the left wing, I threw it wide open.

The cheerful gleam of the firelight fell out upon the landing in a broad square. As the steps drew nigh I spoke. "Enter, poor wandering spirit," I said, "and stay your weary footsteps in the home of a friend."

For a brief space, as a bird might lift its wing, or a minnow dart for its prey through the sunny shallows of Stony Brook, the footsteps stayed in their course at my door, and then passed on, going softly yet resolutely up the oaken staircase, the door of the garret swinging noiselessly open at their approach. I did not close the door. I stood and held it open while I listened to the dragging of the chest, the fall of the body, and the footsteps descending. As they crossed the square of firelight no shadow fell thereon, and as they ceased below I shut my door. I was calm, and not a tremor shook my nerves. I went to bed and slept until the cock's clarion announced the approach of another day.

The next night at the coming of the footsteps I again spoke, and with greater urgency. "Why will you not enter, poor wandering spirit," I said, "and stay your weary footsteps in the chamber of a friend?"

As these words of invitation fell from my lips again did the footsteps pause at my door an almost imperceptible instant. Then they entered, and I closed it.

"Sit here," I said; and I pointed to the large old chair which I had drawn up, as before, in the corner of the hearth opposite my own. I spoke in my own tongue, which was also that of her whose ghost I addressed. For though Priest Ransom had ever affirmed and insisted that the spirits of the dead spake in Hebrew alone, that being the language of Jehovah's chosen people and of his covenants and commandments, yet my dear Miss Silence would never admit it as at all probable, seeing the New Testament was written in Greek, and that the Gentiles were coming from the east and the west to sit down in his kingdom. It was far more probable, she said, that the gift of tongues would be conferred upon his redeemed, as was done at the Pentecost spoken

of in the Acts. As for myself I have never cared for or concerned myself in these speculations, ever feeling that the language we shall speak in those high countries is of little moment so long as we sojourn here, and that our intellects should be exercised chiefly in striving so to live that when the time comes for us to take our departure thence we may do so with rejoicing and enter in with gladness.

So, as I said, I spake to the ghost in my own tongue, and the soft-falling footsteps passed over the space between the door and the hearth and ceased beside the chair.

I sat down in my own chair and took up my knitting. I have been in many singular as well as startling circumstances during my long and eventful life, but in none so strange as this. Before me stood the great old chair, empty to all appearance and void. But I knew that from it ghostly eyes were regarding me. What should I say? How was I to talk to empty space, with neither answering eye nor listening ear?

As I went on narrowing the heel of my stocking I revolved and cast about these questions in my mind. And then I remembered that this was the ghost of a young girl of nearly my own age. I do not know whether ghosts count their age by years, or whether they grow old at all in the sense that we do, or merely exist in that eternity which we are taught has no beginning nor end, and therefore no space such as we call time. I did not and do not attempt to solve these questions; for it has ever been my belief that it is not well to try with too great persistence to penetrate mysteries hidden from us for some all-wise purpose.

But my predominant desire was to console; and though I had not then met with my own beloved Richard, whose death in the very prime of his days has cast a shadow along the whole course of my life which will fade only into the light of that eternal day into which I am soon to enter, having very nearly lived out my appointed time, and which has taught me that love hath its anguish as well as its bliss, I reflected that she was only an undisciplined girl when she committed the sad deed of taking her own life, and that it might perchance soothe her restless spirit to know that another girl felt for her, and could in some measure comprehend what her feelings must have been when she recalled to her mind, after her lover's sudden and violent death, her disbelief in his integrity and the bitter letter she had written him.

So I told her that I knew her story, and how much I pitied her, and how I felt that the Infinite Goodness must pity her much more, knowing so much better than I her sorrow and her provocation, though she had been con-

demned thus to wander and to live over nightly for so many years that scene of violence. And I told her that I would ask the Infinite Goodness to give her rest, feeling I could do so, justly yet humbly, since the divine example of our Lord, who, his apostle tells us, preached to the spirits in prison, even the unrepentant dead.

As I finished speaking, the nightly period of her wandering having expired, the footsteps passed out, the door, untouched by mortal fingers, swinging wide open upon its hinges.

The next night she came, and the next and the next. But I soon ceased talking to her, beyond the friendly welcome which I always gave her. For I was put to it for fit subjects of conversation, feeling that her interests could not be of that earthly nature that such subjects as the weather, which we human beings in the flesh find so inexhaustible, could be of interest, since to a disembodied spirit heat and cold, storm and sunshine, must be alike indifferent.

But having through Miss Silence's example and teaching, and my own inherited taste, a great love of reading, and always having found it a never-failing spring of comfort amid adverse circumstances, I resolved to read to her: and this I did night after night—wise sayings of the great and good Dr. Johnson (for I feel that he deserves these epithets, despite his hotly expressed condemnation of the attitude of our States during our late severe but triumphant struggle with the mother country); Mr. Milton's "*L'Allegro*," which I chose as more enlivening than his "*Il Penseroso*," as also his sonnet concerning his dead wife who came back to him like *Alcestis* from the grave; well-polished similes like sparkling and radiant gems from my beloved *Jeremy Taylor*; and the wisdom that exudes like the first droppings of the honeycomb from the pages of the saintly *Leighton*.

I read to her also from the works of the godly Mr. Baxter, more especially those parts wherein he discourses so sweetly concerning the rest that remaineth, nor did I pass by Mr. Bunyan's fight with *Apollyon* in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," which, I reflected, might give her strength too, were she struggling with an evil power. But I did pass by in all these writers their profound theological disquisitions and speculations, which I have ever found difficult of digestion by my weak, illogical, woman's intellect, and which have always seemed to me, of lofty and wonderful proportions though they be, as something altogether separate from saving faith, and ill suited for the binding up of a wounded spirit.

I also read to her some pages of Dr. Swift's letters to *Stella*, which to some might seem a

singular choice, but which are so filled and penetrated by the tender spirit of love, I could but think they would sound like breathings of heavenly music even to ghostly ears.

Of my Shakspeare, however, I read but little, ever having been of the opinion that he is not to be taken in detached sips, a taste here and a taste there, as from a cup that hath a bottom, but in long, deep draughts, as a thirsty man drinks from a pellucid and never-failing spring. So I read to her only those sonnets of my Shakspeare wherein he speaks so wisely and understandingly of love—the theme methought best suited to a spirit's hearing.

I read to her too from the sacred and holy Book, fit for all ears, whether spiritual or natural, the divine sayings of our blessed Lord, which of a surety must bring comfort to the most despairing soul in the extremest limits of his universe.

For thirteen nights she came thus, but on the fourteenth it was borne in upon me that my ghostly friend was about to depart never more to return. For I had come to regard her as a friend, listening for her nightly footsteps as for those of one well beloved and much desired. I told her this, and of my sorrow at her approaching departure, though I could but rejoice, as must she, that her wanderings were to end. I further said that I had a great and engrossing desire to look upon her with my natural eyes. And since she had the power to make her presence known by the soft-falling footsteps, could she not by a still greater exercise of that power permit me to behold the body wherein she dwelt, the shape a spirit takes on when released from the bondage of the natural body?

I then paused, with my eyes fixed attentively upon the chair wherein she sat. Soon I perceived something like a mantle of the filmiest gauze, more perhaps like unto the dew-filled webs of a summer's morning, lying upon the chair. The shadowy yet shining folds thereof fell over the arms, touching the floor here and there as does a maiden's gown when she sits. It was mist, and yet it was not mist. We are wont to consider the haze that hangs in the atmosphere on an early day in spring, or that clings around the tops of distant hills, a most delicate and ethereal substance. But this was still more delicate and elusive. It was more like the spirit that dwells in that mist than the mist itself. My pen struggles to convey to you, my daughter, any adequate idea of this that I saw. Pen and words are impotent to do so. And as the soft-falling footsteps receded it melted into nothingness and was gone.

The next night I again expressed the same desire; and I said that now, my natural vision having been able to grasp that shadowy out-

line, perhaps it might be vouchsafed me to see her in still more tangible shape. And I entreated her, if it were in her power, thus to manifest herself to me.

Having thus spake I waited, and again the shining, shadowy folds of mist fell over the chair. Slowly they took shape—a shape like to that of the human body, but with outlines of more surpassing grace. The hands were held in a gentle clasp of rest and repose. The shape of the throat was there, with tender shadows lying under the curve of the chin, and something like fine threads of hair fell away from a rounded outline of brow. And from under the rounded outline of brow the eyes looked forth, truly the most astonishing a human being was ever permitted to gaze into, large, pure, and unfathomable, within their depths dwelt peace—peace unutterable; and love—love unquenchable.

Long I gazed, until the vision faded and the soft-falling footsteps receded and I was left alone, though I fain would have followed, charmed out of myself and from all desire of remaining by the power of those most beautiful and holy eyes.

But the ability to follow seemed to be denied me, and I sat by the dead embers far into the night, as one bereft and alone. So I continued to feel as the days passed and the nights came and went and my young kinswoman returned no more. But as I reflected in these hours of my loneliness on all that had passed, and how through the Divine Goodness it had been vouchsafed me to lead her perturbed spirit away from this scene of hersin and sorrow, even as I reflected a great peace and content fell upon me as of a parting benediction, and took possession of all my days and ruled my nights.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

THE EPITAPH.

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

IN water, yes: the water of a stream
Not wide nor long, but, deep as it might be,
That hurried all too swiftly to the sea.
And yet whole generations dream their dream
And sleep and are forgotten while the gleam
Of his bright fame shines on resplendently,
And all men know his name and poesy.
We write our names in sand and idly deem
The shore more lasting than the lapsing wave;—
Fast fares our little day in cloud and sun
Till at our feet the quick tide-ripples lave
And whelm us and our records one by one.
His name the sea took up and proudly bore
And wrote it in white spray on every shore.

J. T. McKay.

BEREAVED.

LET me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew,
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting,
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Nieuw Amsterdam

A Legend of Old New York

GEORGE HORTON EDWARDS. 1904.



VER two hundred years ago where the great city of New York now stands there stood the town of Nieuw Amsterdam, and Peter Stuyvesant of blessed and hard-headed memory was governor: peace to him!

In those days there were no elevated roads, no crowded tenement-houses, no deadly spider-webs of electric wires overhead; nor were there stone-paved squares where on summer nights the poor swarm out to gasp a little of God's free air. Instead there was a market-place with a town-pump, flanked by queer Dutch houses with dazzling brass knockers against the green front doors. Cows grazed on Wall street, and the good citizens strolled along the Battery of an evening and watched the setting sun. Bedloe's Island was a nameless thing, and only the ghost of a mighty bridge connected what was neither New York nor Brooklyn; while not even the shadow of a coming great merchant navy troubled the quiet waters of the bay.

The Battery of those old days was overgrown with grass and young clover, and shaded by spreading elms and sycamores, beneath which the children played and made posies of dandelion blossoms.

A lane of curious gabled houses with red-tiled roofs fringed the outskirts of the Battery facing the sea. On one side stood "De Blauwe

Druif" (The Blue Grape), a tavern famous for its *poftertjes* and *wafelen*, Dutch delicacies as celebrated as the victories of Admiral de Ruyter. On the long benches beside the porch the good fathers of the town smoked their long clay pipes, meditating about nothing in particular, while the young folks danced to the tooting of Kristoffel Sauer's trumpet. Officially Kristoffel was town trumpeter and town crier, but in his private capacity he was ever ready to set the feet of young Amsterdam skipping. Those were dances indeed, with a vigorous lifting of sturdy feet, a clutching of red hands, and a lack of breath, such as we never see in these degenerate days. Exhilarating were Kristoffel's strains, and delicious were the crisp *poftertjes* and the sweet cider with which the gallant swains revived the exhausting energies of the fair *juffrouws* while the summer breeze swept up from the bay and lightly swayed the trees, tempering the heat of the fiery sun.

There was no tur-



KRISTOFFEL.

moil of ships in the harbor as in these days, and it was a six months' wonder when a Dutch brig as broad as she was long rolled into the bay and cast anchor. It gave the good mynheers inexhaustible food for reflection as they smoked their pipes before De Blauwe Druif and stared sleepily into the sunset.

Even old Governor Stuyvesant lightened the cares of government occasionally by stumping down from the Town Hall on the market-

the story of Daniel in the lions' den in chilly Delft tiles about the chimney. Over it hung a time-dulled oil painting, "The Martyrdom of St. Nepomuk," which made the sturdy table bearing up under the weight of Juffrouw van Twist's choicest dishes more comforting by contrast. Beside Mistress van Twist's chair stood the burnished brass "warm-stoof" over whose charcoal embers a copper kettle sang a pleasant accompaniment to existence, so that



"DE BLAUWE DRUIF."

place to the Battery for a sniff of sea air, and it was his privilege to pat the cheeks of the prettiest juffrouws with a condescending forefinger. There was nothing in this attention to excite gossip, though it was faintly whispered if *Mevrouw Stuyvesant* were no more,—and she was very lively,—and old Peter were fifty years younger, then would young Mistress Van Witt have the best chance to be in her turn *Dame Stuyvesant*. But then *Juffrouw Van Witt*! What man, governor or not, could resist stroking a cheek like a peach blossom, when it may be said to have been a perquisite of his exalted station. There were certain heavy young mynheers who would joyfully have taken his place without his salary for the chance. But they were very shy of words, and their adoration took the form of steady pilgrimages to Mynheer Van Witt's mansion, "*Bovenkirk*," just beyond Governor Stuyvesant's "*Bowery*."

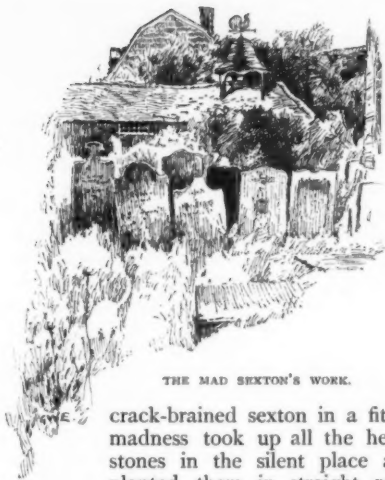
Here of an afternoon they would find *Wimpie Van Witt* sitting by a window in the great living-room and spinning vigorously, adding to the treasures of fine linen, the glory of a Dutch maiden's dowry. At another window sat *Juffrouw van Twist*, and if there was a chill in the air a blazing fire on the hearth warmed

a dash of boiling water was ever ready for a bumper of grog or a dish of that precious new herb drink called tea.

In the coziest corner of the chimney, in a mighty leather arm-chair sacred to his use, reposed *Cornelis Van Witt*, burmeister or alderman of *Nieuw Amsterdam*, chosen as such by Governor Stuyvesant for the curious merit in a legislator of being always asleep. Thus in assembling his council old Peter was always certain of one loyal, uncontradictory adherent, sound asleep in his high-backed chair, his pipe-stem firmly clutched between his teeth; and this slumbering legislator was always acknowledged as being on the side of his Excellency.

Though Mynheer Van Witt wore six pairs of breeches and as many waistcoats, and as burmeister he represented the dignity of the town, it must be acknowledged that he had two mortal terrors—ghosts and Englishmen. He had been brought up with a ghost, so to speak, for there was a haunted graveyard only separated from his threshold by a spreading field and the public highway. It was *Tante Jantje*, the old darky nurse, who had educated him to a gruesome terror of that ancient Church of *St. Bartholomew* and the graveyard beside it.

Tradition had it that many years before a



THE MAD SEXTON'S WORK.

crack-brained sexton in a fit of madness took up all the headstones in the silent place and planted them in straight rows in another part of the cemetery, whereupon he razed the quiet mounds and departed from the sight of men, leaving the result as a ghastly surprise to the worthy burghers, who, curiously enough, left the stones standing in their straight, sad rows. But that which really appalled Mynheer was that the figure of the mad sexton in trailing white draperies had been seen by creditable witnesses at midnight gliding from stone to stone and wringing its hands in evident remorse, thus publicly acknowledging its repentance. As Mynheer had retired to his couch at nine o'clock for fifty years, and as the ghost appeared at midnight, it is needless to say that he had not personally encountered the apparition. Having, however, in the usual way of life as much imagination as a herring, in this Mynheer was as adamant, and he had constructed for himself a scene of nightly horror in which he firmly believed. On waking at night from a heavy sleep evolved out of sauerkraut, sausages, and cider, lightly topped off with a mountain of crisp waffles, he would turn pale



MYNHEER AWAKES.

to the end of his red bottle-nose on hearing a vivacious rat scamper behind the wainscoting. Nothing in the world would have induced him to pass the kirkyard of St. Bartholomew at midnight, though he stood high in the esteem of the sacred establishment by reason of a ponderous silver communion service straight from Amsterdam which had already excited the righteous longing of every rascal in town.

Mynheer's abhorrence of the British nation was purely patriotic. Great was his agitation when the belated tidings of the victories of the Dutch navy reached Nieuw Amsterdam. Mynheer was always a little behind time in everything, and this Juffrouw van Twist was obliged to acknowledge—she who had been waiting for eighteen years, since the death of Mevrouw, for Mynheer to propose. But he was a man of few and slow words, and he had so far been deterred either because it was time for one of the five daily meals,—and to allow a dish to grow cold in the waiting was a crime,—or that he had fallen asleep; so that a match which the town declared to be eminently fitting, and to which young Wimpje gave her cheerful consent, was delayed because Mynheer was always a trifle behind time.



THE MAD SEXTON.

Thus from being a moderately young thing, sandy, and sharp of elbows, bony of ankles, and with colorless hair crowned by a stiff muslin cap, Juffrouw van Twist grew elderly and thinner with all the other advantages unchanged, but with a heroic determination to marry Mynheer Van Witt sooner or later. If it be added that Mistress van Twist was not without a touch of romance, and that it was she who educated Wimpje Van Witt, it will surprise no one to hear that young Wimpje had day dreams enlivened by slimmer and more poetic figures than those silent young mynheers who trundled out to Bovenkirk of an afternoon. Had these speechless admirers of Mynheer's broad fields and ducats only known, perhaps they would occasionally have uttered a word. As no one ever spoke, it was manifest that the next best token of love was an abnormal staying power, and when it came to



that it was admitted that of all the beaus of Nieuw Amsterdam Jan Wissenkerke had the greatest chance.

II.

THOUGH Governor Stuyvesant had appointed Cornelis Van Witt to his high office for the original merit of being always asleep, there came a day when Mynheer for the first time wished he had been awake.

It was a Friday, a miserable, unlucky day, as every one knows. A chilly spring day, and the grass was sprouting among the cobblestones of the market-place. Governor Stuyvesant greeted his assembled council in full uniform and with a portentous frown, and at the end of a stormy meeting—in which he did all the storming—he gave such a thump to the table that Mynheer Van Witt awoke gasping and was with difficulty made to understand that something awful had happened. It seems that from private information the governor was warned that Great Britain was hungering for the Dutch possessions in America, and his Excellency was entreated to defend the colonies to the bitter end in case of an invasion.

The burmeisters' faces grew as long as their clay pipes and fully as white, and they answered with energetic silence his heroic appeal for support in case of necessity, and when it came to a vote it was found that only hard-headed old Peter and the gently slumbering Cornelis Van Witt were for a defense to the death.

This heroic, if unuttered, resolution being after vast difficulty imparted to Mynheer, that

brave man staggered down the narrow stairs to the street with dazed eyes and his knees quivering under the six pairs of breeches.

Such was the perturbation of his heroic soul that he ran against one of the stone posts before the Town Hall, and would have measured his breadth—as being of more importance than his length—on the unfeeling cobble-stones had not a grip in the rear saved him.

"Home, take me home," Mynheer gasped, and clutched the air for support.

"By all means, Mynheer; but where?"

The unhappy man took his gaze out of the future and fastened it upon his rescuer.

The apparition could not inspire confidence in the ordinary ways of life—a seedy Colossus of Rhodes, familiar and hilarious, his forefinger resting with impertinent jocularly against the side of a very red nose.

"Too deep a glance into the eyes of the fair Ginevra, eh, Mynheer?" he remarked with shocking familiarity.

Mynheer was in no condition to resist this allusion to the national beverage, for he was fighting the entire British nation. He leaned against the stone post and said, "Bring Powtje."

Powtje was a fat cob harnessed to a chariot. At this moment he was eating his head off in a shed behind the Town Hall. The accommodating stranger eyed Powtje's fat sides with disfavor.

"You beast swelling on the fat of the land while a poor gentleman can't earn a dishonest meal, leaving out of question an honest."

The chariot was a simple box on four wheels without springs, and it may be considered a dispensation of Providence that Powtje should decline to do anything but walk.

Mynheer climbed in and was in danger of forgetting the obliging stranger, who thereupon patted Powtje's flanks with sudden enthusiasm.

"A beautiful creature, Mynheer; a veritable Arab steed."

"To be sure. I'd forgotten you. You've been of service to me. Come home with me and you shall have a good supper. I am Cornelis Van Witt of Bovenkirk."

After much coaxing Powtje decided to lift his Arab legs and crawl along, and thus did

Abraham Baas, commonly called Bram Baas, and in moments of tenderness "Brammatje," make the acquaintance of Mynheer, who sat beside him a victim to an active imagination which pictured to him the horrors of war—his fertile fields laid waste, his well-filled pockets emptied by friend and foe, his dear child Wilhelmina without protection, and himself an expiring example of unwilling valor.

"Have you heard," he blurted out at last, "that the British are coming?"

Brammatje awoke from the contemplation of a flock of geese taking an afternoon stroll and rapidly leaving Powtje behind.

"Let 'em come," he declared boldly, and slapped his threadbare doublet until the dust rose in clouds. "We 'll be ready for 'em. I 've seen 'em in Boston, a lean and lank lot whom a pottle of good Schiedam schnapps tips under the table. Let 'em come and crack a blunderbuss with us, I say."

"You are not afraid," Mynheer cried in undisguised admiration; and a vague idea took possession of him that it would be well to have so valorous a soul always about as a body-guard for an evil day.

Thus it was that Brammatje entered Mynheer's service, not so much because he was asked as that he declined to leave. His worldly possessions consisted of a rusty sword, a blunderbuss, a jug of true Holland gin, and a brass trumpet. In return for his sustenance he gave Mynheer the comforting assurance of his moral support in case of British invasion.



BRAMMATJE.

III.

THE first Mynheer Van Witt had chosen the location of his domain, after a certain trifling pecuniary transaction with the untutored savage, in fond remembrance of the marshes about his own beloved Amsterdam. Mynheer abhorred mountains; give him something flat, green, and damp and he was content. He also constructed a canal behind his back

door, which was speedily covered with an aromatic green growth the smell of which positively made him homesick. He built himself a windmill, and at sight of the slowly turning sails his soul found some repose. It may be added that having one day by accident discovered beyond his broad fields a glimpse of the distant hills of the Hudson, he had a high wooden wall and a barn built to hide from his afflicted vision so obnoxious a sight. His son Cornelis inherited these along with his father's domain, his waistcoats, his breeches, and all his prejudices.

The day Cornelis Van Witt defied the British lion Wimpje Van Witt sat at the kitchen window mending the household linen. Beside her in speechless ecstasy sat Jan Wissenkerke watching a buxom darky in a scarlet turban frying poffertjes. The kitchen walls were covered with a precious array of brass pots and pans, waffle-irons, poffertje pans; and overhead the heavy rafters were garlanded with strings of onions and garlic, while in the choicest nooks hung the smoked hams and sides of bacon. Beside the kitchen table Mistress van Twist was preparing a roast of young pork, and with the exception, perhaps, of Wimpje there was nothing Jan Wissenkerke loved quite so much. The situation was too much for him; he turned and uttered these passionate words:

"When I marry, Juffrouw Wimpje, and am master in my own house, I shall eat pork and poffertjes every day—I love 'em."

It was saying a good deal for young Wimpje's charms that she could hold her own in Mynheer's estimation under these circumstances. There is a picture of her, a slim young thing, yet with a suggestion of dimpling roundness, a sunny face framed by a tangle of short gold-brown curls held in place by a coquettish little saucy white muslin cap. A gray homespun skirt, a red-laced bodice, and about her pretty shoulders a great ruffled kerchief tied in a knot at her breast. If it be added that the gray petticoat was properly short, so as to display the neatest of red stockings and a high-heeled shoe with a silver buckle, it will still be difficult to give to any one a proper idea of young Wimpje Van Witt.

At Mynheer Wissenkerke's words the upward tilt which Heaven had been pleased to bestow on Mistress Van Witt's small nose seemed to be accentuated; but before she could utter a word the door was flung open and Mynheer Van Witt sank exhausted into the nearest chair, and it was only after several pulls out of a high-shouldered black jug that the good man revived. There was a discreet cough heard, and Brammatje Baas was discovered lingering on the threshold.

"Give the man a drink," Mynheer murmured brokenly.

"Why, father, what has happened?"

"These are terrible times, Wilhelmina," and Mynheer shuddered. "Invasion threatens the land—the British are coming. But it behooves us—to—to be brave. We 'll all die together."

Here Jan Wissenkerke's legs shook so pitifully that he sat down, while Brammatje joyfully sniffed the aroma of the frying *poftertjes*.

"Who is that man, father?" Wimpje asked with strong disfavor.

Mynheer replied with elaborate caution: "A man of valor, child, whom it were well to befriend if the British are coming. It will be pleasant to have a grateful soul who will be willing to be killed in our defense."

They all turned to look over their shoulders at this prospective martyr to gratitude.

"At any rate count the spoons first," Juf-frouw van Twist said with a sniff.

"Jan, we depend on you," Mynheer continued tremulously. "A Wissenkerke never yields."

No description could do justice to the want of enthusiasm with which young Wissenkerke answered this appeal. Even Mynheer's moving description of the death of a hero had such a discouraging effect on him that he presently vanished, forgetful of love and roast pork.

Though there were no further rumors of British invasion, Brammatje remained. Like all standing armies he did not toil, but he devoted his energies to attacking five square meals a day and making perceptible havoc on the cider and gin. He was highly unpopular, but Mynheer proposed to make a rampart of his well-fed body, and before long his wisdom was triumphantly vindicated.

It was a soft summer night, dark in spite of countless brilliant stars. The Hudson flowed softly along its Palisades and in the bay the tide beat against the Battery, flanked and protected by a straggling old wooden fort where a couple of infant cannon pointed through two rusty peepholes at nothing in particular. The solitary sentry, convinced that watching over the safety of his country was a farce, was

sleeping peacefully with his chin on the muzzle of his blunderbuss, and thus it happened that of all the good souls in the colony this summer midnight Brammatje Baas was alone awake, and it was he who tumbled up the stairs to Mynheer's bedchamber and thumped loudly against the stout door panels.

"We are attacked! The British have come! Wake up, Mynheer—hear 'em. They 're around by the barn—the wall 'll be down next!"

A faint voice replied out of a valley of feathers: "Defend us, Brammatje!

God be with you"; whereupon Mynheer pulled his nightcap over his ears and melted with cold perspiration, for what with the British in the rear and his ghost in front it was more than he could bear.

The rest of the household, roused by the turmoil, each and all double-locked themselves in, generously refusing to snatch a single one of the laurels Brammatje Baas was destined to earn.

The noise was frightful, and though Mynheer tried not to hear, the heroic Brammatje's voice was plainly audible, roaring and swearing; and such was his valor that the charge of this one brave soul prevailed, the stampede grew fainter and fainter, and at last, with a sigh of relief and a pleasing appreciation of his own wisdom in the choice of a champion, Mynheer turned about in his feathers and fell fast asleep.

The next morning a scene of perplexing devastation was discovered. The wooden wall erected by the first Mynheer Van Witt, and which now served as shelter to the kitchen garden as well as prop to a number of peach and pear trees, lay in ruins, crushed through and trampled down by the—Van Witt cows, which, yielding to an access of hilarity, had broken down the decaying wood and feasted with great gusto on those tender young vegetables the growth of which Mynheer had watched with fond solicitude. This was the midnight raid, and it was instructive to see the rapidity with which Brammatje was stripped of his sprouting laurels. The very darkies mopped up the floor under his heroic eyes, and Mistress van Twist locked up the gin before his nose.



WIMPJE.

But Mynheer was true to him. "It was not his fault that there were only cows," he urged feebly.

"No wonder he saw the British, Mynheer; I counted the empty gin bottles. He might have seen the very devil."

But Mynheer was not to be convinced; his follower had been ready for the enemy, and it was not his fault that the enemy did not come. So Brammatje rose like a sky-rocket in Mynheer's esteem by reason of his heroic conduct.

IV.

How the Columbus World's Fair that New York was going to have would have scorned its modest ancestor of two hundred years ago—the Kermess of Nieuw Amsterdam. In those days the market-place afforded ample room for the rude wooden booths built in narrow lanes and containing all manner of ware to tempt folks, from the governor down to the Indians creeping about in fatal proximity to fire-water. On one side stood the Town Hall, and opposite was the Dutch Reformed Church, and in between were the dwelling-houses opening on the cobble-stones and decked with flags and banners and evergreens. All the town, and even the folks from the outlying villages on the Hudson, crowded the narrow lanes. There were poffertje and waffle booths, booths for gin, cider, and Schiedam schnapps, pipes and tobacco, calico and glass beads, household ware and toys; in fact there was nothing the modest fancy of two hundred years ago could wish for that could not be procured. There was even a dance booth, towards which the exhilarating strains of Kristoffel Sauer's trumpet lured the juffrouws. A most delightful place to twirl about in if you kept clear of the posts. The sides were open to the summer air, and there were tables at which the exhausted could recruit their strength. At the table of honor sat Juffrouw van Twist shining with reflected glory, for Wimpje was certainly the belle of the occasion. Juffrouw van Twist's eyes were secretly fixed on the next table where sat a lithe and tall young stranger, who followed young Wimpje's evolutions in a country dance with smiling sympathy. He even bent forward to catch a glimpse of her slim form when a post, or the broader charms of some other damsel, hid her from view. Juffrouw van Twist rejoiced, for she had a grievance against man by reason of the belated declaration of Mynheer Van Witt.

Strangers were common enough in the town these kermess days, but this one was altogether different from the ordinary variety. The architecture of the young mynheers running mostly to breadth, the stranger was prominent as being of the long, broad-shouldered kind. He had

a handsome, frank face too, with a brown mustache with an upward curl at the ends that suggested adventure to Mistress van Twist. Hisknee-breeches and well-fitting doublet were black and in pleasing contrast to the gray of his stockings, his broad silk sash, and the wide-



JACK.

brimmed beaver hat that lay on the table; and as a good Dutch housewife she noted how fine was the linen of his broad cuffs and collar.

It was Jan Wissenkerke who led Wimpje back red as a June rose and pouting, for with fatal accuracy he had wrecked on a post.

There must have been some magnetism in the gaze of the handsome stranger, for Wimpje looked up shyly and met his admiring glance, and with an involuntary smile her eyes sank before his. How it happened no one could quite tell, but the next moment the stranger stepped forward and gallantly begged Juffrouw Van Witt for the favor of the next reel.

Nieuw Amsterdam was aghast, but Wimpje rose, shook her fair head and homespun petticoats in defiance, and lifted her pretty feet with renewed ardor to the tune of Kristoffel's most pleasing strain. Well might Nieuw Amsterdam stare; not even the posts were obstacles to this agile stranger. Neither did he grow red nor lose his breath; nay, when Kristoffel finished with a hilarious flourish, then did this obnoxious stranger stoop and kiss young Wimpje's hand in the very face of Nieuw Amsterdam, and lead her blushing furiously to Mistress van Twist, who acknowledged with a tender sigh that he was the belated realization of her youthful dreams.

Who was he and what did he want, Nieuw Amsterdam demanded. It transpired that his name was Cawardine—Captain Jack Cawardine; that he was staying at The Blue Grape; and, to explain his universal disfavor, that he came from Boston. By which it will be seen that the peculiar sentiments existing between two famous American cities are of ancient date. An Englishman from Boston



A BRITISH INVASION.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

was a combination of unpleasant characteristics not to be pardoned. Some experienced old burghers doubted if so much agility and cheerfulness could hail from a town famous only for the crookedness of its streets, the hanging of witches, the length of its sermons, and a certain unwholesome dish called pork and beans.

What Captain Cawardine wanted was plain to all Nieuw Amsterdam. It was a new way to lay siege to a peaceful colony by marrying its richest heiress. It would be a municipal misfortune should Mynheer Van Witt's great fortune leave the land; so it was no wonder that all Nieuw Amsterdam shuddered when Captain Cawardine kissed the hand of Juffrouw Wimpje Van Witt, who—yes, who blushed and smiled.

v.

How describe the speechless amazement of the town when the rumor spread like wildfire that Captain Cawardine was courting Mistress Pamplona van Twist; but the most amazed was Cornelis Van Witt. He had just prepared to take his afternoon nap under the protection of St. Nepomuk when Pampy van Twist looked in and demanded:

"Are you asleep, Mynheer?"

"Blicksem! Asleep when I am being talked to death!"

"I—I—have something to say to you"; and she looked at St. Nepomuk as if for support.

Mynheer was in undisguised consternation. "Mynheer Van Witt," she began, coughed and paused; then there was such a terrible silence that a bumblebee straying in at the window where Wimpje was spinning filled the air with its droning and flew out again.

"Mynheer Van Witt, I am going to get married."

Here Wimpje's spinning-wheel fell with a furious clatter.

"Blicksem!" Mynheer cried, and was speechless. Then he gathered his faculties together. "Juffrouw van Twist, are you—am I—" He paused again and leaned forward. "Married? Did you say married? Blicksem, Juffrouw! When did I ask you to marry me?"

"You!" And out burst the suppressed resentment of eighteen years. "Not you, thanks be to gracious!"

"You don't say there is another, Juffrouw?"

"I should hope so," she retorted in triumph.

"Well, he waited long enough."

"Therefore he is so much the younger, Mynheer."

"A lucky man"; and Mynheer tried to be polite, but he broke down. "Who the devil is the fool, and what are you pestering me for?"

Vol. XLI.—8.

"A very likely young man, well to do, and without gout, Mynheer."

Mynheer winced. "A nice young fellow to marry an old woman like you?"

"If he is satisfied, that is enough. All I want Mynheer to know is that the young man is coming here—ahem!—courting."

"Courting!" Here Mynheer leaped to his feet and tore up and down the room. "Courting—I won't have it!"

"Perhaps, then, you will kindly look out for another housekeeper." Mistress van Twist appeared resigned.

Mynheer paused before her and stamped with his feet.

"Donder and blicksem! I'd rather have married you myself."

"May the young man come?" Mistress van Twist's composure was unruffled.

Mynheer stared, gasped, clenched his fists, and spoke. "Tell him to come, or go to the devil"; whereupon he retreated.

Juffrouw van Twist watched him in deep meditation, when she uttered these remarkable words: "Wimpje, child, if we had only known how to go to work, I could have married your dear father eighteen years ago."

Mynheer retired to his favorite haunt, a Chinese pagoda on the canal, and tried to collect himself. This was truly a day of horrors. It began early that morning when Brammatje announced that, as he was a sober Christian, he had himself seen the ghost of the mad sexton just as the bell of St. Bartholomew struck midnight.

Mynheer thought of the apparition and shuddered, and he thought of Juffrouw van Twist and swore. How serene had been his existence these eighteen years, and how divinely she stuffed roast goose with chestnuts. Her *posfertjes* were always the lightest, her waffles the crispest, and in the contemplation of her cider he smacked his lips feebly, while at the remembrance of a certain kind of rich cake of which she alone knew the divine art Mynheer began to be unspeakably moved. Were not his slippers always toasting on the hearth, and on winter nights the chill was always taken off the sheets. Yes, Pamplona van Twist was fully revenged for the silence of eighteen years. And now all these tender attentions, these beautiful accomplishments, were to be devoted to a rascal who probably did not appreciate his blessings; and when it seemed as if his cup of bitterness was full who should appear but Brammatje, and the valiant man's voice quavered as he spoke.

"Mynheer, the English have come, sure; there's one in the house!"

"Heeremijntid!" moaned Mynheer, and crept unwillingly back, while Brammatje wisely

retired into the inner sanctuary of the woodshed.

A great sirloin of beef was roasting merrily over the kitchen fire as Mynheer passed. He paused at the door of the living-room with his hand on the knob. He heard voices, laughter, scuffling; in fact levity was out of place in these terrible times. On the other side of the door beside a small table sat Mistress van Twist in her holiday best, a cap of delicate Brussels lace on her head and her feet on a brass warm-stoof, reading out of a holiday book with a satisfied smile on her face. On the other side of the table sat Wimpje playing with a red rose and looking smilingly through its green leaves at the enemy.

"Mejuffrouw," the enemy pleaded; "give me the rose."

At this moment ponderous steps were heard approaching, and Wimpje with a startled blush drew back the hand which had found its way into the enemy's possession. The rose fell to the ground, both stooped to pick it up, and before Juffrouw Wimpje knew what had happened her head was on his breast, two dark eyes looked laughingly into hers, and two red lips so temptingly near his own were being — ah, why explain?

The next instant the door was flung open, and Juffrouw Wimpje, as red as the rose safely tucked in the enemy's gray silk sash, looked guiltily down at sight of her father. The enemy rose from the leather settle beside Juffrouw Van Witt, and Mynheer remarked that there was a jug of his best cider on the table.

"What — who?" Mynheer demanded with a quavering voice.

"Yes, Mynheer; the young man of whom I spoke," — and Mistress van Twist smoothed her best apron, — "Captain Cawardine."

"You seem to be a stranger here," he grunted.

"Yes, Mynheer."

"From where?"

"From Boston at present — an Englishman from Boston."

"I hate Boston and Englishmen," he added under his breath.

"So I hear, Mynheer"; and Captain Cawardine smiled gently.

"A nest of Puritan bigots and hypocrites. What are you doing here?"

"Courting a wife, as you may have heard, Mynheer."

"The more fool she," the old man roared, and retreated to his sacred chair and pretended to take a nap, though he raged under his scarlet handkerchief that rose and fell like an angry sea with Mynheer as a furious Dutch Neptune.

But Mynheer was not the only one, for

Brammatje sat on a woodpile in the shed and swore like a trooper.

"That hook-nosed Bostonian 'll bring you ill luck, Brammatje. He's seen you in Boston breaking stones on the highway with the rest of 'em, and all for the sake of that old mare. I know you, young sir, a king's officer fresh from England, famous at a sword thrust, a fandango, or a light ditty — they 'd hang another on the Common for less. I've only to say 'British spy' to Mynheer and where 'll you be, curse you!" Brammatje shook his fist, lost his balance, tipped back, and the woodpile sank gently over him.

Juffrouw van Twist's courtship prospered slowly and steadily; Captain Cawardine was at Bovenkirk every hour of the day, and poor Mynheer Van Witt was experiencing symptoms of neglect. His slippers were forgotten, his sheets were chilly, and to add to his wretchedness the ghost of St. Bartholomew's had been encountered by several sober witnesses.

But as the proverbial worm turns at last, so did Mynheer, and he went in search of Juffrouw van Twist. He found her stirring batter in the pantry. From the solitary window there was a delicious view of the canal, the windmill, and the pagoda; this and the prospect of waffles moved Mynheer unspeakably.

"Juffrouw van Twist!"

"Mynheer Van Witt?" The fair Pamplona paused with uplifted ladle.

"Juffrouw van Twist, what have we done that you wish to leave us?"

"I — I — do not understand, Mynheer."

"What is there so captivating in that young man, Pamplona?"

"He is a very pleasing youth, Mynheer."

Mynheer sank into the chair beside the table and spoke with solemn politeness.

"Juffrouw, do not be offended, but how shall I put it to you? Shall I say he is too young for you, or that you are too — ahem! — say mature for him?"

"It comes to the same thing, Mynheer."

"Then why, blicksem! do you marry him?"

"Because — because it is high time for me to get settled. It may be my last chance, and the young man is willing. He likes me, Mynheer."

"So do others, Juffrouw van Twist"; and Mynheer leaned across the table and took the ladle out of her hand. "So do others, Juffrouw van Twist. Donder and blicksem, Juffrouw, I like you — marry me!"

"O Mynheer! why did n't you speak before?"

"Send him away, Pampy; send the youth away."

"O Mynheer! and break his heart. No, I

could n't—could n't"—here she reflected—"unless—"

"Unless what, Pampy?"

"Unless some one else could be found to take pity on him, and who would try to take my place."

"We'll find some one," Mynheer cried with enthusiasm; and not only seized the fair hand of Mistress van Twist, but he was about to embrace her waist with one arm when the pantry door burst open and Brammatje stepped in. "The English!" he roared, and vanished; and Mynheer followed, forgetful of love and waffles.

This time it was true. That very morning on awakening Nieuw Amsterdam was appalled by the spectacle of six English men-of-war anchored in the quiet bay, their guns pointed directly at De Blauwe Druif; and in the course of the day the English commander-in-chief, Colonel Matthew Borden, politely demanded of Governor Stuyvesant the surrender of the Dutch colonies in the name of his gracious Majesty Charles II. As further inducement, Colonel Borden added that if he refused it would be their painful duty to blow Nieuw Amsterdam into mincemeat. Whereupon the good burghers clamored enthusiastically to be surrendered. But old Peter Stuyvesant declined; he and that other patriot Cornelis Van Witt he declared to the deputation would teach their fellow-citizens to be patriotic.

VI.

MYNHEER overtook Brammatje. "The English will rob and ruin me," he groaned.

"Of course they will, and what they don't know he'll tell 'em."

"He—who?" Mynheer gasped.

"The British spy."

"Heereje! what—what do you mean?"

"That long-legged Englishman, Captain Cawardine; who else?"

"What—he—how—how do you know?"

"What's he doing if he ain't spying? Queer too that those big ships come into the harbor now, eh, Mynheer? He knows all about you and your ducats, and with six ships down there to back him all he's got to do is to say, 'Fork out, Cornelis Van Witt, or I'll—'"

"What, Brammatje, what?"

"How should I know? Only it won't be pleasant."

"Heereje! what shall I do?"

"Make him harmless; turn the tables."

"But how, my dear, excellent friend?"

"When he comes"—Brammatje spoke with appalling secrecy—"lure him into the garret, that's safest; lock him in and make terms with him through the keyhole. If he won't

give in I don't mind persuading him with my blunderbuss—through the door, of course."

"So, young man, you will spy on me at night, will you?" he reflected with natural resentment. "Well, two can play at that game. I'll be blanked if I want to see your long legs round by the churchyard at night any more. Grudge a poor man a trifle of luck, do you?"

Late that afternoon Captain Cawardine appeared; he looked preoccupied if not guilty.

"I have something to say to you, Mynheer."

Mynheer grasped the arms of his chair. Did this British spy mean to murder him or take him prisoner?

"Mynheer, I want to warn you against a man I see about here, one Brammatje Baas. I have seen him in Boston; he is an escaped convict."

Mynheer's muscles relaxed; he received this information with admirable composure.

"I have no proof, Mynheer, only suspicions; but I am inclined to think he is planning a burglary."

"'Pon my word, Captain, where?"

"The old church over the way."

"Well, then, young sir, why don't you stop him?" Mynheer retorted with unrepressed scorn.

"I can, if you will let me lodge in your house to-night."

Mynheer Van Witt himself conducted his guest to his room—a garret room, but sufficient in comfort for a contented mind; it was dismal and clean, and it rejoiced in a huge four-poster with green curtains.

There was about Mynheer the restlessness of a bad conscience. "Bolt yourself in, young man, and God rest you," he said; and when after two hours of sleep Captain Cawardine tried the door he found that he was locked in, for what reason he did not stop to consider. Given a garret window, Juffrouw van Twist's homespun sheets, the roof of a broad veranda below, the rest was a trifle for Jack Cawardine. He dropped like a cat, still holding one of Juffrouw Pampy's sheets in his hand.

"Now for a little fun," he thought with a twinkle in his eye; and flinging the sheet about his shoulders he grasped the ledge of the veranda and swung himself into the midst of the famous Van Witt dahlias, a flower of which Mynheer approved as being so orderly and so clean.

The bell of St. Bartholomew struck midnight. The pine trees cast black shadows across the old cemetery, and the weather-beaten headstones lay deep in the unmown grass. It required courage even in a ghost to break such profound silence. Yet the vibration of the bell had hardly ceased when something white, tall, and shadowy appeared against the darkness

of the old church, crept along with flowing garments, its face hidden, but bearing in its hands a heavy burden; progress was slow over the long grass. Suddenly through the silence there rang a cry—a cry of abject terror. The moment was unique in supernatural history: the ghost itself was haunted; for before it, under the shadow of a pine tree, stood another apparition for all the world like itself.

"I have been waiting for you," an unearthly voice spoke; and at the words the first ghost dropped its burden and fell on its knees and shrieked.

"How dare you mock me, you wretch?" the other demanded, and pointed to the flowing draperies.

"Forgive—forgive," the miserable mummer gasped.

"Brammatje Baas," the merciless voice continued, "what are you hiding?"

"My—my little sup-supper," he whimpered.

"You lie! You've been robbing the church. The communion service is in that chest."

"Ow-ow-ow!" and Brammatje bowed his rascally head in terror to the ground and made a discovery: the ghost wore spurs, and who ever heard of a mad sexton with spurs?

"The devil!" he roared, and would have jumped to his feet only his head came in smart contact with the muzzle of a pistol.

"Run and I'll blow your brains out," said Captain Cawardine with a firm grip of Brammatje's collar. "Leave your plunder there, I'll see to it; now come."

Whereupon he trundled Brammatje to the damp sacristy, dumped him in, locked the heavy door with Brammatje's own false key, and left that valorous soul to the companionship of the dominie's surplice and his own wrecked hopes.

Who will describe the condition of Mynheer Van Witt on discovering the captain's flight?—his manner of retreat was marked by the wrecks of sheets and dahlias. Mynheer felt that he was now at the mercy of an implacable enemy. To add to his terror rumor declared that Nieuw Amsterdam would be bombarded if the governor and Cornelis Van Witt did not surrender. Threats were uttered as to what could be done to Cornelis Van Witt if he insisted on being heroic. Three times that day was he summoned to attend the town council, but he knew better. Venture in range of the British guns and Captain Cawardine—never!

There being nothing else to do, a deputation of the worthy aldermen waited on Mynheer to remonstrate with him on his warlike folly. He emerged from the woodshed, his heroism beautifully disguised.

"What is the use of being so heroic, Cor-

nelis Van Witt?" they asked. Mynheer shuddered. He heroic, and not even Brammatje to help him! The deputation declared that if they could convince Mynheer their cause was won, for it went without saying that Governor Stuyvesant could not alone make war on the British nation. An honorable surrender, leaving them in possession of their worldly goods, was a pleasing thing, they declared. They wisely proved that it makes no difference whether you live under a Dutch or an English flag if you have five meals a day.

The result is known to every boy who dog-eats a history-book in the schools of New York these days. The common sense of Nieuw Amsterdam gained the victory; Governor Stuyvesant gave way in a huff, and the British troops under Colonel Borden took possession of the town. The only apparent result of this bloodless victory was that in honor of his Majesty's brother, the Duke of York, Nieuw Amsterdam received the now famous name of New York.

VII.

THE evening after Brammatje's disappearance the sexton of St. Bartholomew's thumped the brass knocker against Mynheer's front door.

He had just rung the six o'clock bell, and he was all of a quiver.

"O Mynheer, Mynheer! a great misfortune has happened."

"Another?" Mynheer spoke with stunned resignation.

"Your communion service, of which we were so proud, is—is—"

"Blicksem! what?"

"Stolen."

"Stolen! What—d——?"

"Yes, Mynheer. I rang the six o'clock bell and went to the sacristy, as I always do, and just as I turned the key the door flew open; some one knocked me down,—see the bump on my head, Mynheer,—but I recognized the rogue: it was Brammatje; Mynheer's own Brammatje. I flew to the cupboard where the service is kept; the lock was broken and the silver chest gone."

Mynheer was left to his reflections, and they were not comforting. He had been the dupe of a rascal, by whose advice he had locked a blameless gentleman into his attic, leaving him no choice but to jump out of a garret window at the risk of breaking his neck. This same maligned gentleman was an English officer, who could make it very unpleasant for him in these days of British invasion. The communion service, which cost a small fortune, had disappeared. Juffrouw van Twist had been deprived of a bridegroom who was not yet definitely

replaced. Wimpje went about in tears, and Mistress Pamplona flavored his favorite dishes with gall and wormwood. No, Mynheer, it was your own bad conscience which produced this culinary phenomenon.

Mynheer was convinced that something terrible was going to happen in the forlorn hope that the expected never does happen. But it often does, especially if it is unpleasant, and this time it took the road to Bovenkirk, a musketeer on a brawny mare, with a command from Colonel Borden that Cornelis Van Witt should appear before him forthwith in the Town Hall of New York.

In this same Town Hall, in Governor Stuyvesant's own chair, sat Colonel Borden writing a letter and cursing liberally, for Colonel Borden was not as handy at a goose-quill as at a good stout sword.

"Pothooks and hangers, confound 'em! Where 's Jack? Jack 'll do 'em in no time. Here you, Cawardine!"

But no Captain Jack appeared. Here the colonel pulled a watch like a warming-pan out of his breeches pocket.

"Time for Jack's old man. Wants me to frighten the old chap a bit and make him mellow afterwards. Well, I 'm willing."

Just then there was an awful scuffle at the outer door; it burst open, and in flew something ponderous followed by a musketeer, who drew himself up, saluted, and remarked with business-like composure:

"I 've brought him, your Excellency. This is Cornelis Van Witt."

There was an awful silence, then Colonel Borden spoke.

"So you 're the man who defied the British nation and refused to surrender these colonies to my gracious lord and master, Charles the Second, King of England!"

Mynheer stared at the colonel in silent horror. Why was he obliged to shoulder the entire heroism of Nieuw Amsterdam?

"The British nation"—here the colonel frowned majestically—"is not to be trifled with."

Mynheer grew so limp that he clutched at the nearest chair for support; it was the very chair in which he had once fallen asleep and awakened an unwilling hero.

"Mynheer, your conduct has been such that you have aroused the—aw—the suspicion and resentment of the English Government."

"Oh, your Excellency, if you only knew. I—really could n't help it."

"I have reason to believe that you are a dangerous person, sir, disguising your true character under an aspect of timidity."

Here Cornelis wrung his fat hands. "I 'm only a peaceful citizen, your Excellency; and

I—I—yes, I love and respect the English nation."

"Then why, Mynheer," Colonel Borden demanded with singular abruptness—"then why did you lock a beloved and respected Englishman into your garret?" ("Confound it!" the colonel muttered aside. "Why does n't Jack come? I 've talked out.") "A nice way to treat a guest, by Jupiter!" he said sternly.

Here Mynheer sank on his knees; all was known and he was lost.

"Pardon, your Excellency! I thought—I—I thought the young man was a British spy."

So, then, it was out. "A British spy!" the colonel roared. "Jack Cawardine, the son of my old friend General Cawardine, a British spy! I say, Jack, come out here, d'ye hear?" And sure enough Jack came into the room, none the worse for the tumble into Mynheer's dahlias.

"I say, Jack, the old Dutchman thought you were a British spy."

Jack magnanimously helped Mynheer to his feet and dusted him tenderly. "What made you suspect me, Mynheer. Who told you?"

Cornelis was silent, and then he stammered, "Brammatje Baas."

"Against whom I warned you. Mynheer, why do you believe the word of a ruffian instead of that of a gentleman?"

"Young sir, why does a gentleman jump out of a window at midnight?"

"Mynheer, since when does the host lock his guest into his room? But pardon me; I owe you an explanation, and I am ready to give it. I hope it will prove satisfactory."

With these words Captain Cawardine pulled something heavy from under the table; it was a huge box with a broken padlock. He flung the iron-bound lid back, and there, in all its glory, lay the communion service of St. Bartholomew's.

"This," the captain said modestly, "is my explanation. If I had not jumped out of the window I could not have restored the treasure of St. Bartholomew to its generous donor"; and Captain Cawardine bowed very low to Mynheer Van Witt.

Mynheer beamed with joy, and he grasped both of Jack's hands.

"I have done you a great wrong, Captain Cawardine. Forgive me."

Jack smiled, and then he spoke. "Tell me, Mynheer, why do you dislike me?"

Mynheer changed color, cleared his throat, and then he blurted out, "Why did you come courting Juffrouw van Twist, sir?"

Here Colonel Borden gave a great shout. "Pon my soul, Jack, even in these wilds there 's a woman at the bottom of it."

Mynheer paid no attention. "What do you, a young and handsome man, want with a woman old enough to be your mother?" he urged. "The fact is, I have been meaning to marry the lady myself one of these days."

"Zounds, Jack! If Mynheer is very anxious you might be induced to relinquish the older fair for one younger; eh, my boy?" Colonel Borden leaned back in the great chair and crossed his knees, and Jack blushed furiously.

"Let me put in my oar," the colonel continued jovially. "Sit down, Mynheer, and make yourself comfortable. His Majesty's government will always be glad to see Mynheer Van Witt at home in the council chamber of New York. So it seems the lady is a trifle mature for the boy, eh? But if you take her and leave our young friend with an aching heart, sure it will be your duty to supply her place."

Mynheer looked dazed.

Colonel Borden continued with some emphasis:

"It will be well for Cornelis Van Witt to be on good terms with the new government. As a man of wealth on good terms with the government you can aspire to great influence. As a Dutchman who obstinately refused to surrender you may be heroic, my good sir, but you will certainly be—unpopular."

Mynheer changed color and condemned his heroism.

"If, on the other hand, you can ally yourself with a good English family of undoubted loyalty, that will be a guarantee for your future patriotism. You understand, Mynheer?"

But Mynheer was all at sea.

"Listen," the colonel continued. "Here's a boy I love as my own," and he laid his hand on Cawardine's arm. "His people are the stanchest of good English folks, well to do and honorable, and all this he has inherited. You, Mynheer, are wealthy; you have a daughter—"

"Yes, Wilhelmina; a little maid with yellow hair and brown eyes," Mynheer murmured absently.

"Exchange!" the colonel roared, and thumped the table. "What do you say, Jack? A good idea and a new one; eh, old fellow?"

Captain Cawardine watched Mynheer with breathless eagerness. Mynheer's perplexity was something painful; he clutched his head, and his little gray eyes roved wildly about. "This is so very sudden—so—so unexpected," he stammered.

"Sir," the colonel interposed, "do not forget my warning. I speak to you not as a prisoner of war, as I might, but as a friend."

"I—I—thank your Excellency,—I—I am

deeply beholden to you,—but—you see, gentlemen, I must first speak to Wimpje—my little daughter Wimpje. It will be for Wimpje to decide."

"Tell her to sacrifice herself for your sake, Mynheer, do you hear? And, I say, take Captain Jack home with you. I don't trust you—you are a desperate character. You are the hero of New York these days, Mynheer. God be with you, gentlemen."

VIII.

It is pleasant to be on good terms with the government if one has favors to ask.

Mynheer rode beside the captain and pondered, and every moment he inclined more and more to the colonel's plan. As for its being an English government—mere prejudice; what had the Dutch government ever done for him?

Mynheer broke the silence. "It all depends on Wimpje and whether her heart inclines to you. Young maids are uncertain tricks these days. She's desperate woful since two days, and such matters as courting may come amiss. Such weeping and hanging round my neck when I left—why, blicksem! there they are running down the road to meet me. Why, Wimpje child, and Juffrouw van Twist, here am I safe back"; and he held out a fat hand to each, while Powtje stood still and took a nibble of grass. "Glad to see your old father again, Wimpje? There, I'd forgotten—the captain's come. Go on, Powtje."

Captain Cawardine swung himself out of his saddle, and with the horse's bridle over his arm he walked beside young Wimpje Van Witt.

"Juffrouw Van Witt," the captain said softly, "have you missed me?"

There was no answer, only a sudden little sob. "Why, Wimpje, my darling, so much?" he cried, and kissed the little hand he held in his over and over again.

"To leave me for two days, Captain Cawardine, and without a word, and to risk your life as you did."

"I went hunting, sweetheart."

"Out of the garret window?"

"Later you shall know all, darling."

She turned upon him with a quiver of her pretty lips. "I must tell father. I can bear it no longer. To think you are an Englishman, and that of all the world he should just hate Englishmen. I fear he will never pardon our deception."

"My darling, it will all end well, believe me. Perhaps it was a foolish plan, but how else could I have had my sweetheart? All's fair in love and war, and it was kind of Juffrouw Pampy to let me come courting her for the

joy of seeing you. It was for the best, Wimpje dear. Captain Cawardine was an unwelcome suitor for the hand of Juffrouw Van Witt—what was to be done?"

"Oh, if my father will only forgive me for loving you! If he does not—why then I'll follow you to the end of the earth, for I cannot live without you. O Jack, I'll go as far then as ever you wish—even to Boston, Jack."

IX.

A PEACEFUL late-afternoon quiet rested over the living-room, and the holy saint was fading into twilight. The teakettle was singing on the warm-stoof; a couple of logs blazed on the hearth where sat the Van Witt cat washing its face with one soft paw.

Two sighs broke the stillness.

"Why, Wimpje?"

"Why, father?"

"I wish to speak to you, Wimpje."

"I've something to say to you, father."

Wimpje brought the settle to the sacred chair, and rubbed her soft cheeks against Mynheer's hand.

"How old are you, Wimpje?"

"Eighteen, father."

"Now, Wimpje, did it—did it ever occur to you that young girls do sometimes marry?"

Wimpje sighed.

"Do you like Jan Wissenkerke, Wimpje child?"

The answer was faint but satisfactory. A sudden thought struck Mynheer. "On principle you are not opposed to marrying; eh, Wimpje? Young maids have such foolish notions sometimes."

The answer was more inaudible and yet satisfactory. Whereupon Mynheer proceeded.

"Wimpje child, there now, tell your old father, is your heart quite free?"

Here Wimpje, to Mynheer's speechless consternation, laid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Heereje! What does this mean? And just as I had a nice little plan. O Wimpje!"

"A plan?" Juffrouw Van Witt murmured, sobbing.

"Well, child, you must be told. Here is Pamplona—you always liked Pamplona, and some day I meant to marry her; but there was no hurry, and all would have gone well, but just then who comes but Captain Cawardine courting my Pamplona."

Here a smile quivered through Wimpje's tears.

"Not that I am surprised; he might have done worse. Pamplona has wonderful staying qualities. So she took him, but only because I—I had not spoken."

Mynheer was unspeakably elated. "The fact is, child, not to hide anything from you, the decided stand I took in the matter of the siege of Nieuw Amsterdam (there are those who call it heroic) has been misconstrued. The English Government doubts my patriotism; the English Government requires a guarantee for my—ahem!—loyalty."

Wimpje gazed at her heroic father with frightened eyes.

"Wimpje, tell me, what do you think of Captain Cawardine?"

"Wimpje controlled a sudden sparkle in her brown eyes, and hung her head discreetly.

"He seems a worthy young man."

"He is more than that." Mynheer spoke with sudden impatience. "He is a young man of taste and discretion, or he would not have courted Juffrouw van Twist. That wound will heal. He is, besides, of excellent family and well to do, and he is as a son to Colonel Borden. Being so well with the government, young and sturdy, and pleasant to gaze upon, I thought—yes, I thought—"

"Well, father?"

"I thought, Wimpje, you might n't do much better, and you could do a great deal worse."

"But he is an Englishman, father."

"A mere prejudice, child. Through Captain Cawardine your old father could get many a good trading privilege. There, listen to me, Wimpje, do not sacrifice your father for a foolish fancy."

"So it would please you if I married Captain Cawardine?" young Wimpje said meekly.

"It would be very wise, child."

"Very well, then, for your sake, you dear—and before he could remonstrate Wimpje's arms were flung about his neck.

"I am so happy, so very happy, you dear old father!"

"Why?" Mynheer cried, struggling.

"Now you will have to forgive. Wait, I'll call Jack."

And Jack came, smiling and eager.

"O Jack, I've promised to marry you," Wimpje cried; and before Mynheer could say a word she was in Jack's arms.

"This is very extraordinary, Captain; will you explain, Wilhelmina? I thought, Juffrouw, you said your heart was not free."

"It was n't, for there was—Jack."

"But there was also Juffrouw van Twist. Blicksem! Whom did you come courting, Captain Cawardine?"

But Wimpje was already by his side stroking his fat cheek. "It was me he came courting, and it was all Pamplona's little plan, so you will have to forgive her: say you forgive us all, you dear."

Of course Mynheer forgave, and before

winter set in there were two fine weddings at Bovenkirk.

In the course of time Cornelis Van Witt's increasing wealth proved on what excellent terms he was with the government, while the wisdom and patriotism of Governor Cawardine of New York have passed into history.

As for the ghost of the mad sexton, it disappeared with Brammatje Baas.

Whoever doubts the truth of this narrative, let him take the elevated road in the great city of New York and search for the old church of St. Bartholomew not far from the Bowery. There will he find an ancient graveyard sur-

rounded by time-stained warehouses. He will observe that the crumbling headstones still stand in straight rows as placed by the mad sexton. If he searches very carefully he will discover on one weather-beaten slab, beneath a solitary willow tree the years have spared, this half-obliterated inscription:

CORNELIS VAN WITT,
DIED AT THE GREAT AGE OF 90
IN THE TOWN OF NEW YORK.
1695.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Anna Eichberg King.

SUNSET AND SHORE.

(WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND'S MUSIC.)

BIRDS that like vanishing visions go winging
White, white in the flame of the sunset's burning,
Fly with the wild spray the billows are flinging;
Blend, blend with the nightfall, and fade, unreturning!

Fire of the heaven, whose splendor, all glowing,
Soon, soon must end, and in darkness shall perish;
Sea-bird and flame-wreath, and foam lightly blowing,
Soon, soon though we lose you, your beauty we cherish.

Visions may vanish, the sweetest, the dearest;
Hushed, hushed be love's voice like an echo replying;
Spirits may leave us that clung to us nearest —
Love, love, only love dwells with us undying!

George Parsons Lathrop.

LOVE, ART, AND TIME.

ON A PICTURE ENTITLED "THE PORTRAIT," BY WILL H. LOW.

SWEET Grecian girl who on the sunbright wall
Tracest the outline of thy lover's shade,
While, on the dial near, Time's hand is laid
With silent motion, fearest thou, then, all?
How that one day the light shall cease to fall
On him who is thy light; how lost, dismayed,—
By Time, and Time's pale comrade, Death, betrayed,—
Thou shalt breathe on beneath the all-shadowing pall!

Love, Art, and Time — these are the triple powers
That rule the world, and shall for many a morrow:
Love that beseecheth Art to conquer Time!
Bright is the picture, but, O fading flowers!
O youth that passes, love that bringeth sorrow —
Bright is the picture; sad the poet's rhyme.

R. W. G.



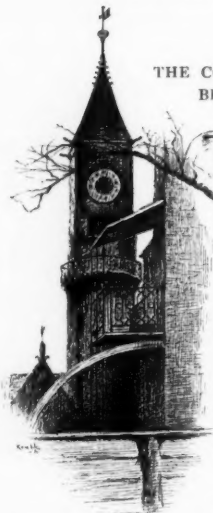
BY PERMISSION OF RADTKE, LAUCKNER & CO.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"THE PORTRAIT," BY WILL H. LOW.

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.



THE COLONEL'S HOUSE IN
BEDFORD PLACE.

THE dinner was at the colonel's—an old-fashioned, partly furnished, two-story house nearly a century old which crouches down behind a larger and more modern dwelling fronting on Bedford Place within a stone's throw of the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market.

The street entrance to this curious abode is marked by a swinging wooden gate opening into a narrow tunnel which dodges under the front house. It is an uncanny sort of passageway, moldy and wet from a long neglected leak overhead, and lighted at night by a rusty lantern with dingy glass sides.

On sunny days this gruesome tunnel frames from the street a delightful picture of a bit of the yard beyond, with the quaint colonial door and its three steps let down in a welcoming way.

Its retired location and shabby entrance brings it quite within the colonel's income, and as the rent is not payable in advance, he has surrounded himself not only with all the comforts but with many of the luxuries of a more pretentious home. In this he is assisted by his negro servant Chad,—an abbreviation of Nebuchadnezzar,—who is chambermaid, cook, butler, body-servant, and boots, and who by his marvelous tales of the magnificence of "de old fambly place in Kyartersville" has established a credit among the shopkeepers on the avenue which would be denied a much more solvent customer.

To this hospitable retreat I wended my way in obedience to one of the colonel's characteristic notes:

NO. 51 BEDFORD PLACE.
FRIDAY.

Everything is booming—Fitz says the scheme will take like the measles—dinner to-morrow at six—don't be late.

CARTER.

I had received several similar notes that week, all on the spur of the moment and all expressive of the colonel's varying moods and wants; the former suggested by his unbounded enthusiasm over this new railroad scheme, and the latter by such requests as these: "Would I lend him half a dozen napkins—his were all in the wash, and he wanted enough to carry him over Sunday. Chad would bring, with my permission, the extra pair of andirons I spoke about." Or, "Kindly hand Chad the two magazines and a corkscrew."

So to-night I pushed open the swinging door, felt my way along the dark passage, and crossed the small yard choked with snow at the precise minute when the two hands of the great clock in the tall tower pointed to six.

The door was opened by Chad.

"Walk right in, sah; de colonel 's in de din-in'-room."

Chad was wrong. The colonel was at that moment finishing his toilet in what he was pleased to call his "dressing-room" up-stairs, his cheery voice announcing that fact over the balusters as soon as he heard my own, coupled with the additional information that he would be down in five minutes.

What a cozy, charming interior this dining-room was!

It had once been two rooms, and two very small ones at that, divided by folding doors. From out the rear one there had opened a smaller room answering to the space occupied by the narrow hall and staircase in front. All



"IN KYARTERSVILLE."

the interior partitions and doors dividing these three rooms had been knocked away at some time in its history, leaving an L interior having two windows in front and three in the rear.

Some one of its many occupants, more luxurious than the others, had paneled the walls of this now irregular-shaped apartment with a dark wood running half way to the low ceiling smoked and blackened by time, and had built two fireplaces—an open wood fire which laughed at me from behind my own andirons, and an old-fashioned English grate built into the chimney with wide hobs, convenient and necessary for the various brews and mixtures for which the colonel was famous.

Midway, equally warmed by both fires, stood the table, its center freshened by a great dish of celery white and crisp, with covers for three on a snow-white cloth resplendent in old India blue. At each end shone a pair of silver coasters,—heirlooms from Carter Hall,—one holding a cut-glass decanter of sherry, the other awaiting its customary bottle of claret.

On the hearth behind the wood fire rested a pile of plates, also India blue, and on the mantel over the grate stood a row of bottles adapting themselves, like all good foreigners, to the rigors of our climate. Add a pair of silver candelabra with candles,—the colonel despised gas,—dark red curtains drawn close, three or four easy chairs, a few etchings and sketches loaned from my studio, together with a modest sideboard at the end of the L, and you have the salient features of a room so inviting and restful that you wanted life made up of one long dinner, continually served within its hospitable walls.

But I hear the colonel calling down the back stairs:

"Not a minute over eighteen, Chad. You ruined those ducks last Sunday."

The next moment he has me by both hands.

"My dear Major, I am pa'alized to think I kep' you waitin'. Just up from my office. Been workin' like a slave, suh. Only five minutes to dress befo' dinner. Have a drop of sherry and a dash of bitters, or shall we wait for Fitzpatrick? No? All right! He should have been here befo' this. You don't know Fitz? Most extraord'nary man; a great mind, suh; literature, science, politics, finance, everythin' at his fingers' ends. He has been of the greatest service to me since I have been in New York in this railroad enterprise, which I am happy to say is now reachin' a culmination. You shall hear all about it after dinner. Put yo' body in that chair and yo' feet on the fender—my fire and yo' fender! No, Fitz's fender and yo' andirons! Charmin' combination!"

It is delightful to watch him as he busies himself about the room, warming a big chair for

Fitz, punching the fire, brushing the sparks from the pile of plates, and testing the temperature of the claret lovingly with the palms of his hands.

He is perhaps fifty years of age, tall, slightly built; iron gray hair, brushed straight back from his forehead and overlapping his collar behind; deep-set eyes, brown and twinkling; nose prominent; cheeks slightly sunken; brow wide and high; and chin and jaw strong and marked. His mustache droops over a firm, well-cut mouth and unites at its ends with a gray goatee which rests on his shirt front.

Like most Southerners living away from great cities his voice is soft and low, and tempered with a cadence that is delicious.

He wears a black broadcloth coat,—a double-breasted garment,—with similar-colored vest and trousers, a turn-down collar, a shirt of many plaits which is under-starched and over-wrinkled but always clean, large cuffs very much frayed, a narrow black or white tie, and low shoes with white cotton stockings.

This black broadcloth coat is quite the most interesting feature of the colonel's costume. So many changes are constantly made in its general make-up that you never quite believe it is the same ill-buttoned, shiny garment until by long acquaintance you become familiar with its possibilities.

When the colonel has a funeral or other serious matter on his mind this coat is buttoned high up under his chin, showing only his gaunt throat and the stray end of a black cravat. When the question is one of a dinner he buttons it a point lower down, revealing a bit of his plaited shirt with a glimpse of his cravat. For anything so convivial as a wedding it is thrown wide open, discovering a white vest and snowy neckcloth. This last is the limit of its capacity and its happiest combination.

These several make-ups used once to surprise me, and I often found myself insisting that the looseness and grace with which this garment flapped around the colonel's thin legs was only possible in a brand-new coat having all the spring and lightness of youth in its seams. But I had always been mistaken. I had only to look at the mismated buttons and the raveled edge of the lining fringing the tails.

The colonel wears to-night the lower-button style with the white tie. It was indeed the adjustment of this necessary article which consumed the five minutes passed in his dressing-room, slightly lengthened by the time necessary to trim his cuffs—a little nicety which he rarely overlooked and which it mortified him to forget.

What a frank, outspoken, sincere, generous, tender-hearted fellow he is! Happy as a boy. Hospitable to the verge of beggary. Enthusiastic as he is visionary. A Virginian of good birth, fair education, and limited knowledge of

the world and of men; proud of his ancestry, proud of his State, and proud of himself; believing in States' rights, slavery, and the Confederacy; and away down in the bottom of his soul still clinging to the belief that the poor white trash of the earth includes about everybody outside of Fairfax County.

With these antecedents it is easy to see that his "reconstruction" is as hopeless as that of the famous Greek frieze, outwardly whole and yet always a patchwork. So he chafes continually under what he believes to be the tyranny and despotism of an undefined autocracy, which, in a general way, he calls "the Government," but which really refers to the distribution of certain local offices in his own immediate vicinity.



"DISHIN' THE DINNER."

When he hands you his card it bears this unabridged inscription:

Colonel George Fairfax Carter,
of Carter Hall,
Cartersville, Virginia.

He omits "United States of America," simply because it would add nothing to his dignity.

A SHARP double knock at the outer gate, and the next instant a stout, thick-set, round-faced man of forty, with merry, bead-like eyes protected by big bowed spectacles, pushed open the door and peered in good-humoredly.

The colonel sprang forward and seized him by both shoulders.

"What the devil do you mean, Fitz, by comin' ten minutes late? Don't you know, suh, that the burnin' of a canvasback is a crime?"

"Stuck in the snow? Well, I'll forgive you this once, but Chad won't. Give me yo' coat

—bless me! it is as wet as a setter dog. Now put yo' belated carcass into this chair which I have been warmin' for you, right next to my dearest old friend, the Major. Major, Fitz!—Fitz, the Major! Take hold of each other. Does my heart good to get you both together. Have you brought a copy of the prospectus of our railroad? You know I want the Major in with us on the groun' flo'. But after dinner—not a word befo'."

This railroad was the colonel's hope for the impoverished acres of Carter Hall, but lately saved from foreclosure by the generosity of his aunt Miss Nancy Carter, who redeemed it with almost all her savings, the house and half of the outlying lands being thereupon deeded to her. The other half was retained by the colonel.

I explained to Fitz immediately after his hearty greeting that I was a humble painter and not a major at all, and had not the remotest connection with any military organization whatever; but that the colonel always insisted upon surrounding himself with a staff, and that my promotion was in conformity with this idea.

The colonel laughed, seized the poker, and rapped three times on the floor. A voice from the kitchen rumbled up:

"Comin', sah!"

It was Chad "dishin' the dinner" below, his explanations increasing in distinctness as he pushed the rear door open with his foot, both hands being occupied with the soup tureen which he bore aloft and placed at the head of the table.

In a moment more he retired to the outer hall and reappeared brilliant in white jacket and apron. Then he ranged himself behind the colonel's chair and with great dignity announced that dinner was served.

"Come, Major! Fitz, sit where you can warm yo' back—you are not thawed out yet. One minute, gentlemen—an old custom of my ancestors which I never omit."

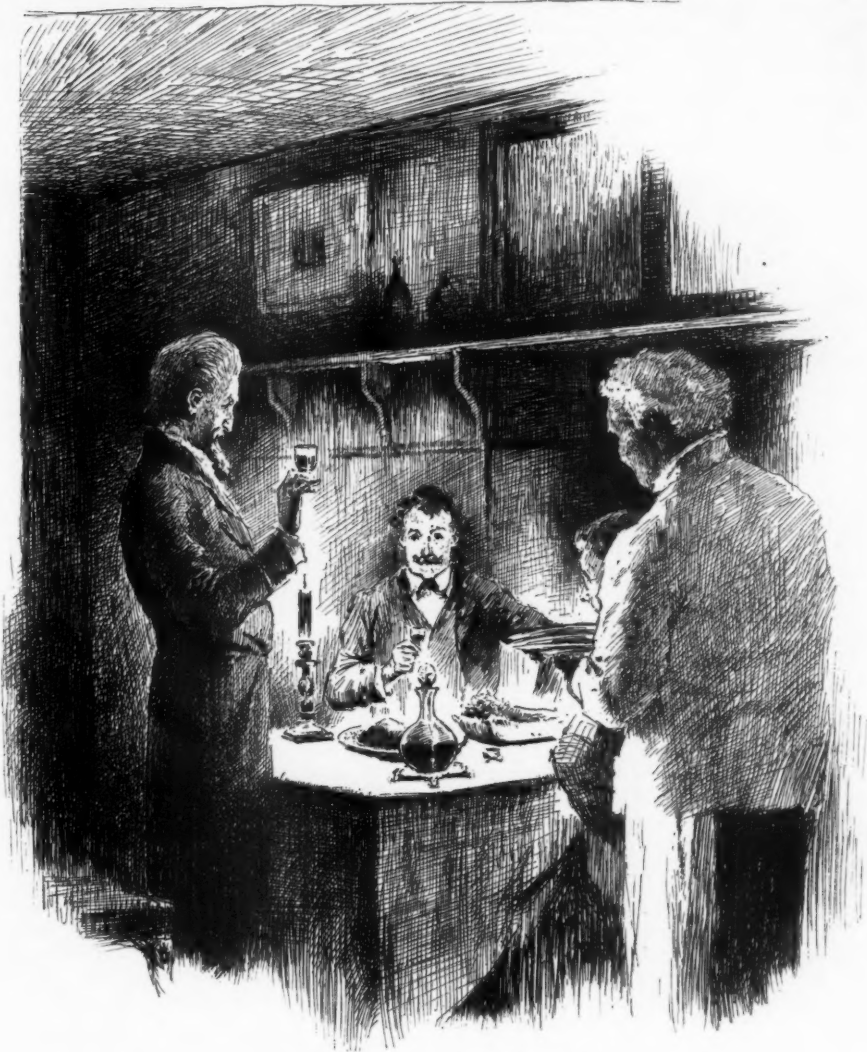
The blessing was asked with becoming reverence; then there was a slight pause and the colonel lifted the cover of the tureen and sent a savory cloud of incense to the ceiling.

The soup was a cream of something with baby crabs. There was also a fish,—boiled,—with slices of hard eggs fringing the dish, oaled by a hedge of parsley and supplemented by a pyramid of potatoes with their jackets ragged as tramps. Then a ham, brown and crisp, and bristling all over with cloves.

Then the ducks!

It was beautiful to see the colonel's face when Chad, with a bow like a folding jack-knife, held this dish before him.

"Lay 'em here, Chad—right under my nose. Now hand me that pile of plates siz-



"GENTLEMEN, A TRUE SOUTHERN LADY."

zlin' hot, and give that caarvin' knife a turn or two across the hearth. Major, dip a bit of celery in the salt and follow it with a mou'ful of claret. It will prepare yo' palate for the kind of food we raise gentlemen on down my way. See that red blood, suh, followin' the knife!"

"Suit you, marsa?" Chad never forgot his slave days.

"To a turn, Chad—I would n't take a thousand dollars for you," replied the colonel, relapsing as unconsciously into an old habit.

"There, Major," said the colonel as Chad

laid the smoking plate before me, "is the breast of a bird that fo' days ago was divin' for wild celery within fo'ty miles of Caarter Hall. My dear old Aunt Nancy sends me a pair every week, bless her sweet soul! Fill yo' glasses and let us drink to her health and happiness." Here the colonel rose from his chair: "Gentlemen, the best thing on this earth—a true Southern lady!

"Now, Chad, the red pepper."

"No jelly, Colonel?" said Fitz, with an eye on the sideboard.

"Jelly? No, suh; not a suspicion of it. A pinch of salt, a dust of cayenne, then shut yo' eyes and mouth and don't open them 'cept for a drop of good red wine. It is the salt marsh in the early mornin' that you are tastin', suh — not molasses candy. You Nawtherners don't really treat a canvasback with any



FITZ.

degree of respect. You ought never to come into his presence when he lies in state without takin' off yo' hats. That may be one reason why he skips over the Nawthern States when he takes his annual fall outin'." And he laughed heartily.

"But you use it on venison?" argued Fitz.

"Venison is diff'ent, suh. That game lives on moose buds, the bark of sugar maple, and the tufts of sweet grass. There is a propriety and justice in his endin' his days smothered in sweets; but the wild duck, suh, is bawn of the salt ice, braves the storm, and lives a life of peyil and hardship. You don't degrade a' oyster, a soft shell crab, or a clam with confectionery; why a canvasback duck?"

"Now, Chad, serve coffee."

The colonel pushed back his chair and opened a drawer in a table on his right, producing three clay pipes with reed stems, and a buckskin bag of tobacco. This he poured out on a plate, breaking the coarser grains with the palms of his hands, and filled the pipes with the greatest care.

Fitz watched him curiously, and when he reached for the third pipe said:

"No, Colonel, none for me; smoke a cigar — got a pocketful."

"Smoke yo' own cigars, will you, and in the presence of a Virginian? I don't believe you have got a drop of Irish blood left in yo' veins, or you would take this pipe."

"Too strong for me," remonstrated Fitz.

"Throw that villainous device away, I say, Fitz, and surprise yo' nostrils with a whiff of this. Virginia tobacco, suh,—raised at Caartersville,—cured by my own servants. No?

Well, you will, Major. Here, try that; every breath of it is a nosegay," said the colonel, turning to me.

"But, Colonel," continued Fitz, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "your tobacco pays no tax. With a debt like ours it is the duty of every good citizen to help raise it. Half the cost of this cigar goes to the Government."

It was a red flag to the colonel, and he laid down his pipe and faced Fitz squarely.

"Tax! On our own productions, suh! Raised on our own land! Are you again forgettin' that you are an Irishman and becomin' one of these money-makin' Yankees? Have n't we suffe'd enough — robbed of our property, our lands confiscated, our slaves toun from us; nothin' left but our honor and the shoes we stand in!"

The colonel on cross-examination could not locate any particular wholesale robbery, but it did not check the flow of his indignation.

"Take, for instance, the town of Caartersville: look at that peaceful village which for mo' than a hundred years has enjoyed the privileges of free government; and not only Caartersville, but all our section of the State."

"Well, what 's the matter with Cartersville?" asked Fitz, lighting his cigar.

"Matter, suh! Just look at the degradation it fell into hardly ten years ago. A Yankee jedge jurisdiction' our laws, a Yankee sheriff enfo'cin' 'em, and a Yankee postmaster distributin' letters and sellin' postage stamps."

"But they were elected all right, Colonel, and represented the will of the people."

"What people? Yo' people, not mine. No, my dear Fitz; the Administration succeeding the war has treated us shamefully, and will go down to postehity as infamous."

The colonel left his chair and began pacing the floor, his indignation rising at every step.

"To give you an idea, suh," he continued, "of what we Southern people suffe'd immediately after the fall of the Confederacy, let me state a case that came under my own observation."

"Colonel Temple Talcott of Fokeer County, Virginia, came into Talcottville one mornin', suh,—a town settled by his ancestors,—ridin' upon his horse — or rather a mule, suh, belongin' to his overseer. Colonel Talcott, suh, belonged to one of the vely fust families in Virginia. He was a son of Jedge Thaxton Talcott, suh, and grandson of General Snowden Stafford Talcott of the Revolutionary War. Now, suh, let me tell you right here that the Talcott blood is as blue as the sky, and that every gentleman bearin' the name is known all over the county, suh, as a man whose honor is dearer to him than his life, and whose word is as good as his bond. Well,

suh, on this mornin' Colonel Talcott left his plantation in charge of his overseer—he was workin' it on shares—and rode through his estates to his ancestral town, some five miles distant. It is true, suh, these estates were no longer in his name, but that had no bearin' on the events that followed; he ought to have owned them, and would have done so but for some vely ungentlemanly fo'closure proceedin's which occurred immediately after the war.

"On arriving at Talcottville the colonel dismounted, handed the reins to his servant,—or perhaps, suh, one of the niggers around the do',—and entered the post-office. Now, suh, let me tell you that one month befo' the Government, contrary to the express wishes of a great many of our leadin' citizens, had sent a Yankee postmaster to Talcottville to administer the postal affairs of that town. No sooner had this man taken possession than he began to be exclusive, suh, and to put on airs. The vely fust air he put on was to build a fence in his office and compel our people to transact their business through a hole. This, suh, in itself was vely gallin', for up to that time the mail had always been dumped out on the table in the stage office and every gentleman had he'ped himself. The next thing was the closin' of his mail bags at a' hour fixed by himself. This became a great inconvenience to our citizens, who were often late in finishin' their correspondence, and who had always found our former postmaster willin' either to hold the bag over until the next day or send it across to Drummondtown by a boy to catch a later train.

"Colonel Talcott's mission to the post-office, suh, was to mail a letter to his factor in Richmond, Virginia, on business of the utmost importance to himself, suh—namely, the raisin' of a small loan upon his share of the crop. Not the crop that was planted, suh, but the crop that he expected to plant.

"Colonel Talcott approached the hole, and with that Chesterfieldian manner which has distinguished the Talcotts for mo' than two centuries asked the postmaster for the loan of a three-cent postage stamp.

"To his astonishment, suh, he was refused.

"Think of a Talcott, suh, in his own county town bein' refused a three-cent postage stamp by a low-lived Yankee, who had never known a gentleman in his life, suh! The colonel's first impulse, suh, was to haul the scoundrel through the hole and kearve him; but then he remembered, suh, that he was a Talcott and could not demean himself, and drawin' himself up again with that manner which was grace itself he requested the loan of a three-cent postage stamp until he should communicate with

his factor in Richmond, Virginia; and again, suh, he was refused. Well, suh, what was there left for a high-toned Southern gentleman to do? Colonel Talcott drew his revolver from the leg of his boot and shot that Yankee scoundrel through the heart and killed him on the spot.

"And now, suh, comes the most remarkable part of this story. If it had not been for Major Tom Yancey, Jedge Kerfoot, and myself there would have been a lawsuit."

Fitz lay back in his chair and roared.

"And they did not hang the colonel?"

"Hang a Talcott! No, suh; we don't hang gentlemen down our way. Jedge Kerfoot vely properly charged the coroner's jury that it was a matter of self-defense, and Colonel Talcott was not detained, suh, mo' than haalf an hour."

The colonel rose, unlocked a closet in the sideboard, and produced a black bottle labeled in ink, "Old Cherry Bounce, 1848."

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the discussion of these topics has quite unnerved me. Allow me to share with you a thimbleful."

Fitz drained his glass, cast his eyes upward, and said solemnly, "To the repose of the postmaster's soul."

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA SEEKS AN OUTLET TO THE SEA.

CHAD was just entering the small gate which shut off the underground passage when I arrived opposite the colonel's cozy quarters. I had come to listen to the details of that booming enterprise with the epidemic proclivities the discussion of which had been cut short by the length of time it took to kill the postmaster the night before.

It was quite evident that his master ex-



"CHAD WAS GROANING UNDER A SQUARE WICKER BASKET."



"MY FIRE IS MY FRIEND."

pected me, for Chad was groaning under a square wicker basket, containing among other luxuries and necessities half a dozen bottles of claret, a segment of cheese, and some heads of lettuce; the whole surmounted by a clean leather-covered pass-book inscribed with the name and avenue number of the confiding and accommodating grocer who supplied the colonel's daily wants.

"De colonel an' Misser Fitzpat'ic bofe waitin' for you, sah," said that obsequious darky, preceding me through the dark passage. I followed, mounted the old-fashioned wooden steps, and fell into the outstretched arms of the colonel before I could touch the knocker.

"Here he is, Fitz!" and the next instant I was sharing with that genial gentleman the warmth of the colonel's fire.

"Now then, Chad," called out the colonel, "take this lettuce and give it a dip in the snow for five minutes; and here, Chad, befo' you go hand me that claret. Bless my soul! it is as cold as a dog's nose; Fitz, set it on the mantel. And hurry down to that mutton, Chad, I tell you. Never mind the basket. Leave it where it is."

Chad chuckled out to me as he closed the door: "'Spec' I know mo' 'bout dat saddle den de colonel. It ain't a-burnin' none." And the colonel, satisfied now that Chad's hand

had reached the oven door, made a vigorous attack on the blazing logs with the tongs, and sent a flight of sparks scurrying up the chimney.

There was always a glow and breeze and sparkle about the colonel's fire that I found nowhere else. It partook to a certain extent of his personality—open, bright, and with a great draft of enthusiasm always rushing up a chimney of difficulties, buoyed up with the hope of the broad clear of the heaven of success above.

"My fire," he would say, "is my friend; and sometimes, my dear boy, when you are all away and Chad is out, it seems my only friend. After it talks to me for hours we both get sleepy together, and I cover it up with its gray blanket of ashes and then go to bed myself. Ah, Major! when you are gettin' old and have no wife to love you and no children to make yo' heart glad, a wood fire full of honest old logs, every one of which is doing its best to please you, is a great comfort."

"Draw closer, Major; v'ehy cold night, gentlemen. We do not have any such weather in my State. Fitz, have you thawed out yet?"

Fitz looked up from a pile of documents spread out on his lap, his round face aglow with the firelight, and compared himself to half a slice of toast well browned on both sides.

"I am glad of it. I was worried about you when you came in. You were chilled through."

Then turning to me: "Fact is, Fitz is a little overworked. Enormous strain, suh, on a man solving the vast commercial problems that he is called upon to do every day."

After which outburst the colonel crossed the room and finished unpacking the basket, placing the cheese in one of the empty plates on the table, and the various other commodities on the sideboard. When he reached the pass-book he straightened himself up, held it off admiringly, turned the leaves slowly, his face lighting up at the goodly number of clean pages still between its covers, and said thoughtfully:

"Very beautiful custom, this pass-book system, gentlemen, and quite new to me. One of the most courteous attentions I have received since I have taken up my residence Nawth. See how simple it is. I send my servant to the sto' for my supplies. He returns in haalf an hour with everythin' I need, and brings back this book which I keep,—remember, gentlemen, which I keep,—a mark of confidence which in this degen'rate age is refreshin'. No vulgar bargainin', suh; no disagreeable remarks about any former unsettled account. It certainly is delightful."

VOL. XLI.—10.

"When are the accounts under this system generally paid, Colonel," asked Fitz.

With the exception of a slight tremor around the corners of his mouth the face of the colonel expressed nothing but the idlest interest.

"I have never inquired, suh, and would not hurt the gentleman's feelin's by doin' so for the world," he replied with dignity. "I presume, when the book is full."

Whatever might have been Fitz's mental workings, there was no mistaking the colonel's. He believed every word of it.

"What a dear old trump the colonel is," said Fitz, turning to me, his face wrinkling all over with suppressed laughter.

All this time Chad was passing in and out, bearing dishes and viands, and when all was ready and the table candles were lighted he announced that fact softly to the colonel and took his customary place behind his master's chair.

The colonel was as delightful as ever, and had lost none of his charm, his talk ranging from politics and family blood to possum hunts and modern literature, while the mutton and its accessories did full credit to Chad's culinary skill.

In fact the head of the colonel's table was his throne. Nowhere else was he so charming, and nowhere else did the many sides to his delightful nature give out such varied hues.

Fitz, practical business man as he was, would listen to his many schemes by the hour, charmed into silence and attentive appreciation by the sublime faith that sustained the colonel, and the perfect honesty and sincerity which underlay everything he did.

But it was not until the cheese had completely lost its geometrical form, the coffee was served, and the pipes were lighted that the subject which of all others absorbed him was broached. Indeed, it was a rule of the colonel's, never infringed upon, that, no matter how urgent the business, the dinner-hour was to be kept sacred.

"Salt yo' food, suh, with humor," he would say. "Season it with wit, and sprinkle it all over with the charm of good-fellowship, but never poison it with the cares of yo' life. It is an insult to yo' digestion, besides bein', suh, a mark of bad breedin'."

"Now, Major," began the colonel, turning to me, loosening the string around a package of papers, and spreading them out like a game of solitaire, "draw yo' chair closer. Fitz, hand me the map."

A diligent search revealed the fact that the map had been left at the office, and so the colonel proceeded without it, appealing now

and then to Fitz, who leaned over his chair, his arm on the table.

"Befo' I touch upon the financial part of this enterprise, Major, let me show you where this road runs," said the colonel, reaching for the casters. "I am sorry I have n't the map, but we can get along very well with this"; and he unloaded the cruets.

"This mustard-pot, here, is Caartersville, the starting-point of our system. This town, suh, has now a population of mo' than fo' thousand people; in five years it will have fo'ty thousand. From this point the line follows the bank of the Big Tench River—marked by this caarving-knife—to this salt-cellar, where it crosses its waters by an iron bridge of two spans, each of two hundred and fifty feet. Then, suh, it takes a sharp bend to the southard and stops at my estate, the road-bed skirting within a convenient distance of Caarter Hall.

"Please move yo' arm, Fitz. I have n't room enough to lay out the city of Fairfax. Thank you.

"Just here," continued the colonel, utilizing the remains of the cheese, "is to be the future city of Fairfax, named after my ancestor, suh, General Thomas Wilmot Fairfax of Somerset, England, who settled here in 1680. From here we take a course due nawth, stopping at Talcottville eight miles, and thence nawthwesterly to Warrentown and the broad Atlantic; in all fifty miles."

"Any connecting road at Warrentown?" I asked.

"No, suh, nor anywhere else along the line. It is absolutely virgin country, and this is one of the strong points of the scheme, for there can be no competition"; and the colonel leaned back in his chair and looked at me with the air of a man who had just informed me of a legacy of half a million of dollars and was watching the effect of the news.

I preserved my gravity and followed the imaginary line with my eye, bounding from the mustard-pot along the carving-knife to the salt-cellar and back in a loop to the cheese, and then asked if the Big Tench could not be crossed higher up, and if so why was it necessary to build twelve additional miles of road.

"To reach Carter Hall," said Fitz quietly.

"Any advantage?" I asked in perfect good faith.

The colonel was on his feet in a moment.

"Any advantage? Major, I am surprised at you! A place settled mo' than one hundred years ago, belongin' to one of the vely fust fam'lies of Virginia, not to be of any advantage to a new enterprise like this! Why, suh, it will give an air of respectability to the whole

thing that nothin' else could ever do. Leave out Caarter Hall, suh, and you pa'alize the whole scheme. Am I not right, Fitz?"

"Unquestionably, Colonel. It is really all the life it has," replied Fitz, solemn as a graven image, blowing a cloud of smoke through his nose.

"And then, suh," continued the colonel with increasing enthusiasm, oblivious to the point of Fitz's remark, "see the improvements. Right here to the eastward of this cheese we shall build a round-house marked by this napkin-ring, which will accommodate twelve locomotives, construct extensive shops for repairs, and erect large foundries and car shops. Altogether, suh, we shall expend at this point mo' than one million of dollars"; and the colonel threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling, his lips computing imaginary sums.

"Befo' these improvements are complete it will be necessary, of course, to take care of the enormous crowds that will flock in for a restin'-place. So to the left of this napkin-ring, on a slightly risin' ground,—just here where I raise the cloth,—is where the homes of the people will be erected. I have the refusal"—here the colonel lowered his voice—"of two thousand acres of the best private-residence land in the county, contiguous to this very spot, which I can buy for fo' dollars an acre. It is worth fo' dollars a square foot if it is worth a penny. But, suh, it would be little short of highway rob'ry to take this property at that figger, and I shall arrange with Fitz to include in his prospectus the payment of one hundred dollars an acre for this land, payable either in the common stock of our road or in the notes of the company, as the owners may elect."

"But, Colonel," said I, with a sincere desire to get at the facts, "where is the Golconda—the mine? Where do I come in?"

"Patience, my dear Major; I am coming to that.

"Fitz, read that prospectus."

"I HAVE," said Fitz, turning to the colonel, "somewhat modified your rough draft, to meet the requirements of our market; but not materially. Of course I cannot commit myself to any fixed earning capacity until I go over the ground, which we will do together shortly. But"—raising the candle to the level of his nose—"this is as near as I can come to your ideas with any hopes of putting the loan through here. I have, as you will see, left the title of the bond as you wished, although the issue is a novel one to our Exchange." Then turning to me: "This of course is only a preliminary announcement."

THE CARTERSVILLE AND WARRENTOWN
AIR LINE RAILROAD.

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA SEEKS AN OUT-
LET TO THE SEA.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS, DIVIDED
INTO

50,000 Founders' shares at \$10.00 each
5,000 Ordinary " " 100.00 "

BONDED DEBT FOR PURPOSES OF CONSTRUCTION
ONLY.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS

IN

1000 FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF \$1000.00 EACH.

FULL PROTECTION GUARANTEED.

The undersigned, Messrs., offer for
sale \$500,000.00 of the 6% Deferred Debenture Bonds
of the C. & W. Air Line Railroad at par and accrued
interest, together with a limited amount of the ordi-
nary shares at 50%.

Subscription books close
Promoters reserve the right to advance prices with-
out further notice.

"There, Major, is a prospectus that caar-
ries conviction on its vely face," said the
colonel, reaching for the document.

I complimented the eminent financier on
his skill, and was about to ask him what it all
meant, when the colonel, who had been study-
ing it carefully, broke in with:

"Fitz, there is one thing you left out."

"Yes, I know, the name of the banker; I
have n't found him yet."

"No, Fitz; but the words, '*Subscriptions
opened Simultaneously in New York, London,
Richmond, and —*'"

"Cartersville?" suggested Fitz.

"Certainly, suh."

"Any money in Cartersville?"

"No, suh, not much; but we can *subscribe*,
can't we? The name and influence of our
leadin' citizens would give tone and dignity to
any subscription list. Think of this, suh!"
and the colonel traced imaginary inscriptions
on the back of Fitz's prospectus with his fore-
finger, at the same time voicing them as he
went on:

The Hon. JOHN PAGE LOWNES,

Member of the State Legislature . . 1000 shares

The Hon. I. B. KERFOOT,

Jedge of the District Court of

Fairfax County..... 1000 shares

Major THOMAS C. YANCEY,

Late of the Confederate Army ... 500 shares

"These gentlemen are my friends, suh, and
would do anythin' to oblige me."

Fitz sharpened a lead pencil and without
a word inserted the desired amendment.

The colonel studied the document for an-
other brief moment and struck another snag.

"And, Fitz, what do you mean by 'full pro-
tection guaranteed'?"

"To the bondholder, of course — the man
who pays the money."

"What kind of protection?"

"Why, the right to foreclose the mortgage
when the interest is not paid, of course," said
Fitz with a surprised look.

"Put yo' pencil through that line, quick —
none of that for me. This fo'closure business
has ruined haalf the gentlemen in our county,
suh. But for that foolishness two-thirds of our
fust families would still be livin' in their homes.
No, suh, strike it out!"

"But, my dear Colonel, without that pro-
tecting clause you could n't get a banker to
touch your bonds with a pair of tongs. What
recourse have they?"

"What reco'se? Reorganization, suh! A
boilin'-down process which will make the stock
— which we practically give away at fifty cents
on the dollar — twice as valuable. I appreci-
ate, my dear Fitz, the effo'ts which you are
makin' to dispose of these secu'ities, but you
must remember that this plan is *mine*."

"Now, Major," locking his arm in mine,
"listen; for I want you both to understand
exactly the way in which I propose to for-
ward this enterprise. Chad, bring me three
wine glasses and put that Madeira on the table
— don't disturb that railroad! — so."

"My idea, gentlemen," continued the colo-
nel, filling the glasses himself, "is to start this
scheme honestly in the beginnin' and avoid all
dissatisfaction on the part of these vely bond-
holders thereafter."

"Now, suh, in my experience I have always
discovered that a vely general dissatisfaction
is sure to manifest itself if the coupons on secu-
rities of this class are not paid when they
become due. As a gen'ral rule this interest
money is never earned for the fust two years,
and the money to pay it with is invariably
stolen from the principal. All this dishonesty
I avoid, suh, by the issue of my Deferred De-
benture Bonds."

"How?" I asked, seeing the colonel pause
for a reply.

"By cuttin' off the fust fo' coupons. Then everybody knows exactly where they stand. They don't expect anythin' and they never get it."

Fitz gave one of his characteristic roars and asked if the fifth would ever be paid.

"I can't at this moment answer, but we hope it will."

"It is immaterial," said Fitz, wiping his eyes. "This class of purchasers are all speculators, and like excitement. The very uncertainty as to this fifth coupon gives interest to the investment, if not to the investor."

"None of yo' Irish impudence, suh. No, gentlemen, the plan is not only fair but reasonable. Two years is not a long period of time in which to foster a great enterprise like the C. & W. A. L. R. R., and it is for this purpose that I issue the Deferred Debentures. Deferred—put off; Debenture—owed. What we owe we put off. Simple, easily understood, and honest."

"Now, suh," turning to Fitz, "if after this frank statement any graspin' banker seeks to trammel this enterprise by any fo'closure clauses, he sha'n't have a bond, suh. I'll take them all myself fust."

Fitz agreed to the striking out of all such harassing clauses, and the colonel continued his inspection.

"One mo' and I am done, Fitz. What do you mean by Founders' shares?"

"Shares for the promoters and the first subscribers. They cost one-tenth of the ordinary shares and draw five times as much dividend. It is quite a popular form of investment. They, of course, are not sold until all the bonds are disposed of."

"How many of these Founders' shares are there?"

"Fifty thousand at ten dollars each."

The colonel paused a moment and communed inwardly with himself.

"Put me down for twenty-five thousand, Fitz. Part cash, and the balance in such po'tion of my estate as will be required for the purposes of the road."

The colonel did not specify the proportions, but Fitz made a pencil memorandum on the margin of the prospectus with the same sort of respectful silence he would have shown the Rothschilds in a similar transaction, while the colonel refilled his glass and held it between his nose and the candle.

"And now, Major, what shall we reserve for you?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. Before I could reply Fitz raised his hand, looked at me significantly over the rims of his spectacles, and said:

"With your permission, Colonel, the Major and I will divide the remaining twenty-five

thousand between ourselves. I will give you ample notice, Major, before the first partial payment is called in."

"You overwhelm me, gentlemen," said the colonel, rising from his seat and seizing us by the hands. It has been the dream of my life to have you both with me in this enterprise, but I had no idea it would be realized so soon. Fill yo' glasses and join me in a sentiment that is dear to me as my life—'The Garden Spot of Virginia in search of an Outlet to the Sea.'"

Nothing could have been more exhilarating than the colonel's manner after this. His enthusiasm became so contagious that I began to feel something like a millionaire myself, and to wonder whether, after all, this was not the opportunity of my life. Even Fitz was so far affected that he recanted to a certain extent his disbelief in the omission of the foreclosure clause, and even expressed himself as being hopeful of getting around it in some way.

As for the colonel, the railroad was to him already a fixed fact. He could really shut his eyes at any time and hear the whistle of the down train nearing the bridge over the Tench. The trifling details of finding a banker who would attempt to negotiate the loan, the subsequent selling of the securities, and the minor items of right of way, construction, etc., were matters so light and trivial as not to cause him a moment's uneasiness. Cartersville was to him the center of the earth, hampered and held back by lack of proper connections with the outlying portions of the universe. What mattered the rest?

"Make a memorandum, Fitz, to have me send for a bridge engineer fust thing after I get to my office in the mornin'. There will be some difficulty in gettin' a proper foundation for the center-pier of that bridge, and some one should be sent at once to make a survey. We can't be delayed at this point a day. And, Fitz, while I think of it, there should be a wagon bridge at or near this iron structure, and the timber might as well be gotten out now. It will facilitate haulin' supplies into Fairfax city."

Fitz thought so too, and made a second memorandum to that effect, recording the suggestion very much as a private secretary would an order from his railroad magnate.

The colonel gave this last order with coat thrown open and his thumbs in his vest, his back to the fire—a gesture never indulged in except on rare occasions, and then only when the very weight of the problem necessitated a corresponding bracing up and more breathing room.

These gestures, by the way, were very suggestive of the colonel's varying moods. Sometimes,

when he came home, tired out with the hard pavements of the city, so different from the soft earth of his native roads, I would find him bunched up in his chair in the twilight; face in hands, elbows on knees, crooning over the fire, with back bowed, the silver streaks in his hair glistening in the flickering firelight, building castles in the glowing coals—the old manor house restored and the barns rebuilt, the gates rehung, the old quarters repaired, the little negroes again around the doors; and he once more catching the sound of the yellow-painted coach on the gravel, with Chad helping the dear old aunt down the porch steps. This, deep down in the bottom of his soul, was really the dream and purpose of his life.

It never seemed nearer of realization than at this moment. The very thought suffused his whole being with a suppressed joy, visible in his face even when he began loosening the two lower buttons of his old coat, threw back the lapels and slowly extended his fingers fan-like over his dilating chest.

I always knew just what suddenly sweetened his smile from one of triumphant pride to one of tenderness.

"And the old home, Fitz, something must be done there; we must receive our friends properly."

Fitz agreed to everything, offering an amendment here, or a suggestion there, until our host's enthusiasm reached fever heat.

It was nearly midnight before the colonel

(To be continued.)

had confided to Fitz all the pressing necessities of the coming day. Even then he followed us both to the door with parting instructions to Fitz, saying over and over again that it had been the happiest night of his life. He would have gone with us just as he was to the outer gate had not Chad caught him half way down the steps, thrown a coat over his bare head and shoulders, and gently led him back with: "Clar to goodness, Marsa George, what kind foolishness dis yer? Is you tryin' to ketch yo' death?"

Once on the outside and the gate shut Fitz's whole manner changed. He became suddenly thoughtful, and did not speak until we reached the tall clock tower with its full moon of a face shining high up against the black winter night.

Then he stood still, looked out over the white street, dotted here and there with belated wayfarers trudging home through the snow, and said with a tremor in his voice which startled me:

"I could n't raise a dollar in a lunatic asylum full of millionaires on such a scheme as the colonel's, and yet I keep on lying to the dear old fellow day after day in the hope that something will turn up by which I can help him out."

"Then tell him so."

Fitz laid his hand on my shoulder, looked me straight in the face, and said:

"I cannot. It would break his heart."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

LUCA SIGNORELLI (LUCA D'EGIDIO DI MAESTRO VENTURA DE' SIGNORELLI), 1441-1523.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



WITH all the undeniable power of Signorelli and his boldness of treatment, in spite of his daring invention and defiance of precedent, qualities which place him in the roll of the greatest of the Renaissance painters, I do not feel disposed to accord him that position which most writers on the epoch assign him as among the very first, because he lacks the tenderness which is in my opinion inseparable from the consummate artist's greatness, and which we find in Michael Angelo's religious sculpture, in Raphael everywhere, in Bellini and in Mantegna, in Verrocchio and in Botticelli. Accomplished and masterly he is, but with a remote and se-

vere power which was one of the traits of Michael Angelo, but which is generally in him veiled by a spiritual pathos which I cannot recognize in Signorelli. In his education he was of an artistic family; and his uncle, Lazzaro Vasari, great-grandfather of Giorgio Vasari, began his instruction in drawing in his childhood, and at a still early age put him under the teaching of Piero della Francesca (Pietro degli Franceschi), who is supposed to have taken him to Rome with him. There are some evidences also that he came under the influence of Pollaiuolo (Antonio), Visscher considering the proofs conclusive as contained in certain works which he mentions. The same critic also says that Verrocchio evidently influenced Signorelli.

li's style and treatment of form, as is indicated by his hardness and angularity in drawing, which reminds one of half-finished wood-carving and possibly depends on a youthful practice in wood-carving which he may have got with Verrocchio, who was a wood-carver. Visscher also credits a certain influence on his style to Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, and particularly Perugino, while he gives also a share to Da Vinci, who was the pupil of Piero della Francesca in 1455, and possibly when Signorelli was with him. I am disposed to distrust so much subtlety of attribution, and believe that in this respect German criticism often pushes conclusions beyond human possibilities, and refines for refinement's sake where the degrees are in the eye and not in the object. Burton (National Gallery Catalogue) says that "to him is due the inauguration of the study of the human form for its own sake," but he also says of his work, "in which force and tenderness are equally conspicuous," a judgment from which I must in all humility distinctly but absolutely differ. His power is shown by the rapidity with which his principal work known to us was completed. This is the series of frescos at Orvieto, which was executed in three years and three months from the time of signing the contract. Lazzaro died in 1452, when Luca was eleven years old. Luca had been drawing at least a year, and from that time until 1472 he was under the instruction or influence of Piero della Francesca, and of the Pollaiuoli. Vasari had a personal recollection of Luca from having seen him when he, Vasari, was eight years old, a reminiscence which shows in a very interesting light the briefness of the time in which the great classic Renaissance movement came up and died. The true head of the classic Renaissance was Masaccio, born in 1401; and it died with Michael Angelo in 1564, Luca Signorelli being forty years later than Masaccio, while Vasari, who had known Signorelli, saw the end of the movement. In fact, if Masaccio had lived as long as did Michael Angelo, he might have seen the latter at work. We are treating as in a sort of succession men who worked for many years together. The great work of Signorelli was done when Michael Angelo was twenty-seven; and the greatest group of artists the world ever saw at one time, Bellini, Mantegna, Verrocchio, Signorelli, Botticelli, Perugino, and Ghirlandaio, were born within a space of twenty-one years and were substantially at their prime together.

Vasari tells us that Luca's first independent work was executed in 1472,—the decoration of the chapel of Sta. Barbara in the church of S. Lorenzo at Arezzo,—and speaks of his other works in that city as of the same date. He is

next heard of at Città di Castello, where he painted a gigantic Madonna in the council hall in place of the portraits of the rebels which had been there before. This is no longer in existence. Vasari says that after working in Siena at S. Agostino he came to Florence to study the work of the other masters, and while there he painted for Lorenzo de' Medici; and as the altarpiece of S. Agostino was executed in 1498, six years after Lorenzo's death, he must have been in Florence a considerable time prior to the painting of it. Vasari says: "He painted for Lorenzo some undraped gods which earned him great praise, a picture of Our Lady with two prophets in *chiaroscuro* [monochrome] which is now in the villa of Duke Cosimo at Castello. Both these pictures he gave to Lorenzo, who in generosity and courtesy could be excelled by none. He painted also a beautiful tomb of the Virgin [Assumption]."

Visscher considers the finest of his early works to be that in the Santa Casa at Loreto, which the critic considers to show the early Florentine influence strongly.

In 1482–83 he was probably in Rome at work on the frescos of the Sistine Chapel, for in 1484 he returned to Cortona, and in the following year agreed to paint for Spoleto a "Santa Conversazione" and a "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," both of which are lost. In 1488 he painted a banner for the church of Città di Castello, for which he received the freedom of the city, and in 1489 and 1490 he was chosen councilor and (for the second time) prior of Cortona; but being engaged on work at Volterra he was unable to accept the latter honor. In Volterra he painted the "Circumcision" in the church of S. Francisco and an altarpiece in the Duomo, and the next year returned to Cortona and took office as councilor. In 1493 he painted two pictures for Città di Castello, for which he received a vineyard worth sixty florins; in 1494 a standard for Urbino, the pictures for both sides of which are preserved in S. Spirito of that town; in 1495 he was again in office, in 1496 painting in Città di Castello, and in 1497 and 1498 we find him in office again in his native Cortona. The eight frescos in Monte Oliveto near Siena were painted in 1497. He was in Siena in 1498, 1506, and 1509, and as Pinturicchio was there in those years they probably worked together, and it must be then that Signorelli did the "Calumny" from the account of the picture by Apelles, the "Bacchanalia," the "Binding and Triumph of Love," the "Coriolanus" (in the British Museum), the "Flight of Æneas," and a "Liberation of Prisoners."

The Duomo of Orvieto, which had been up to this time from its foundation one of the chief votive offerings of the Catholic world,

having been founded to commemorate the miracle of the Corpus Domini, and had united the work of the Pisani, of Arnolfo di Lapo, and of all the most eminent painters from the date of its completion in 1290, could not fail to call in the pencil of Signorelli; and as Fra Angelico had refused to complete his commission to decorate the new chapel, it was decided in 1499 to invite Luca to finish the work which Angelico had begun fifty years before, and he was called on for estimates. Luca offered to do for 200 ducats the work which Fra Angelico had abandoned, but was beaten down to 180. For this sum he undertook to do the vault of the chapel, half of which it would seem Fra Angelico had designed and two divisions of which he had painted; and he was to receive in addition a lodging with a double bed, and to provide himself all the materials except the scaffoldings, the lime, and the sand, binding himself to do work as good as, or better than, that of Fra Angelico. He was to begin working on the 25th of May, and accomplish as much as was possible during the summer. He was bound to paint the figures in the vault with his own hand, and especially the faces and the upper parts of the body, nothing to be painted without his presence or without the will and permission of the chamberlain,¹ and all the colors were to be prepared by him and to be good, perfect, and beautiful. In the event of contravention, he was to submit to a penalty of double the price agreed on, and he was required to make a deposit of twenty-five ducats with the chamberlain in proof of his good faith. The council had seen enough of the uncertainty of art in Fra Angelico to make it unwilling to risk another such failure. But the frank promise and engagement to do as good or better work than the Blessed Friar was evidence at least of Luca's confidence in his own powers. The contract was signed on the 5th of April, 1499, and on the 25th of November the council was informed that the painter had finished the four divisions designed by Fra Angelico, and Luca now asked permission to carry out the remaining four on his own designs. This permission was granted. In January he asked for an increase of pay, alleging that he was growing poorer rather than richer from his work, which may have well been the case if his gold and ultramarine were provided according to the contract. The council accorded him six quarters of pure corn and four ass-loads of wine.

On the 23d of the following April the council was again called to decide on the proposition of Signorelli to paint the four walls of the chapel according to his own designs. For this he asked 600 ducats and they finally agreed on

575, with lodgings and two beds, two quarters of grain every month, and twelve ass-loads of must at the vintage ensuing and every following vintage as long as the work should last, he finding all the colors except gold and lapis lazuli. He was to paint rather more than fewer figures than were contained in his designs (from which we must conclude that he had prepared his designs for approbation); to do the figures himself, especially the important ones; and to frame everything with decorative designs. A competent painter was to pass judgment on the work when done. Imagine a small nineteenth century painter submitting to all these restrictions and affronts to genius!

Signorelli was in Orvieto with interruptions till 1504, though in 1502 he appears again as prior of Cortona. In the winter of 1502 he painted the great altarpiece of St. Margaret of Cortona, Mary and the apostles bewailing the dead Christ, which is now in the choir of the Duomo. Visscher says: "When we think of the terrible sufferings which the master went through this year, the distressing war, the pestilence, the loss of his dear son, the deep tragedy of this splendid picture is redoubled for us; it seems a scene that the painter has gone through." In 1503 Luca was in Orvieto and painted on a stone tablet a portrait of himself with the chamberlain, Niccolo Angeli. This tablet, originally in the Capella Nuova, is now in the Opera. In 1505 he lost another son. There is a letter of 1507 in which the Duke of Urbino begs the Orvietans to pay Signorelli what they still owe him for the frescoes of the new chapel, from which it seems that the work was complete and that the Orvietans had learned the ways of Fra Angelico in keeping engagements.

In the spring of 1508 Luca was sent to Florence on business of his city, and there saw the works of Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo, and Michael Angelo, and at the end of that year he was employed with others in the Vatican by Julius II. He did some work in the apartment arranged by Nicholas IV. Among those at work there at that time were Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Sansovino.

In 1513 Giovanni de' Medici was elected pope, assuming the title of Leo X.; and the festivities on the occasion were of the most splendid description. Painters and sculptors were set to work, triumphal arches built, the arms of the Medici were set up everywhere, and all the towns connected with Rome or the family of the Medici, and all the great families, sent representatives. We know that Signorelli was there, though not in what capacity, by a letter from Michael Angelo to the Captain of Cortona, in which he says that having met Signorelli in the street in Rome in the first year

¹ Documents in the archives of Orvieto literally transcribed.

of Leo X., Luca begged him to lend him forty juli and told him where to send them, which request he complied with, sending the money by an apprentice. Some days after Luca came into his workshop while he was at work and reproached him with not having fulfilled his promise. Michael Angelo gave him forty juli more, and after a little conversation he went away and had never returned or sent the money. Buonarroti demands justice and says that if the Captain of Cortona cannot see him righted he will apply to the Roman authority. The reply of the Captain of Cortona is not known, but Visscher thinks that the apparent dishonesty was doubtless explained, because so honored and honorable a man could not play so shabby a trick.

This journey to Rome was the last important one of which we know anything. Luca was then seventy-one years old, and during the rest of his life he remained at home at work on his commissions. He painted in 1515 the Madonna for the altar of S. Vincenzo, in S. Domenico; in 1516 the "Descent from the Cross" for the fraternity of the Holy Cross in La Fratta, and in 1519 a panel for the fraternity of S. Geronimo in Arezzo. Of the last picture Vasari tells us that the panel was carried to Arezzo on the shoulders of the members of the fraternity, and that Luca himself, though stricken in years, accompanied it to see it put in its place.

After this he painted for the church on the public place in Cortona a predella of the Presentation (1521), and for the church of Sta. Maria della Pieve in Perugia a panel (which did not satisfy the priors); for the parish church of Foiano an altarpiece (1522); one for the chapel of the council-house of Cortona (1522); and a fresco in the chapel of the palace of Cardinal Passerini was begun, but left unfinished. By his will he was buried in the family vault in S. Francesco. He left his property to his son Thomas and his grandson Giulio, with the exception of small sums of money, pensions in corn and oil, and some presents of garments to other relations.

After the frescos of Orvieto the chief works of Signorelli are the two Moses subjects in the Sistine Chapel, which though in one sense more accessible to the public are much less visible, owing to the bad light and their height from

the eye. In composition they seem huddled and confused, but there are most admirable groups and single figures, as the Aaron of the "Giving of the Law," a kneeling figure to whom Moses is giving the rod, in the left-hand corner of the picture, the head of Aaron being of great beauty; but in this as in the companion, the migration of Moses in Egypt, the figures are, with one exception in the latter, draped. This one is a noble sitting figure of a young man, whose cloak floats back from his shoulders as he sits bowed in an attitude of fixed attention, listening to the reading of the law. The anatomical markings are less exaggerated than in the frescos of Orvieto, and indeed are free from that characteristic of Luca's nude figures generally. The landscape is more markedly conventional than that of Benozzo Gozzoli. To a certain extent no doubt the character of the compositions is determined by the conditions of the place and its uses as well as by the arrangement imposed by the taste of the chapter, of the Pope, or whoever decided the treatment. The necessity of putting a number of stories in one fresco made it impossible for the painter to follow out freely the suggestions of his own imagination. But this was a condition inherent in the uses of art as long as it had ecclesiastical functions, and weighed equally on all artists who worked for the Church. The burden was a heavy one, and to have submitted to it as Signorelli did perhaps justifies the compliment paid him by the chamberlain of Orvieto. Certainly so far as mastery of his material in any sense of that word, power of drawing, and knowledge of the human figure go, he was the first of his day, and among the first of the whole cycle of Italian art. *De gustibus non est disputandum*; and while I have no desire to urge the preference of the qualities which seem the most to be esteemed in a painter, and which I most enjoy, I admit with entire readiness that in the qualities of the school, the technical mastery which is to most critics the whole test of greatness, Signorelli is one of the most stupendous of the group at the height of modern art. Michael Angelo and Raphael alone, possibly, can be given preference over him in these respects. And even in their company he is stupendous.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE.

THE fresco by Luca Signorelli from which the detail of the "Angel Sounding the Trumpet" is taken is in the chapel of S. Brizio in the Duomo of Orvieto, and represents the resurrection of the dead. It is one of the series which adorn the walls, and measures 23 feet 6 inches wide by 22 feet high. The frescos occupy the upper half of the walls, extending from the

high ornamental dado and terminating at the arches of the ceiling. The human figures are larger than life, the angels still larger. There are two angels in the "Resurrection," and their grand figures with outstretched wings and fluttering draperies fill the upper half of the fresco. They stand upon clouds, while about their feet dart cherubs.



T. COLE SCORNIETO & FIRENZE

Beneath is the risen concourse of the dead. Some are still in the act of coming out of the ground; some stand in postures of transport, astounded and overpowered by the sound of the trumpets as they gaze upon the heavens and the falling stars; others are calmed to an ecstasy of joy as they clasp their friends; others are not yet clothed with flesh. A group of skeletons to the right come trooping round the corner, making a grotesque appearance.

The coloring is light and vigorous; the flesh-tints are brownish yellow and are strongly relieved against the light gray horizon of the sky behind, for there is no distance. The figures seem to be on the top of the

world. The upper part of the sky is in a fine tone of yellow. This portion is studded with gilded balls, toned down and in harmony with the coloring. The balls are thicker and closer as they approach the topmost portion. They symbolize the falling of the stars from heaven, in allusion to Rev. vi. 13: "And the stars of the heaven fell unto the earth, as a fig tree casteth her unripe figs, when she is shaken of a great wind." Such balls figure as stars in all of the series, many having gilded rays added. The wings of the angel shown in the detail are greenish, his robe purple, the cross of the flag red.

T. Cole.



THE INSTRUCTION OF SAINT COSMO AND SAINT DAMIAN.

THE blessed Arabian doctors, Saints Cosmo and Damian,
One day were disputing hotly of the soul and the body of man.

And the blessed Saint Cosmo contended, with a very fiery zeal,
That sins, being wounds of the spirit, were the first that they should heal.

And his brother, equally fiery, declared that the proper plan
Was to minister first to the body, and then to the spirit of man.

And while they were thus disputing, a man who was wounded sore —
Brought there to the brothers for healing — was laid on the hermitage floor.

And Saint Damian, precept with practice in harmony making go,
Was for whipping out his lancet. But Saint Cosmo motioned, "No!"

And Saint Cosmo turned to the bearers, who had brought the hurt one in,
And inquired, "Is this wounded person a person of virtue, or sin?"

And the bearers answered promptly, that, so far as they could tell,
The wounded man was a sinner and was far on his way to hell.

And prompt though the saint had questioned, and prompt though the others replied,
Death was quicker than question or answer, and in sin that sinner died!

And Saint Damian reasoned sadly: "Had we made his body whole,
We then might have cured his spirit, and so have saved his soul."

And Saint Cosmo, very humbly, to his brother made reply:
"God has shown that in our contention it was you had right, not I."

And then, by God's grace and mercy (so the ancient legends tell)
The dead man arose before them, and stood there alive and well!

And around him shone a splendor of purest heavenly light,
And they who had seemed but bearers were angels in robes of white!

And then the vision vanished: having taught that God's own plan
Is to heal first the wounds of the body, and then of the spirit of man.

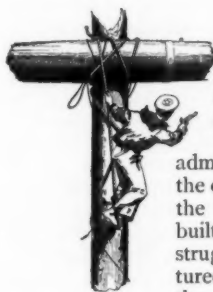
Thomas A. Janvier.



BRINGING IN PRIZES.

EARLY VICTORIES OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

NEW FACTS FROM FRENCH SOURCES.



THE career of the American Navy, strictly speaking, began with its reorganization under Washington's second administration in 1794. At the close of the Revolution the vessels that had been built or purchased for that struggle had all been captured, lost, or sold except the *Alliance*, 32 guns, the *Deane*, 32, and the *George Washington*, 20 guns, and soon after the announcement of peace these vessels also were sold.

At the time Washington assumed the reins of government in 1789 the affairs of the navy were placed in the hands of the Secretary of War, and it was not until the 30th of April, 1796, that a Navy Department was added to the President's Cabinet, Benjamin Stoddert of Georgetown, D. C., being the first Secretary. On the 27th of March, 1794, a law was passed for the establishment of a permanent and organized navy. By this law six frigates rating not less than thirty-two guns were ordered; but it is more than probable that even this step would not have been taken had it not been for the seizure of our merchant ships and the enslaving of their crews by the rovers of Barbary. These six frigates were:

	Rate.	Tons.	Cost.	Place.
Constitution . 44 ..	1576 ..		\$302,719 ..	Boston.
President . . . 44 ..	1576 ..		220,910 ..	New York.
United States 44 ..	1576 ..		299,336 ..	Philadelphia.
Chesapeake . 36 ..	1244 ..		220,678 ..	Norfolk.
Congress . . . 36 ..	1268 ..		197,246 ..	Portsmouth, N. H.
Constellation 36 ..	1265 ..		314,212 ..	Baltimore.

According to the report of the Secretary made April 1, 1794, these frigates "separately

would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavier weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships."

Thus at the outset we find the American naval constructors aiming at a higher standard than had yet been attained. The success they achieved will be the object of our inquiry.

"Separately [they] would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions." The *Constellation* was the first to be put to this test. At half-past twelve o'clock on the afternoon of February 9, 1799, while cruising alone in the vicinity of St. Christopher, the island of Nevis bearing five leagues west by south, her commander, Captain Thomas Truxtun, discovered a sail to the south-southeast. He immediately put before the wind, which was fresh from the north-northeast, so as to cross the stranger's course. At one o'clock the chase was standing on the port tack. Half an hour later a squall necessitated the shortening of sail. For a few minutes the vessels were lost to view, but on the weather clearing up it was seen that the stranger had sprung her maintopmast and had changed her course with a view of running into St. Eustatius. Soon after she hoisted an American flag, upon which Captain Truxtun showed his colors and gave the private signal of the day. As the chase did not answer, there was no longer any doubt of her nationality. Presently she hoisted French colors, fired a gun to leeward in "confirmation," and put about to the southeast, the *Constellation* in hot pursuit.¹

¹ Owing to the depredations of French cruisers on American commerce, the United States Government, in the spring and summer of 1798, abrogated its treaty

of alliance and other conventions with France, and authorized American officers to capture French cruisers, public or private, wherever found. Though war was

By 3.15 o'clock¹ the American frigate had gained so much as to be within "pistol-shot," at which time the Frenchman hailed. As Captain Truxtun did not reply the chase again hailed, when the *Constellation*, having gained a position off her port quarter,² poured in a full broadside. This was promptly returned by the Frenchman, when the cannonading became heavy on both sides. After a few minutes the enemy luffed up to run aboard, but owing to the loss of her maintopmast was not quick enough, so that the *Constellation*, forging ahead, ran athwart her course and poured in a raking fire. Captain Truxtun then passed along the Frenchman's starboard side, and, having received no material damage in his spars or rigging, was able to keep his ship just off the enemy's starboard bow, where she was weakest. This position he maintained fully an hour, pouring in broadside after broadside, at the same time receiving a heavy fire from his opponent.

While this was going on an "eighteen-pound ball"³ struck the *Constellation's* foretopmast just above the cap. This so injured the spar that it tottered, and was in imminent danger of giving way under the press of sail. Midshipman Porter, afterwards Commodore, was stationed in the foretop, and immediately hailed the deck, giving notice of the danger. In the excitement and uproar of battle no order was sent up. Seeing the urgency of the occasion, young Porter went aloft, cut the stopper and lowered the yard, thus relieving the mast of the pressure of sail and averting a serious mishap.

The *Constellation* now drew out of the smoke which had collected around the ships, and again running athwart the enemy's course poured in a second raking broadside. Then ranging alongside the Frenchman's bow, she opened a heavy fire from her starboard battery which soon dismounted every 18-pounder on the enemy's main deck, leaving him with only his "battery of 12-pounders."⁴ About half-past four o'clock the *Constellation* dropped astern, crossed the enemy's wake, and was about to rake for the third time, when the Frenchman surrendered. A boat was immediately sent aboard the prize, which soon returned with Captain Barreault and the first lieutenant of the French 36-gun frigate *l'Insurgente*.

There has been some error among naval

writers in regard to the several actions between American and French cruisers in this quasi war, owing to lack of information. James Fenimore Cooper merely states that "*l'Insurgente's* armament consisted of 40 guns, French twelves, on her main-deck battery." William James, in a pamphlet entitled "Naval Occurrences between England and the United States," gives *l'Insurgente* "26 long 18-pounders upon the main deck," thus contradicting Mr. Cooper's statement of 12-pounders on the main deck. Even the French naval historian, M. Troude, has made conspicuous errors in treating of these actions, some of them in favor of the American ship. He gives *l'Insurgente* 12-pounders instead of 18-pounders on the main deck, while at the same time he gives the *Constellation* 28 12-pounders on the main deck, whereas she carried cannon of twice that weight, or 24-pounders. Moreover, Mr. James says the "nature of the *l'Insurgente's* guns nowhere appears." These irreconcilable statements have arisen from lack of information on the subject, and the great difficulty of getting at the official reports of the French commanders. These reports and all other papers dealing with American affairs of this period have been jealously guarded, inasmuch as they involve long-standing and intricate claims of American and French citizens for indemnity against privateer captures during this war.

Through the courtesy of Admiral Aube of the French Navy, late Minister of the Marine, the writer was permitted to search through the archives of the Navy Department in Paris, where he found the official reports of the French commanders concerned in this war. The report of Captain Barreault throws much light on the action between the *Constellation* and *l'Insurgente*, and determines the nature of the latter's armament, which up to this time has been in dispute. He says:

At Pitre Point, Liberty Port, this 29th Pluviose, year 7 of the French Republic. Barreault, Frigate Captain, to the Citoyen Desfourneaux particulier of the executive directory for the Windward Islands.

CITIZEN GENERAL: It is my duty and desire to render you an exact account of my conduct on the 21st Pluviose, and of the unfortunate events following it. I shall not deviate from the truth, and as agent and military commander I beg you to be willing to judge me.

mandant Maley, both built to cruise after swift-sailing privateers and each carrying 12 guns, rendered important services and gained renown.

¹ Official report of the French commander.

² "La hanche de bâbord." Troude's "Batailles Navales de la France," Tome III., p. 168.

³ "Life of Commodore David Porter," by Admiral David D. Porter, p. 22.

⁴ Official report of the French commander.

not formally declared, it existed on the seas until the treaty of peace ratified by the Senate in February, 1801. This article treats only of the three principal battles of the war, to the history of which it brings important information derived from the reports of the French commanders. But the *Constellation* and *Boston* did not enjoy all the glory won by the American tar in this struggle; the schooners *Enterprise*, Lieutenant-Commandant Shaw, and *Experiment*, Lieutenant-Com-

The 21st Pluviose, being about three leagues off the Point [Pitre] at the northeast of Nevis, which was then due N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. the wind east, the lookout called at 12.30 P. M. that there was a sail to the windward of us. I continued my course for another half-hour, then having mounted the foreyard with Citizen Petit Pierre, I saw that the stranger was running towards us. I allowed her to approach to the northwest and then decided to make my course between Saba and St. Christopher, but this vessel in approaching appeared to me and to all on the yards to be a corvette from the trim of her sails. Having, Citizen agent, engraved upon my heart your words, you are going to see how a good crew conduct themselves. I think a corvette would not frighten you. I believed it was the moment to show our haughty enemies [the English] that in spite of the superiority of their forces vessels of war might still be captured from them. I wished also to inspire confidence in my crew by hugging the wind, every one burning with ardor for the fight.

At one o'clock I tacked the same as did this vessel which continued to chase us, and at 1.30 P. M., in a squall in which the topgallant sails were lowered, the Citizen Durand then commanding the manœuver, the maintopmast fell—source of all our misfortune. Immediately, upon the advice of the coasting pilot, I steered to the N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. to make St. Eustatius if I had time to make the anchorage. The vessel, which I could see was a frigate, chased me. I had hoisted the American flag; she signaled me and also hoisted an American flag.

I found myself in a position to avoid no longer an engagement, and as the stranger still pursued me it became necessary to ascertain her nationality. I therefore lowered the American flag and hoisted French colors with pendant, which I confirmed by a cannon shot to leeward. She hoisted her broad pendant with the American flag without confirming. I doubted yet that she was an American. I was much embarrassed by your orders, which were not to fire on the American flag. Thus an English frigate could easily have made use of this flag while chasing us, thereby avoiding the fire of our 18-pounders, with which we could have seriously injured her [the *Constellation*] during the hour and a half she was overtaking us, and thus have given me time to save myself.

Again, if I should have fired on the American frigate, with what reproach would you not have overwhelmed me. I would have commenced hostilities, and if in the end I had been defeated all the blame would have been on me; and, one might say to you, the instructions of captains of American frigates do not permit them to fire on the Republic's vessels.

Lastly, it stands to reason that having lost my maintopmast I gave the advantage to a frigate of double my strength in letting her approach within pistol-shot before defending myself. I was thus obliged to receive a full broadside from a frigate of 24 and 12 pounders, deliberately aimed at pistol-shot, which broadside made terrible havoc in my quarter-deck.

At three o'clock the combat commenced. Judge of my surprise on finding myself fought by an American frigate, after all the friendship and protection accorded to the United States. My indignation

was at its height. As soon as my first broadside was fired I cried, and with all the men on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, "Let's board her!" My cabin was invaded to get arms, and I ran to the helm to put her to windward in order to get alongside of the American frigate. *L'Insurgente* changed her first movement, but being without center sails and not being able to move the others quickly enough, the American frigate had time to run ahead of us, and having all her sails set she was beyond us, which compelled us to change our battery men.

My only remaining service were my cannons, a cannon of 18 pounds of Balozo dismounted; and manœuvering with much difficulty, we fired three broadsides. The American frigate now seemed to suspend her fire and I ordered Citizen Jourdan to suspend ours, thinking that the American captain might still be considering his conduct. But he again opened on us, so I gave orders to fire also. This frigate did not remain crossways to us, but sought by every means to take advantageous positions and completely to dismantle us. I endeavored to imitate the irregular manœuver, but the mizzen-topmast had fallen in the tops, the "brigantine" was completely riddled. All I could do was to bring it down to trim the mizzenmast, for the arms, bowlines of foremast sails, and fore-top-sails were completely cut through, our topmen without doubt killed, as they did not reply; the master did not appear upon the bridge, no quartermasters were left, only a bridge-man with yard-men. All I could do was to give the order to Citizen Sire to square-brace every sail on the mizzenmast. The American frigate still having all her sails, which were only slightly injured, and moving very easily, was at pistol range in front of us.

Finally, seeing my position was hopeless, a little later on it became necessary to surrender to very superior forces. Seeing many men wounded and killed on the yards, I decided to pass to the front of the gangway to consult my second. At this moment the topmen cried out, "Two ships to windward coming down on us, and they are large vessels." I said to my second, "Rather than strike to two English ships in my disabled condition, I prefer to surrender to the American frigate, which I believe has not the right to take me," being persuaded that war did not exist between the two nations.

After two hours' combat, totally dismantled, the ship like a hulk, having as our only defense a battery of 12-pounders, yet well provided with a crew and ammunition, comparing her to an upset battery against a frigate of 24 and 12 pounders, about fifty men killed or wounded, my second said to me, "Do as you please." No objection from the others, I thought it necessary to strike so that I might have a chance to speak to the American commander.

The American frigate then sent its boat aboard to take me and my second aboard their ship, we taking nothing with us. My first question was, "Why have you fired upon the national flag? Our two nations are not at war." His only reply was, "You are my prisoner"; and made us go below, and took our arms from us. This conduct surprised me, the more so after the last news from Europe received through the corvette *la Sagesse*, and after the statement of the Citizen Mariner, who declared at the Point that the captain of the frigate *Constitution* [Nicholson] had told him that if he had overtaken

me he would not have fired the first shot on me, but that if I had fired he would have replied.

This is an exact account of my conduct. I have done everything I could in such unfortunate circumstances. I thought that about two hours of combat, the total dismantlement of my frigate, fifty men *bors de combat*, was sufficient. A greater obstinacy would have caused a greater loss of men without having any hope of escape. An hour later I would have been compelled to surrender anyhow. All just and impartial seamen will tell you that I would have been taken. My hope was that Captain Truxtun, commanding the *Constellation*, had taken much too much upon himself in firing first upon us.

The next morning I reminded the captain of the *Constellation* how he had answered one of my questions. He replied that he had special instructions, known only to himself, and that it was three months ago that war had been declared in France. You can imagine how much surprised I was, remembering your particular orders and instructions [*i. e.*, not to fire on the American flag], and I make bold to assure you that if I had been able, during the two hours that the American frigate was in our wake, within range of my two long 18-pound stern-chasers, to fire on her, I should have made it impossible for her to overtake me.

My honor, existence, all are compromised by the duplicity of this infamous government.

[Signed] BARREAUT.

A true copy signed Desfourneaux, certifying this to be an exact copy of the original deposited at the Majorite de la Marine. Le Commis Principal de la Marine, charged with the execution of the order contained in the despatch of the 28th July, 1821.

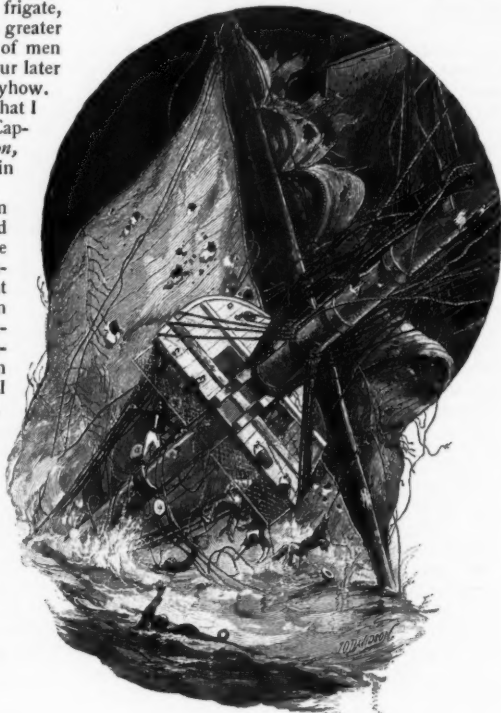
L'Orient le 6 9bre, 1821.
SCHABRIE.

Here we find that Captain Barreaut speaks of his 18-pounders in three separate places, which, taken together with the fact that an 18 pound shot struck the *Constellation's* foretopmast during the action,¹ leaves no room for doubt that *l'Insurgente's* principal armament consisted of 18-pounders. Again Captain Barreaut speaks of "une batterie de 12," showing also that he had a battery of 12-pounders. In no portion of his report does he mention, or in any way intimate, that his ship carried other than 18 and 12 pounders. All authorities agree that *l'Insurgente* carried 40 guns, which, as the rating of French frigates was peculiarly regular, rates her as a 36-gun frigate. This class of French frigates carried 26 long guns on the main deck, 10 long guns on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and 4 36-pound carronades, two on the quarter-deck and two on the forecastle.

According to M. Troude, *l'Insurgente* car-

¹ "Life of Commodore David Porter," by Admiral David D. Porter, p. 22.

ried 26 long 12-pounders, 10 long 6-pounders, and 4 carronades of 36 pounds. We have seen, however, that Captain Barreaut admits having a battery of 18-pounders and one of



FALL OF THE "CONSTELLATION'S" MAINMAST.

12-pounders, but in no way does he mention 6-pounders. There can be no doubt, then, that *l'Insurgente* carried 26 long 18-pounders on the main deck, as Mr. James states, 10 long 12-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and 4 36-pound carronades, which were always carried by French frigates of this class.

Both the *Constellation* and *l'Insurgente* were rated as 36-gun frigates, yet by a comparison of their armaments we shall find the *Constellation's* materially superior to that of her antagonist. The American frigate carried 28 long 24-pounders on the main deck and 20 long 12-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, carronades, at that time, not having come into use in the American navy. This gave the *Constellation* — not allowing for deficient weight in American metal — a total of 912 pounds. Her crew numbered 309, of whom 2 were killed — one by the third lieutenant for deserting his gun early in the action — and 3 wounded. *l'Insurgente* carried 26 long 18-pounders on the main deck, 10 long

12-pounders on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and 4 36-pound carronades, which were always carried by frigates of this class. The French pound, it must be borne in mind, was eight per cent. heavier than an English pound. Thus a French 12-pound shot weighed thirteen English pounds, and a French 24-pound shot weighed twenty-six English pounds. Calculating on this basis we find *l'Insurgente's* total weight of metal to have been 791 pounds.

Neither Captain Barreaut in his official report nor M. Troude make statements regarding *l'Insurgente's* complement. The usual complement for a French 36-gun frigate was about 300 men, but Captain Truxtun in his official report states that she carried 409 men, of whom 29 were killed, 22 badly and 19 slightly wounded. From this it must be inferred that *l'Insurgente* carried a hundred supernumeraries at the time of the engagement.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
<i>Constellation</i>	48	912	309	2	3	5
<i>l'Insurgente</i>	40	791	409	29	41	70
				Time, 1 h. 14 m.		

It again fell to the lot of the *Constellation* to demonstrate the superiority of the American frigates over "any single European frigate of the usual dimensions," for early on the morning of February 1, 1800, nearly a year after her action with *l'Insurgente*, while cruising fifteen miles west of Basseterre, she gave chase to a sail that appeared to the southward. This at first was thought to be a merchantman, but on closer inspection it was found to be a heavy French frigate. Orders were immediately given to sling the yards with chains and to clear the ship for action. Towards noon the wind became light, thus enabling the stranger to hold his distance, which was nearly hull down to the south. In this relative position the two frigates remained for twenty-four hours waiting for a breeze which would enable them to maneuver.

At one o'clock Sunday afternoon, February 2, the wind freshened so that by setting every inch of canvas the *Constellation*, by eight o'clock in the evening,¹ succeeded in getting within gun-shot. Captain Truxtun then hoisted his colors, lighted his battle lanterns, and soon after stepped to the gangway to hail. At this moment the stranger opened fire from her stern-chasers and quarter-deck guns. The *Constellation* did not immediately reply, but, reserving her fire until she had secured a position on the Frenchman's weather quarter, opened with deliberate and destructive broadsides. The stranger directed his fire at the *Constellation's* rigging, while the latter aimed at the Frenchman's hull. In this manner the two frigates

ran along, side by side, with little or no maneuvering, for nearly five hours, keeping up a spirited cannonade.

Towards midnight the Frenchman's fire slackened, and by half-past twelve became silent. By this time the *Constellation's* rigging, sails, and spars were terribly cut up, although her hull was comparatively uninjured. It was now ascertained that the mainmast was unsupported, every stay and shroud having been carried away. The men were immediately called from the guns to meet this great danger. But it was too late, for a few minutes later the mast went over with a crash, carrying the top-men and Midshipman James Jarvis with it. This young officer, although warned by a gray-haired seaman of the critical condition of the mast, refused to leave his post and perished with his men.

Every effort was made to clear the wreck, and in an hour's time the frigate was again after her antagonist. The Frenchman, however, having sustained comparatively little damage in his rigging, had improved this opportunity to make his escape, and by the time the *Constellation* was again under way he had disappeared in the night. There being no trace of the enemy at break of day, Captain Truxtun made for Jamaica to repair damages. It was afterwards learned that the stranger was the 40-gun frigate *la Vengeance*, Captain A. M. Pitot.

During the following August, or six months after this encounter, *la Vengeance* was captured by the British frigate *Seine*, Captain David Milne. She then carried 28 long 18-pounders on the main deck, 16 long 8-pounders on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and 8 short 36-pounders, making in all 52 guns and 994 English pounds of metal. Since her action with *l'Insurgente* the *Constellation* had exchanged ten of her long 12-pounders for 24-pound carronades — the first, it is believed, ever used in our navy. Her 24-pounders also had been replaced by 18-pounders. Her armament then consisted of 28 long 18-pounders on the main deck, 12 long 12-pounders, and 10 short 24-pounders on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, in all 50 guns, aggregating 888 pounds of metal. Out of her crew of 310 she lost 14 killed and 25 wounded.²

Captain Pitot does not definitely state his losses, merely saying, "In consequence of the action I was so much damaged in my rigging that I was forced to return to the port of Curaçao, working to bend new sails on the stumps of the masts which remained, by means of which we were enabled to reach the port on the 18th of the same month." The regular complement of a French 40-gun frigate was

¹ Official report of the French commander.

² Official report of Captain Truxtun.



THE "BOSTON" RAKING "LE BERCEAU."

330 men. As the *Constellation* directed her fire principally at the enemy's hull, their loss in killed and wounded was very severe. According to American accounts it was 50 of the former and 110 of the latter.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Constellation	50	888	310	14	25	39
La Vengeance.....	52	994	330	50	110	160

Time, 5 hours.

Captain Pitot's official report of this action is as follows:

CURAÇAO, year 8.

A. M. PITOT, captain commanding the frigate *la Vengeance* of the French Republic, to the Minister of the Marine and Colonies:

CITIZEN MINISTER: I have the honor to send you an account of two actions I have had on the 12 and 13 Pluviose with an American frigate which attacked us at eight o'clock in the evening in latitude 15° 17' N. by 66° 4' longitude west of Paris, and fought at first under the English flag and then the American. I am ignorant of its name. The examination I was made

to pass before the Governor of Curaçao, and from all the information that I have been enabled to procure, leads me to believe that the action took place with the *Constellation*, frigate of the United States, of sixty cannons and having 500 men as a crew. She had 24 and 18 pounders in her battery, and 12-pounders upon her quarter-deck.

You will see, Citizen Minister, what has been my conduct on this occasion; everything showed me that I must avoid an action in the position I was in, and must limit myself to the defensive. I acted in consequence. After having in the first action dismantled my antagonist, I put on sails and continued my course. As to him he could have attacked us in daylight, but he did not do so, preferring to attack at nightfall, and after having been forcibly repulsed he returned to the charge. The action was very exciting. In consequence of the action I was so much damaged in my rigging that I was forced to return to the port of Curaçao, working to bend new sails on the stumps of the masts which remained, by means of which we were enabled to reach the port on the 18th of the same month.

I was very well received here by the governor and the commandant of the Marines. Each of my

officers fulfilled his duty with honor, courage, and talent, and I must express very great satisfaction with their conduct. I have too much confidence in the justice of the Government to believe that it will be necessary for me to enter into their individual actions to satisfy the Government. But I cannot forego this pleasure. I will speak with all the more praise for them as it is the second action in which the great part of them participated in *la Vengeance* in the space of ten months.

[Signed] A. M. PITOT.

As we have seen, Captain Pitot reports the *Constellation* as a "frégate des États-Unis de 60 canons et ayant 500 hommes d'équipage." It is hardly necessary to show the error of this statement. It will be observed, however, that no ship in the United States Navy, up to 1814, carried more than 56 guns, and not even the heaviest as many as 500 men. That the 36-gun frigate *Constellation*, under cover of night, should have induced Captain A. M. Pitot to believe that he was fighting a frigate of 60 guns, manned by 500 men, is the best possible acknowledgment of the efficiency of the ship and of her crew.

The official report of the third action between American and French cruisers in this war shows it to have been one of the most remarkable struggles in naval history. Cooper in his account of this affair merely states that the *Boston*

was directed to cruise a short time, previously to going on the Guadeloupe station again, between the American coast and the West India islands. While in the discharge of this duty, November, 1800, in latitude 22° 50' N. and longitude 51° W., she made a French cruiser, which, instead of avoiding her, evidently sought an encounter. Both parties being willing, the ships were soon in close action, when, after a plain, hard-fought combat of two hours, the enemy struck. The prize proved to be the French corvette *le Berceau*, Captain Senez, mounting 24 guns, and with a crew a little exceeding 200 men. *Le Berceau* was much cut up, and shortly after the action her fore and main masts went. Her loss in killed and wounded was never ascertained, but from the number of the latter found in her it was probably between 30 and 40 men. Among the former were her first lieutenant, master, boatswain, and gunner. The *Boston* mounted 8 more light guns than *le Berceau*, and had about an equal number of men. She had 4 killed and 11 wounded. Among the latter was her purser, Mr. Young, who died of his injuries. *Le Berceau* was a singularly fine vessel of her class, and had the reputation of being one of the fastest ships in the French marine. Like the combat between the *Constellation* and *l'Insurgente*, the superiority of force was certainly in favor of the American ship on this occasion, but the execution was every way in proportion to the difference.

According to the French official account of this action, the battle lasted not two hours

only, but twenty-four hours, and was one of the most desperate encounters of that period. Owing to the death of Captain Senez and his first lieutenant, the next officer in rank, Second Lieutenant Clément, was officially examined, of which examination the following official record was made:

Extract from Register F., folio 159, of the "Chancellerie du Commissariat des relations commerciales" of the French Republic at Boston.

To-day, 17th Frimaire of the year 9 of the French Republic, before midday appeared before me, Albert Salleron, chancellor pro tem. of the said Commissariat in the chancery of the commissariat of commercial relations of the French Republic at Boston, Citizen Louis Marie Clément, second lieutenant of the Republic's sloop *le Berceau* of twenty-two pieces of cannon, 8-pounders, and two howitzers, commanded by Citizen André Senez, frigate captain, who made before me the following declaration:

"That the 30th Vendémiaire 9 year [12th of October, 1800] *le Berceau* sloop, Captain Senez, sent from Cayenne on a cruising expedition, the 5th completing day of the year 8 [September 17th, 1800], by the agent of the Cayenne, having for a "spy" the schooner *l'Espérance*, Captain Hammond, reckoning 22° 47' latitude N. by 49° 20' longitude W. of Paris, variable winds east-northeast by southeast, fresh wind, fine sea. At five o'clock in the morning we noticed a sail before us at a league and three-quarters' distance. Immediately we signaled the schooner to the southeast and let it come up a little. A short time after we found out that the vessel we had sighted was a large war vessel. We at once put about and signaled the schooner to do the same. A moment later she imitated our actions. At six o'clock the vessel, which we found to be a frigate, was in our wake, the schooner being a little to windward of us. At half-past six a general and decided rallying was signaled to the schooner. At this time the frigate had the wind and chased the schooner, which at once took the wind on the starboard tack. At this time we let the schooner approach us; the frigate hugged the wind, but the schooner gained on her. At eight o'clock the frigate, seeing that she could not overtake, we let her approach us. We then went to the windward, knowing that this was the best point of sailing for fore and aft rigged vessels like ours.

"At ten o'clock the schooner had disappeared, the frigate was still chasing us and was gaining a little. By eleven o'clock she had gained still more, and at noon we perceived that she had a decided advantage over us, upon which we relieved our ship by throwing the anchor overboard. The frigate was now about a league behind us. At half-past twelve their advantage being more obvious, we threw overboard many articles which might impede our progress, and at two o'clock the frigate, having gained considerably on us, we threw overboard what remained of the ballast, also the second boat and the spare masts, except the extra topmast.

"At half-past three o'clock the frigate hoisted the American flag and pennon and fired twice. We at once hoisted French colors and pennon and an-

swered by a single cannon shot. The frigate at a quarter to four, being within speaking distance, asked us from whence we came. 'From Cayenne,' replied the captain. 'Where are you going?' 'Cruising,' 'Strike your flag,' 'Never!' replied the captain. A moment later she fired on us, and ranging along our starboard side, within pistol-shot, the battle began in a most spirited manner on both sides. The musketry was very sharp and well sustained, the only delays being to reload the pieces. The battery also was served with the greatest activity, and the cry of 'Vive la République' was often heard during the battle.

"At six o'clock our mizzen topgallant-mast and topmast were seriously wounded, the shrouds cut through, and the yards, sails, and lower masts riddled with shot. At five minutes of six o'clock the frigate dropped astern, having her topmast cut through and fallen. We hauled up our courses and held the wind as well as we could. The frigate from this moment ceased firing, and we worked without ceasing at repairing damages.

"At half-past eight o'clock the frigate again attacked us and we discharged a broadside. From that time the action was renewed with great ferocity at pistol-shot. At half-past nine o'clock the captain, seeing a favorable opportunity of boarding the frigate, gave the order, and the crew only awaited the chance and our vessel maneuvered to favor the attempt. The frigate, however, took care not to allow herself to be boarded, and the action continued at pistol-range up to eleven o'clock, when the frigate again hauled off to repair damages. We also hauled up our courses; a short time after which our jib-boom broke, also the topmasts fell on the forward deck. At this time our shrouds and backstays were nearly all cut through, and the two square topmasts had also been cut upon our two gibs. We therefore found ourselves without the possibility of repairing, but we nevertheless made as much sail as we could. The frigate also was much damaged in her sails and topmasts, and she remained out of gunshot but always in sight.

"At five o'clock the next morning nobody had yet left his post and we expected every moment a third attack, when the frigate passed us to the starboard at a great distance and placed herself to windward of us at half a league's distance. In the course of the morning we saw that she was working at repairs. At half-past eleven o'clock our foremast, pierced with shot, fell to the starboard, and a short time after the large mast fell also. At two o'clock in the afternoon the frigate, which had now finished

repairs, came up to us on the starboard side. Our captain then assembled the council necessary in such cases. All that were called to the council thought that the dismasted ship, having its battery entangled with the fallen masts, many shot below the water-line, which already caused her to make seven inches of water in the hold, as well as a number of other serious damages, could no longer keep up the combat against the frigate without wasting the lives of those yet alive and who were now so situated that there was no possible means of defending themselves to advantage. Moreover, that the honorable manner in which they had fought had sufficiently proved how much they had had to heart to preserve to the Republic the sloop which had been confided to their care, but having done all that was possible to prevent its capture they ought to give in to superior forces. It was then unanimously decided that without making any more resistance the flag should be hauled down. Accordingly it was struck at once, and immediately after the frigate sent a boat to take possession. We then found the frigate to be the frigate of the United States, the *Boston*, of 24 12-pounders and 12 9-pounders commanded by Captain George Little.

[Signed]

CLÉMENT,
SALLERON.

"Four killed and seventeen wounded. Seven hundred cannon shot expended and two thousand and one hundred musket shot."

The *Boston* was a corvette, and carried 24 long 12-pounders and 12 long 9-pounders, making a total of 36 guns with 396 pounds of metal, not allowing for deficient weight in American metal. Out of a crew of 230 she lost 4 killed and 11 wounded. *Le Berceau* mounted 22 long 8-pounders, and 2 short 12-pounders, in all 24 guns, making 216 English pounds of metal. Out of a crew of 220 she had 4 killed and 17 wounded.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Boston.....	36	396	230	4	11	15
Le Berceau....	24	216	220	4	17	21

Le Berceau was taken to port and refitted, and on the ratification of the treaty with France, February 3, 1801, she was returned to their navy.

Edgar S. Maclay.

YESTERDAY.

LORN yesterday
Came back to say,
"Let me a shadow be,
A shade, if nothing more,
To follow faithfully
The days that go before."

I could but say,
"Sweet, have your way";
And so the gone day clings:
Since pleasures are too few,
Why lose the old sweet things,
Though sweeter prove the new?

John Vance Cheney.

THE PRINTING OF "THE CENTURY."



HERE was a general belief twenty years ago that the materials, methods, and machinery of magazine printing had nearly reached full development. Old publishers and printers said that it was unreasonable to expect better paper or finer presswork; it was absurd to hope for higher results by changing the methods of printing which had been sanctioned by long experience. Most emphatically was the proposition laid down that fine printing could not be done with speed or at low cost. If finer paper were wanted, that paper must be of superior fiber and hot pressed, at a price necessarily prohibitory. It was folly to talk of better engraving. The London school of engravers had already reached the high-water mark of close woodcutting; but while they had fully shown their ability to cut finely, printers had signally shown the inability of printing machinery to print their blocks properly. The "Penny Magazine," useful and meritorious as it was in many features, was a warning of the folly of attempting to print good woodcuts on cylinder presses. Designers of merit had refused to draw upon blocks that would be spoiled in printing. Some of the abler engravers had abandoned the practice of engraving on wood in despair at the unworthy reproduction of their best efforts by the printers.

The printing trade here had made similar experiments and had reached the similar conclusion, that fine printing can be done only on the hand press. English writers on engraving had oracularly declared that the province of engraving on wood was limited to the delineation of form only; that it could acceptably produce light and shade only in a conventional style; that it was presumptuous for an engraver on wood to attempt any serious deviation from the outline style of Dürer and Holbein.

Whoever looks over the bound volumes of illustrated periodicals between 1850 and 1870 cannot fail to note the depressing influence of this experience and of these teachings as shown in the flatness and muddiness of woodcuts in which the engraver had made, or tried to make, nice distinctions of light and shade, and the coarseness and scratchiness of a more open style of cutting in which the engraver had servilely followed the lines of the designer. Every designer and every engraver was ham-

pered in his work by apprehensions that the block would not be properly printed.

The publishers of *THE CENTURY* had to prepare their first number, of November, 1870, upon the mechanical track laid down for them by the printing trade. The only available form of printing machine that met the conditions required was an improved form of "drum-cylinder," on which fair presswork might be had if the pressman was very skillful. The publishers were warned that cylinder presses were type smashers, sure to damage fine engraving. This prophecy failed. The careful adjustment of pressure by means of overlays prevented excessive wear, but there was a lack of sharpness of line and brightness of color in the prints from the woodcuts, as there always must be when impressions are taken against the elastic resistance of a rubber cloth or blanket. To limit the force of impression to the flat surface of a woodcut, to prevent the overlapping of pressure on the edges and sides of engraved lines, one must print against a hard inelastic impression surface. On small jobbing presses this method of getting sharp impressions had been in use for many years. Why not try it on the magazine? This called for another change. Of what use to prepare an inelastic impression surface when the paper to be printed was made elastic and spongy by dampening? To get sharp, clean lines, the paper must be printed dry. Old pressmen shook their heads at this innovation, and said it could not be done. But it was done. At first not with complete success, but well enough to show the possibilities of excellent results when the pressman had full mastery of the details of the new method.

This change called for still another. The ink was now in fault. Ink that was good for damp was not good for dry paper. This seems a petty obstacle; but many kinds of ink had to be compounded and many trials made before the ink could be furnished that had the needed blackness, that spread itself fairly on the types, and that dried quickly on the paper.

The success of the new method warranted the publishers in attempting a higher grade of illustrations. Some of them were too difficult to be properly done on the drum-cylinder press, which did not have inking facilities or strength enough to face them fairly. The better machine that was needed was found in the newly developed "stop-cylinder printing machine,"

which promised the needed strength and inking facilities. This stop-cylinder did better presswork, but at slower speed and at greater cost, yet its capacities were often seriously overtaxed by the close and shallow engraving furnished by engravers who were striving to reproduce with picks or lines the effective tints of designs made entirely with the brush. The woodcut which could be made to give one fair proof after an hour of manipulation on the part of the engraver could not be made to give a proper print on the press from its electrotyped duplicate at the required rate of twelve copies a minute. The shallowness of the counters of these cuts was so slight that the cut itself seemed perfectly flat. Shallow as this counter was, it was often made more so by the process of molding and electrotyping. It was necessary to improve the quality of the electrotype plates. Repeated experiments led to no new discovery, nor to any radical change in methods, but they did compel the purchase of improved machinery, and did induce habits of nice observation and attention to trifles, which were of marked benefit.

The greatest obstacle to the perfect printing of woodcuts always has been the uneven surface of printing paper. If the reader will look through a magnifier at a sheet of ordinary paper, he cannot fail to note that the surface is uneven—broken in every direction with little pits or depressions. Paper is but a felting or tangle of interlaced fibers which make the sheet thickest in the places where the fibers cross each other with a corresponding unevenness of surface. When printed on ordinary types that have deep counters, these pits or depressions are too shallow to affect the print. If the paper be dampened, the supply of ink full, the impression strong, and the impression surface elastic, the type will sink to the bottom of these depressions without any noticeable thickening of line. Under these conditions no one can see any lack of smoothness in the print. But these are not the conditions under which fine woodcuts can be rapidly printed. The paper must be dry and smooth; the impression must be confined to the surface; the lines must not be jammed in or unequally sunk below the surface of the paper.

The old approved method of smoothing paper was by pressing each sheet through hot plates—a process which made the vellum, or hot-pressed paper, so much admired twenty years ago. But this process was slow, uneven in results, and too expensive to be considered for magazines. The American method of smoothing a sheet in a web by passing it through stacks of calendering rollers was adopted from the beginning of the magazine, but it had disadvantages. Great pressure was

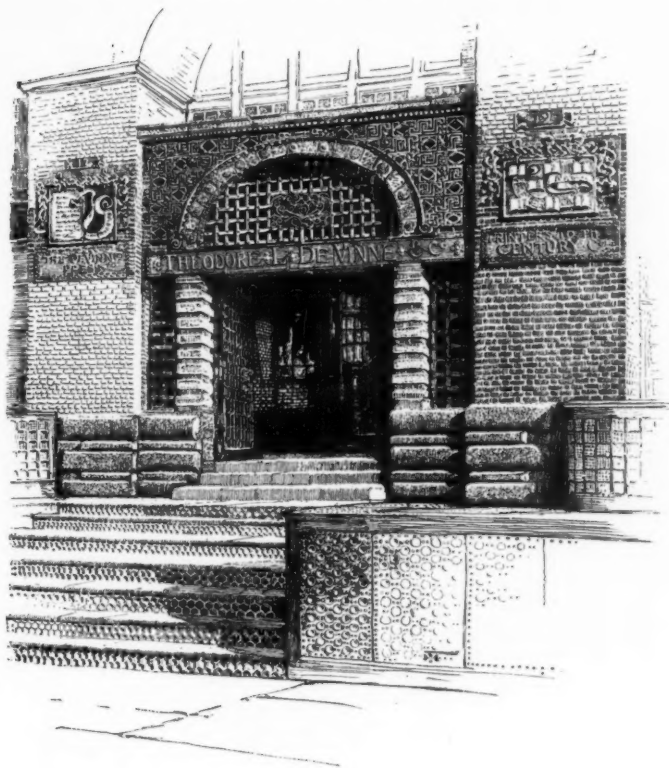
required to make the sheet smooth; but if the pressure was too great the fiber was crushed, the paper became transparent and so hard that it would not properly receive and retain ink, the surface became shiny, waxy, and irritating to the eye.

The only way to make paper smooth enough for the work was to fill these pits or depressions while the paper was in the process of manufacture with a soluble filling which made an absolutely uniform surface readily smoothed by the calendering rollers. The amount of this filling is small; the effect it produces on the print is great. The delicacy of line and tint shown in the engravings of the last five years could not have been reproduced with even a tolerable degree of faithfulness if they had not been shown on this surfaced paper. The new form of mechanical engraving, commonly known as the half-tint style, is equally dependent for its effect on surfaced paper. No other paper can show with such clearness the whole scale of color from the palest gray to the intensest black.

The changes that have been recently made in the theory and the processes of printing will perhaps be more clearly understood by an examination of the methods and machinery now used for the printing of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*.

Printing begins with type-setting, which is done now as it was four hundred years ago. Every letter must be picked up by hand and adjusted by human fingers to its fellows. For good book-work there is as yet no short cut, no royal road. There are, it is true, type-setting machines doing efficient service on daily newspapers, and others that give good promise of usefulness in the more exacting branch of book-work, but they have not curtailed the employment of the four thousand compositors who set type by hand in this city. Type-setting by hand is slow work. A quick workman can set five columns of *THE CENTURY* in a day of ten hours; but the performance of the average compositor does not exceed, hardly reaches, two pages a day. The composition of the magazines is done by young women, whose work is as accurate and acceptable as that done by men. The women are paid the same rates as men.

A large printing house needs many types; there must be many kinds, and a great many of each kind. In this printing house the types and the appurtenances for keeping them in order occupy two large floors, each of about seven thousand superficial square feet. Not one-tenth of this type is in daily use, but all of it is needed, for any kind may be demanded and must be accessible at a moment's notice. Each face or style of type, and each character or



ENTRANCE TO THE DEVINNE PRESS.

type of that face, must have its place, and be kept in that place.

The compositor who works on *CENTURY* copy stands before two inclined cases containing boxes for characters in roman type; she picks types out of the case without examination, and puts them into a "stick," which is a small iron tray carried in her left hand. When the stick is filled with lines of type she puts these lines on a "galley," which is a long tray of brass. When the galley has been filled with type a proof of its contents is taken on a rolling press. Now the proofreader begins his work, by silently reading the proof as he follows the voice of the copy-holder, who slowly reads aloud from the copy used by the compositor for setting this type. If any letter or word has been omitted or misspelled the fault is noted and marked. The marked proof goes back to the compositor for correction, which is done. A new proof is then taken and revised, and sent to the editor or the author. The return of this proof contains editorial corrections, and usually the order to "make up,"

VOL. XLI.—13.

which means to rearrange the long strip of types on galley in the form of pages with their appropriate illustrations.

These woodcut illustrations are the jewels of the magazine. How frail they are! how tenderly they have to be cared for! A careless thump or scratch, neglectful exposure to too much heat or dampness, and their beauty is marred forever. To prevent losses by these accidents, every woodcut is proved on the hand press soon after its receipt, and a mold taken in beeswax on which an electrotype shell is deposited. These shells weigh less than an ounce, and are carefully preserved and used only in case of an accident to the woodcut. The proofs of the cuts are sent to the foreman of the press-room, who uses them for his "overlays," of which more will soon be said.

After proving and molding the cuts are sent to the maker-up, who frequently finds them quite obdurate and inflexible—too long, too short, too irregular, rarely ever adapted to the places for which they were made. To find the proper place for each cut, and make it fit there, is



THE VESTIBULE.

a part of his business which calls for patience and ingenuity; but the author or the editor lends his help, and the work is done. Then follows another proof, which is read by a new reader, and is marked with more corrections. Perhaps another proof still; but finally comes the editor's seal and stamp of approval — *Cast* — and off go chase and contents to the electrotype foundry.

When made up the pages are fastened in square frames of iron that are called chases, which allow them to be transported to the foundry, or to be kept securely waiting orders for correction or alterations. Many pages have to be kept in type; some of them wait but a few days, others for months before the order comes for casting. For the text of *THE CENTURY*

five thousand pounds of type are provided, and all of this is often used.

Let us follow the chases of type, securely nested in boxes to prevent bruising, to the electrotype foundry on the sixth floor. This is the one room that cannot be kept bright. The furnace, the machines, the batteries, and the pervasive atoms of black-lead floating through the air are sad hindrances to neatness. The types, apparently clean enough, are carefully washed, and then dusted with these atoms of black-lead. The chase of type is now put in a molding press and pressed with great force against a plate covered with a thin sheet of wax that has been coated with the black-lead. This material prevents the wax from sticking to the form in the operation of molding, and also acts as a con-

ductor of electricity on the non-conducting surface of the wax mold. It is not a cleanly or a pleasant material to handle, but there seems to be no other available substitute. The pressure on the wax gives a minutely faithful but reversed duplicate of the face of the type. The mold is next submerged in a vat of turbid fluid which seems innocent and peaceful enough, but in it mysterious forces are noiselessly at work. Put a key or any bit of iron against two of the rods on which the mold is suspended and you instantly see a shower of electric sparks. The buzzing little dynamo in the corner by its rapid revolution is sending through the fluid an electric current which liberates particles of copper from the solution in the bath and attaches them to the mold. In impalpable atoms, finer than can be made by heat of fire, these minute copper particles travel through the solution to their destination. After a few hours of

tin foil is melted, which serves as a solder for the melted electrotypes backing metal that is poured over it, making a plate about one-fifth of an inch thick. When the plate is cool it is put under a planing machine and reduced to a thickness of about one-seventh of an inch. A screaming, vicious-looking little circular saw now takes the plate and trims off the rough and superfluous metal on the edges, after which the plate is straightened perfectly level and shaved to the desired thickness. Next comes the beveler, a form of side plane which makes the angled shoulders required by the clamps which are to hold it on the press. Now the finisher takes up the plate and scrutinizes it for the correction of trivial defects. Then a proof is taken and compared with the type proof.



MACHINE FOR SHAVING WAX CASES FOR MOLDING.

IN THE ELECTROTYPE ROOM.

exposure lift the wax mold and you will see it covered with a thin shell of bright copper about as thick as a sheet of ordinary writing paper. This shell is the duplicate of the face or surface of the types and woodcuts in the chase. It is too thin to be used for printing: it must be "backed up" and mounted.

A jet of steam or hot water is next applied to the deposited copper shell, which melts the underlying wax and permits the shell to be relieved from the mold. On the back of this shell



ROUTING MACHINE.

Unlike the type, or the frail woodcut which may be in the page, this electrotypes plate can receive a hundred thousand impressions, or more, without loss of beauty or sharpness. It can be handled, packed, and transported with more ease and greater safety than the type or the wood. The page of type costs, composition included, about seven dollars; a full page of woodcut costs from one hundred to two hundred dollars. The electrotypes of either costs less than one dollar. These are the reasons why electrotypes are made.

The electrotypes foundry is a miniature machine shop, with machines on every side—to plane, to saw, to bevel, to rout, to mold, to melt, to carve. One of the peculiarities of this room is a little machine which bevels both sides



IN THE PLATE VAULT.

of a page at one operation, by means of circular beveled cutters, insuring an accuracy as to size not to be had when the beveling is done by hand, and by two distinct operations. The shaping machine, with its gas heater and air blast, which curves a flat plate to fit the periphery of the printing cylinder of the web press, is another novelty. There again is a newer apparatus for bending to a true curve plates of cold metal, the invention of the foreman of the room, which produces a curved plate of still smoother and truer surface. The difference between a fairly smooth and a truly smooth surface may seem trivial, but on this trifle depends the success of fine printing on a rotary press.

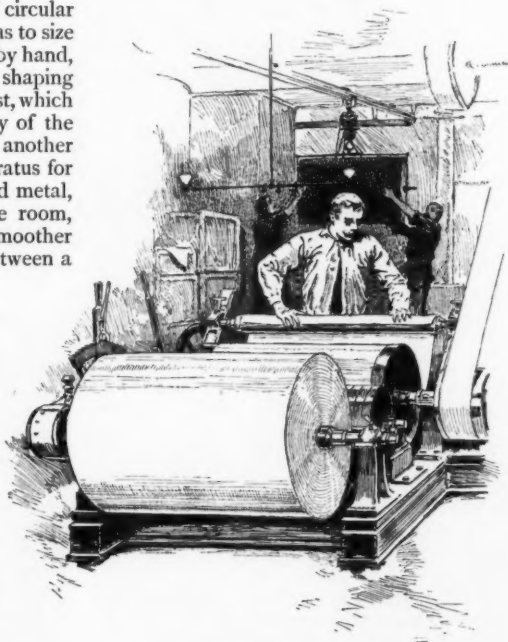
The inspection of the plate does not end with the finisher, for a new proof of it is taken on the hand press, and its face is carefully searched for the hidden defects of air bubbles under the shell, bruised letters, or uneven surfaces. If the defects cannot be economically remedied the plate is condemned and a new one is ordered.

Plates that have to be printed in red ink, like the cover of "St. Nicholas," or that will have to receive unusual wear, like the advertising pages of *THE CENTURY*, are coated with

a film of nickel, which resists the scaling of the ink or the wear of the press. For special purposes a film of steel can be substituted.

The plates that are passed as ready for press go to the plate vault, the only place in the building in which gas burns all day. Between solid piers five feet thick are here piled, tier after tier and row after row, many tons of boxed plates. Each set of thirty-two plates is in a specially labeled box, and each has its place on a range of shelves which extends backward in impenetrable gloom. All are readily accessible to the platemaker: at five minutes' notice he will furnish any plate that may be called for. It is his work not only to keep the plates in order on the shelves, but to get them in order for the presses. The plates have to be mounted by him on movable blocks; to be firmly fixed in chases so that they cannot be disturbed by the action of the machine; to have their margins nicely adjusted, and their positions so determined that they shall be printed properly on the paper, and folded and cut with exactness.

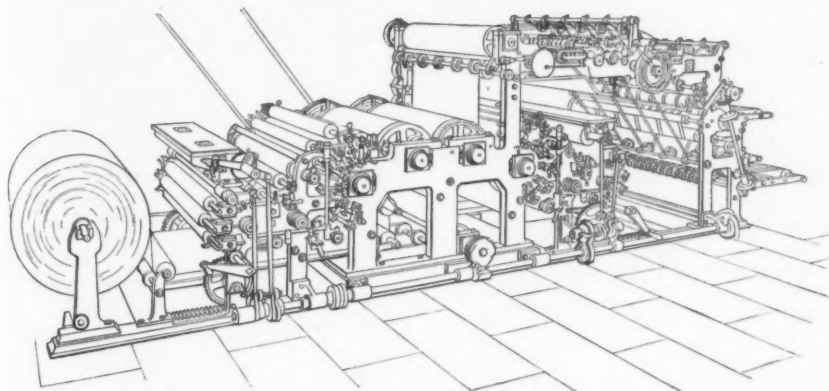
One of the most attractive portions of the press department is the vault—a long room under the sidewalk on Lafayette Place, beautifully lighted by the bulkhead of iron and glass sixteen feet overhead. At the end of a long row of machinery stands the web press



REWINDING PAPER.

—a massive and complicated construction, specially built by Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. for printing, cutting, and folding the plain and the advertising pages of *THE CENTURY*. Web presses for newspapers are common enough, but this press has distinction as the first, and for three years the only, web press used in this country for good book-work. At one end of the machine is a great roll of paper more than two miles long when unwound, and weighing about 750 pounds. As the paper unwinds it passes first over a jet of steam which slightly dampens and softens, but does not wet or

sight. Pulleys at once seize the creased sheet and press it flat, in which shape it is hurried forward to meet three circular knives on one shaft which cut it across in four equal pieces. Disappearing for an instant from view, it comes out on the other side at the upper end of the tail of the press in the form of four-folded sections of eight pages each. Immediately after, at the lower end of the tail of the press, out come four entirely different sections of eight pages each. This duplicate delivery shows the product of the press to be at every revolution of the cylinders sixty-four pages, neatly printed,



THE WEB PRESS FOR PRINTING AND FOLDING SIXTY-FOUR UNILLUSTRATED PAGES AT ONE REVOLUTION.

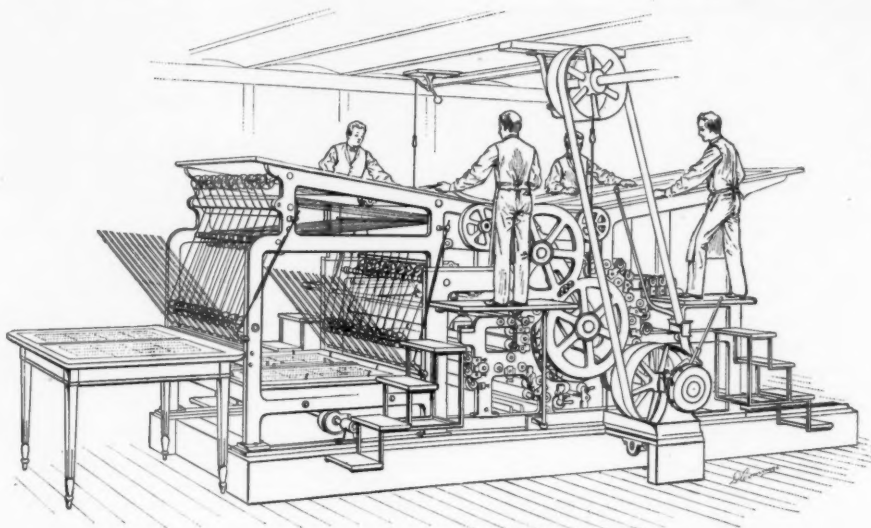
sodden, its hard surface, and fits it for receiving impressions. It next passes under a plate cylinder on which are thirty-two curved plates, inked by seven large rollers, which print thirty-two pages on one side. Then it passes around a reversing cylinder which presents the other side of the paper to another plate cylinder, on which are thirty-two plates which print exactly on the back the proper pages for the thirty-two previously printed. This is done quickly—in less than two seconds—but with exactness. But the web of paper is still uncut. To do this it is drawn upward under a small cylinder containing a concealed knife, which cuts the printed web in strips two leaves wide and four leaves long. As soon as cut the sheets are thrown forward on endless belts of tape. An ingenious but undetectable mechanism gives to every alternate sheet a quicker movement, so that it falls exactly over its predecessor, making two lapped strips of paper. Busy little adjusters now come in play, placing these lapped sheets of paper accurately up to a head and a side guide. Without an instant of delay down comes a strong creasing blade over the long center of the sheet, and pushes it out of

truly cut, and accurately registered and folded, ready for the binder. Two boys are kept fully employed in seizing the folded sections and putting them in box trucks, by which they are rolled out to the elevator, and on these sent to the bindery.

This web press is not so fast as the web press of daily newspapers, but it performs more operations and does more accurate work. It is not a large machine, nor is it noisy, nor does it seem to be moving fast, but the paper goes through the cylinders at the rate of nearly two hundred feet a minute. It does ten times as much work as the noisier and more bustling presses by its side. Made especially for *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, it prints that and nothing else, for its large regular editions keep it fully employed. The reprinted numbers of *THE CENTURY* and all the other publications of The Century Co. are done on other presses. This web press has other limitations: it is not at all an economical machine for small editions, nor can it be successfully used for the fine woodcuts of the illustrated articles of *THE CENTURY*. The pages that contain these woodcuts, and the entire text of the "*St. Nicholas*," hitherto have been done on a slower

and smaller machine known as the stop-cylinder, which prints sixteen pages only on one side of a sheet at the rate of about 750 impressions an hour. One machine can produce in one month but a small portion of the illustrations required for the magazine. It follows that there are many of these stop-cylinders, and that the printing plates are made in duplicate and sometimes in triplicate, and, to get out the edition in time, that these duplicates go to press on different machines. To get the

feeders from single sheets in the usual manner, and does the work of four stop-cylinders in superior style. The gain in performance is not as great as the gain in quality of presswork, but quality was considered more than speed. The performance of the machine could have been more than doubled by adding to it other cylinders which would print on both sides of the paper; but careful experiment has proved that the finest woodcuts cannot be properly printed with this rapidity. To get the best



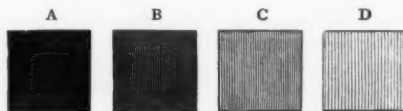
THE NEW ROTARY PRESS FOR PRINTING SIXTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATED PAGES AT ONE REVOLUTION.

superior quality of presswork demanded this delay in performance and this multiplication of machines has been submitted to for many years.

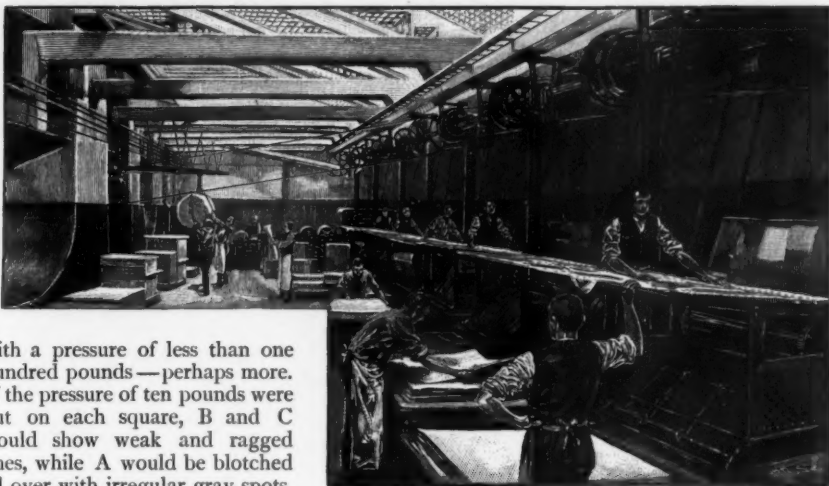
Encouraged by the success of the web press in magazine presswork, the printers of *THE CENTURY* have applied the rotary principle to a new machine for fine illustrations, expressly made for them by Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. and but recently put to work. Sixty-four plates of *THE CENTURY*, truly bent to the proper curve, are firmly fastened on one cylinder sixty inches long and about thirty inches in diameter; sixteen inking rollers, supplied with ink from two ink fountains, successively ink these sixty-four plates with a delicacy and yet with a fullness of color never before attained. The shafts of the impression cylinder and the plate cylinders, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, do not spring or give under the strongest impression. Although rigid in every part, in the hands of an expert pressman it can be made responsive to the slightest overlay. This machine is fed by four

results the ink on one side of the paper must be dry before it is printed on the other side.

These are the presses on which the skill of the overlayer is most signally shown. The theory of overlaying may be explained by this diagram:



Suppose A B C D to be separate hand stamps engraved on wood. If the surface of the stamp marked D were inked the moderate pressure of ten pounds would transfer these thin lines to paper. C, having more lines, and offering more resistance, would call for a pressure of twenty pounds or more to insure a good print. B is still blacker, and resists much more, requiring say fifty pounds to force it fairly. A, which is entirely black, could not be smoothly printed

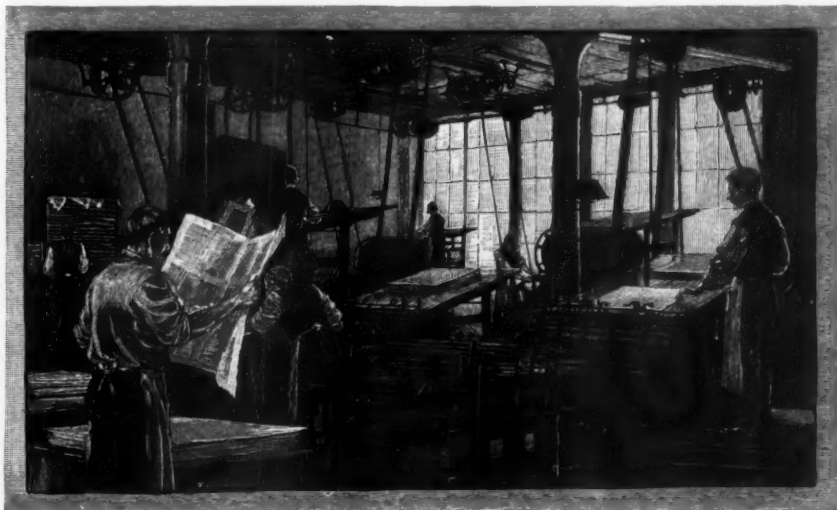


THE PRINTING MACHINES IN THE VAULT.

with a pressure of less than one hundred pounds—perhaps more. If the pressure of ten pounds were put on each square, B and C would show weak and ragged lines, while A would be blotched all over with irregular gray spots. If the pressure were made one hundred pounds or more, the lines of B and C would be hard and muddy, and D would be worn out before one hundred impressions had been taken.

Overlaying is merely an intelligent adjustment of pressure on woodcuts—a pressure adjusted to suit the resistance, so that light lines shall have little and solid surfaces much pressure. So treated, light lines will print sharp and clear; the compact and closer lines of middle tints will be smoothly gray, and the solid portions of the dark shadows will be full velvety black. The different degrees of light and

shade in every woodcut require this graduation of pressure. The theory seems simple enough, but putting the theory in practice is not. Every printing machine is made so that the pressed and the pressing surfaces shall be in exact parallel—so that pressure shall be absolutely uniform in every part. If woodcuts were like the ordinary text-types of books and newspapers in their equality of color and their equal resistance to impression, there would be no need of overlaying; no more pressure would be required in one portion than in another.



STOP-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINES.

But woodcuts are conspicuously unequal—the thin lines, the close lines, the solid blacks, are irregularly combined. Yet each must have a different degree of pressure. On simple diagrams, like A B C and D, the result desired can be reached by pasting one or more thickness of paper over C, two thicknesses over B, and three or four over A. Adding thickness to the pressing surface gives the additional pressure. On a woodcut in which light and shade are intermixed the work is extremely difficult—not to be explained by words; to be learned only by experiment and the study of repeated failures. The rarity of well-printed, woodcuts are indications of the difficulty of the art.

This floor and the floor above are filled with



HYDROSTATIC DRY-PRESSING MACHINE.

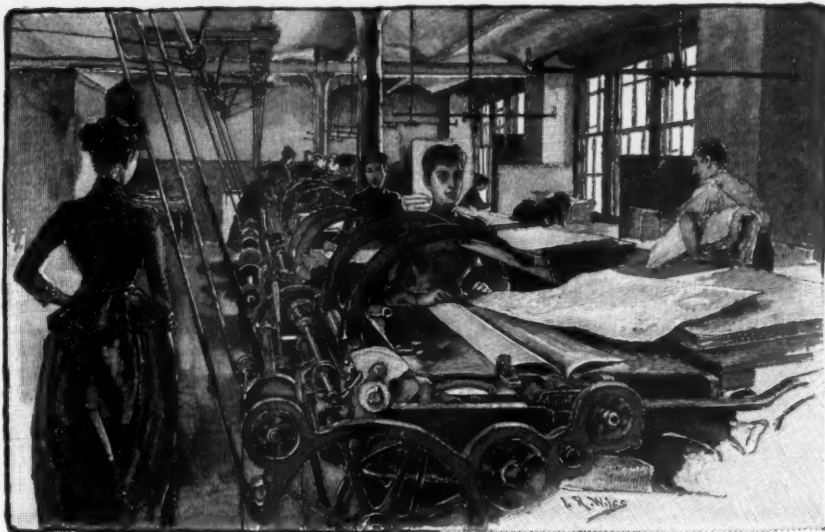
large presses, and the air trembles with their busy hum. All day long belts are spinning, heavy forms of type swing to and fro on their carriages, and sheets of paper are sweeping down the revolving cylinder and dancing out on the fly-fingers. Every one is busy. There are no idlers, but no one is in a hurry. Yet the piles of sheets that go to the elevators every hour prove that work is done with good result. The only machines which do hurry are the heavy elevator engines that start like race-horses when the porter pulls the rope. Let us try their speed, and go up again with boxes of sheets on the platform to the bindery, which occupies the eighth and a part of the seventh floor.

In no other part of the building are work and workmen so crowded. Folding and stitch-

ing are simple operations when done leisurely, but to do them quickly and well calls for many machines and many hands. Compact arrangement must be made and needless travel avoided. There should be no unnecessary carrying forward and backward of the six tons of paper which have to be moved every day from one part of the room to another. The folded sheets of the web press are brought up by the elevator in box trucks that can be easily rolled in any direction and are put before the dry-presses—compact little hydrostatic machines in which folded paper two feet thick is soon reduced in bulk one-fourth. The pressure is kept on the paper after it has been removed from the press, and it can be so kept for many days. These two presses, with two workmen, do more and better

work than could be done by a dozen hydrostatic presses of the old pattern. The illustrated forms are folded on machines specially made for the work, which fold and cut sheets of thirty-two pages and deposit them in four long trays in the form of four sections of eight pages each. All these sheets when folded are passed through the dry-presser and kept under pressure until they are perfectly flat, compact, and free from sponginess.

At this stage THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is in the form of twenty-five or more different sections of folded paper, scattered in as many boxes. The next process is to get them together in regular order. The magnitude of the task will be better understood when it is known that the sum total of these twenty-five or more pieces of folded paper in an ordinary edition of the magazine is never less than five million and in a large edition is often more than six million pieces. To put one piece out of its order is to spoil a copy—perhaps two copies. It is necessary that the work be done with exactness, but equally important that it be done with speed. Under the old methods of gathering, the twenty-five sections were laid down in piles and in regular order on a long table, and the gatherers in slow procession walked beside it and picked up each section in turn. How many miles a gatherer walked in a day; how tired she was before the day was half over; how little she did, even when she did her best; how much room she occupied to the annoyance of other hands—need not now be computed. It is enough to say that gathering was always a hateful task to employed and employer. To lighten this work an ingenious Englishman, whose name is unknown to the writer, invented a circular or rotary gathering table, on which the paper

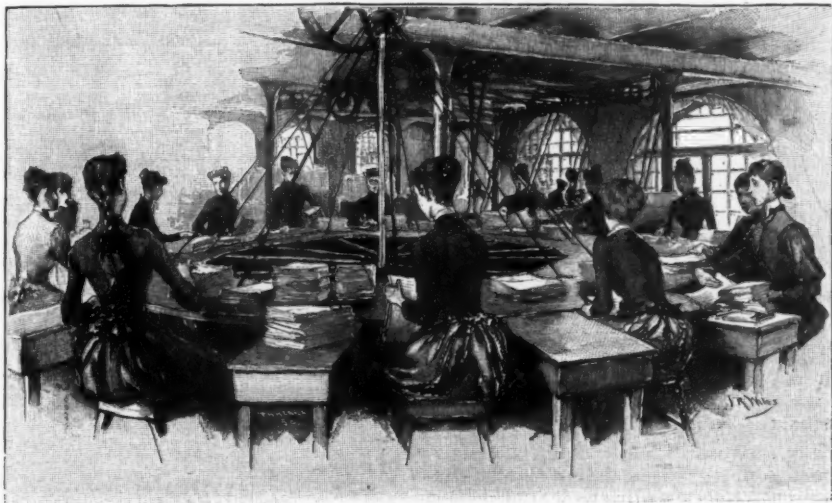


FOLDING MACHINES.

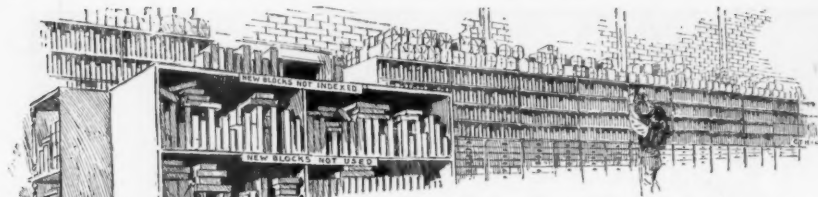
would travel to the gatherer, instead of having the gatherer travel after the paper. Here is the apparatus, which occupies a large space in the middle of the room. Around this table sixteen young women are seated, gathering the sections as they are successively presented. One can readily see that much more work can be done in a given time, in a smaller space, and with less fatigue.

The gathered sections are now passed to the collator, who rapidly examines them for faults.

If there be a section too much or too little, or a section out of place, the fault can be instantly detected. How is this done? Take off the paper cover on the back of the magazine and you will see that each section of the text has its own peculiar black mark on the back of the fold. These black marks are intended to be so arranged that they shall make a continuous black diagonal line on the back. If there should be one black mark too many, or one too few, the continuity and regularity of the black line is



REVOLVING TABLE FOR GATHERERS.



STORE-ROOM FOR WOODCUTS AND DESIGNS.

broken. The break is detected at a glance, and the faulty copy is laid aside for correction.

Sometimes, for reasons not now necessary to explain, these black marks are of purpose not in a diagonal line, but each section has its own mark, and the colator can tell in an instant by a look at the back whether the magazine is or is not perfect.

Stitching machines on the other side of the room now receive the gathered copies. Compared with other machinery these wire-stitchers do not seem overstrong, but note how swiftly and securely they drive and clench two staples of wire through more than half an inch of paper. The older readers of *THE CENTURY* hardly need the reminder that twelve years ago the work of stitching was done by a "stabbing machine," which punched irregular holes in the paper, through which a hand-sewer put needle and thread — a slow process, which made a spongy and shakly pamphlet. The wire-stitcher can readily perfect one thousand copies in an hour, and it does its work in a manner much more satisfactory to the reader.

Covering, the next process, is also done, to some extent, by a machine. The wire-stitched but uncovered magazines are put in order on a long tray, at one end of which is an automatic clasp, which takes them one by one at regulated intervals to the prepared cover. Each cover is accurately placed by hand before iron fingers, which carry it around a narrow rotating wheel, the edge of which, exactly the thickness of the back of the magazine, is covered with melted glue. As the cover passes around the wheel the inside of the back is covered with a film of glue. It is then carried to a place where the back of the stitched magazine drops exactly upon the glued back of the cover. Sudden and strong pressure on this back firmly unites the back to the cover, after which it is pushed

forward in a long tray. Another operator seizes a large bundle of the covered books, and with a dexterous motion flattens the backs violently on an iron bed-plate. This is followed by more rubbing with the burnisher, and then the work is done. Counted in piles of twenty-five copies, they are tied up ready for the mailers or for the American News Company.

Pressing and folding go on with more or less regularity every day, but gathering, collating, stitching, and covering can be done only after every sheet of the magazine has been printed, in the short period that precedes the day of publication. To publish "on time" the bindery should perfect 22,000 copies of *THE CENTURY* every day. This is done regularly, and the performance is often exceeded without strain. In this room, where the need of despatch is most urgent, are none of the ordinary indications of hurry. There is no running to and fro, no shouting or scolding, no feverish or frantic impatience. Every one works briskly, but no one works hurriedly.

At the elevator door the magazines separate



A WIRE-STITCHER.

—some to the American News Company, whose carts morning and afternoon stand before the door; others to the mail-room on the uppermost floor. Within a week they will be in thousands of homes on the American continent; in two weeks they will be on sale in every large European city; in six weeks at most they will meet each other, coming from opposite directions in Japan and Australia.

The mail-room and the store-room on the top floor have nothing noticeable in the way of machinery, but a good deal to show in the way of intelligent classification. Ask for any woodcut that has been printed within twelve years and you shall have it in a few minutes. To the ordinary observer these arrangements may not seem impressive, but every one who has

moderate price have been introduced that take a sharper impression and show cleaner grays and more vigorous blacks than can be had from impressions on the luxurious India and Japan papers. Easy working and durable black inks are as common now as they were scarce twenty years ago. Electrotypes plates are made of smooth surface, and are curved with unharmed lines, to fit the cylinders of rotary printing machines on which they produce presswork that fully meets the most exacting requirements. Last, but not least, the final pressing of the printed work, which makes a solid and shapely magazine, is done more quickly and more thoroughly by pressing in the fold than was ever done when the work was pressed in sheets. Some of these items



IN THE MAILING ROOM.

had much handling of such disorderly objects as woodcuts, proofs, copy, sketches, back numbers, will at once recognize the executive ability which has found a place for everything and which has kept everything in its place.

Twenty years is but a short interval in the chronology of an art that is more than four hundred years old, but a good deal has been done for the improvement of printing between the years 1870 and 1890. Cylinder presses have supplanted hand and platen presses in printing woodcuts and large editions of fine books. Dry paper has taken the place of damp paper. In many large printing houses the appliances for dampening have been abolished, or set aside to be used only for rough and hand-made papers. Smooth-surface papers of

may seem of trifling importance to the reader. Singly, they may be; collectively, they are not. Whoever compares the first number of this magazine with the latest, must admit that decided improvements have been made in magazine printing. In the literary workshop of which John Milton dreamed, "the pens and heads, sitting by studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas," were those only who thought and wrote. Now, the thinkers have mechanical helpers. In machine shops and paper mills, in printing houses and electrotypes foundries, are other studious men equally busy in mechanical devices that aid the writers in realizing this dream of the "Areopagitica."

Theodore L. De Vinne.



ANDERSONVILLE STOCKADE AFTER THE WAR. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1868.

ON THE ANDERSONVILLE CIRCUIT.



HE flank advance on Chattanooga and the battle of Chickamauga covered a month of forced marches, skirmishing, and fighting over mountains and through thickets of timber and brush, in rain and mud,

by night and day.

Crack! crack! "Surrender, you Yanks! Halt, there! Halt, or you are a dead man!" *Crack! crack! crack!* "Now surrender, you Yankee son of Yankee Doodle!"

Seated on the top of a staked and rider fence I looked along a rifle barrel into the pupil of the right eye of a Confederate as he hissed the words through his teeth. My companion had fallen dead at the first fire, and I saw that this fellow meant to shoot. My answer was conciliating.

"Have you pistol, watch, or greenbacks?"

"No — no, sir."

"Well, give me that hat." "Here, I'll take that ring." "That knife is mine." Our pockets went inside out, and I was more surprised when they began to exchange clothing with us. Some of our party who were better clothed than myself were forced to give up their blue coats and take butternut instead; also to give boots in exchange for dilapidated shoes. When the dressing and undressing had been completed, but for the arms in the hands of our captors you could not tell Yank from Confed. They forced us at the point of the bayonet to repair the railroad about Chickamauga, which had been burned during the battle. During these three days they gave us once daily a few ounces of meat with a pint and a half of meal. This latter we mixed with water and baked on a chip before a fire. The men who guarded us to Richmond had been in the thick of the fight, and their humane treatment in

contrast with that of the authorities at Richmond and the stockades was not forgotten. We were very hungry, and when the train stopped for wood they allowed us, after giving our parole, to break for the woods, where we found wild grapes and muscadines. At Atlanta we were searched by officers and relieved of such trifles as we had not previously given up, or such as by sleight of hand we were unable to secrete. They did not spare us our canteens, tin cups, and spoons. At Weldon we were surrounded by many persons of both sexes, who evinced much curiosity to learn what battles we had been engaged in and the circumstances of our capture. One elderly gentleman remarked: "Yankees can't stand up against our Southern soldiers. We whip you on every battle-field. Why, one of our boys—"

"Look-a-heah, old man," said one of our guards, "I can't have you talking to these men like that; you never saw a Yank with a gun in his hands; and — you! I tell you they were hard to catch. Now you stand back!"

Passing under one of the wagon bridges that formed a railway crossing and which was covered with people, we were assailed with a shower of sticks and stones. On our arrival in Richmond, October 10, 1863, we were placed on the second floor of a tobacco building overlooking the river. Extending from the corner across the sidewalk was this sign: "Libby and Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers."

To inhale some fresh air, I immediately seated myself in an open window and was drawn in by a fellow-prisoner or I should have been shot by an outside guard. A little later we were drawn up in line and counted, and then listened to a speech from a man whom I learned later was "young Ross." He stated that for fear we might bribe our guards it would be necessary for us to give up what

money, watches, jewelry, and pocket knives we possessed. We might, he said, keep what Confederate money we had, "but greenbacks and coin must be turned over, all of which will be receipted for and returned when you are exchanged. And now, gentlemen, step up to this desk and get your receipts; after which you will all be carefully searched, and anything that you have not turned over will be confiscated." It was surprising to see the amount of property that thus passed under Confederate control. I could not understand how so much had escaped previous seizure, but the sagacity of Mr. Ross brought it to light. It was never seen by the Yankees again.

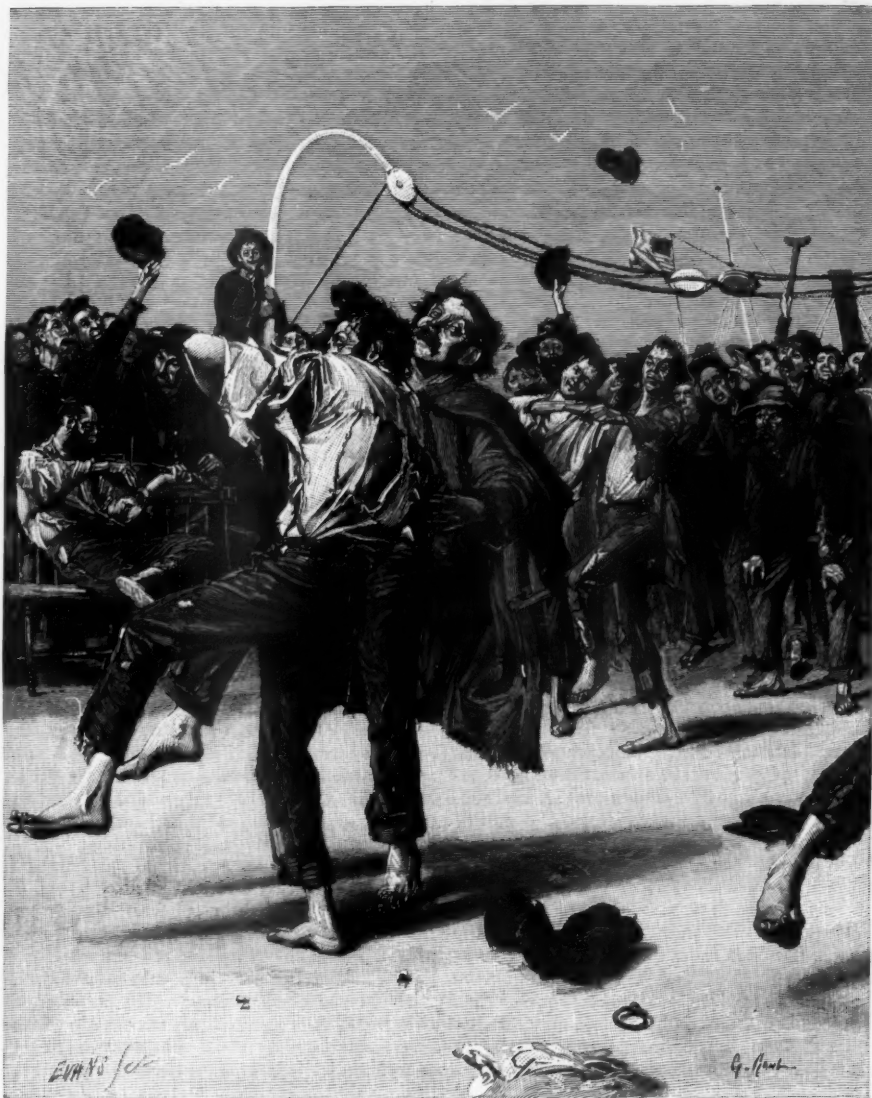
We were soon removed to the "Smiths' Building," another tobacco factory. Here we were searched as before, but the game was now hardly worth the hunt. Our rations while in Richmond we estimated at two to four ounces of beef and six to eight ounces of good wheat bread. To supplement this we made counterfeit greenbacks, which we were sometimes able to pass on unsuspecting guards. Once by cutting out the figures from a ten cent scrip, and with a little blood gluing this over the figure one in a dollar greenback, myself and three comrades bought with this bogus ten-dollar bill ninety loaves of good bread, and it was the only time while I was in the Confederacy that I made a full meal.

The morning after this we were loaded into box-cars for "exchange"; but the train moved towards Danville, which, we learned later, was our destination. As we approached the Roanoke River it was dark and raining. I had succeeded in removing the cap from the gun of one of our guards, and attempting to do the same for the other found that his was not capped. So when the river was crossed and we had cleared the houses, three of us jumped from the moving train and escaped to the woods. After five days and nights of almost superhuman effort and intense suffering we were all recaptured and taken to Danville. While here our Government sent, under flag of truce, clothing, a blanket and an overcoat, for each of us. We learned of their arrival, and there was great rejoicing; but on looking out next morning we saw our guards pacing their beats wearing blue overcoats and carrying new United States blankets. They gave us a portion, however, and our condition was much improved; but Danville looked like a Union camp. I saw here a number of recaptured prisoners undergoing the torture of buck and gag; and once, when we had dug a large tunnel from the cellar, our rations were cut off for forty-eight hours, and we were all driven to an upper room, thus crowding four hundred men into space formerly occupied by two hundred. We

were herded thus for two days, one person being permitted to descend to the yard below, and not until his return could another go. Entreaties, threats, and curses were met with bayonets, and a scene of horror ensued not to be described. About a half-dozen who lay on the opposite side of the room from me forced a window and leaped to the ground below; but they were riddled with buck-shot and not one escaped. They brought in those who were not killed outright, and we dug out some of the shot the best we could; but our remnants of knives were poorly adapted to such work, and the operation was critical. A man near me held a can of soup through an opening in the window to pour off some of the bugs. He fell, with a bullet through him. He was not killed, but he had learned his lesson.

We reached Andersonville May 20, 1864. As I passed inside, the ground seemed entirely occupied. The stockade then contained eighteen acres and eight thousand men. On all sides I heard cries of "Fresh fish!" "Look out for the dead-line!" "You can't stop here; pass on: plenty of room down the hill." I walked down the slope to unoccupied ground. My feet sank into the yielding sand, and as I retraced my steps my footprints had filled with the slimy ooze from the hillside. I would not lie on such ground except as a last resort. On the farther side of the stockade, near the dead-line, I found a smooth-faced boy named Reese. He was from Ohio, and he was slow in his speech. He always smiled when he spoke, and his smile was as sweet as a girl's, but sad as tears. He was sheltered under an old blanket stretched on three small sticks. I had secured an overcoat from the supplies sent us at Danville, and this I had traded to a guard for two United States blankets. I had stolen a sheet-iron tobacco plate from the cellar there which I had transformed into a dish. I had an old knife that I had managed to save from the searchers, and a haversack that had been carried through the Chattanooga campaign. I proposed a partnership with Reese, which, when I had shown my property, was speedily accomplished, and comparing our condition with that of thousands around us we were a pair of millionaires. He died in the pen at Florence. The three comrades with whom I escaped from the train died at Andersonville. One friend, with whom I slept, died at Charleston, and another was killed by a guard.

Prisoners kept pouring in until the number reached 23,000. The entire ground was covered until there was scarce room to move, and then the stockade was enlarged to thirty-three acres, and later the number of prisoners reached 35,000. The soft hillside by the tramping of so many feet became more solid,



RELEASED PRISONERS DANCING ON THE "STAR OF THE SOUTH." (FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.)

and thousands who had no vestige of a blanket burrowed holes to escape the heat and dew. When it rained these holes filled with water, and the occupants had to sit outside. The ration for the earlier months consisted of about four ounces of meat and a section of corn-bread four inches square by three inches thick. The bread, of unbolted meal, was baked very hard to the depth of one-half inch, while the center was raw. The bread would often be as

full of flies as a plum pudding is of fruit. As a large portion of our number drew rations after dark, the ingredients were not wasted. During the later months yams, rice, or pease were issued in lieu of meat, and meal or grits instead of bread. We had no vessels to receive these, and the steaming rice was shoveled from the wagon-box into blankets; or a man would take off his trousers, knot one of the legs, and thus receive the portion for his mess. The

same method was used in the distribution of the yams and pease, except sometimes the receptacle was a piece of underclothing.

Reese and I, with some half-dozen others, with the aid of sticks and half-canteens, dug a well something over twenty feet deep, which yielded only drops of water, but it was a great improvement over the sluggish stream which carried to us the sewage of the cook-house and the camps above. When rations were issued raw a feeble attempt was made to furnish wood. A few loads came in, so that once a week a mess of fifteen would receive two cord-wood sticks. These were so inadequate that we dug in the sand for the roots from the forest that had once covered the ground. This was done so long as a piece the size of a lead pencil remained. The heat of July and August caused Reese, and hundreds of others, to become blind after the sun went down, nor could they see until the sun rose again. We called them moon-eyed men.

All of the old prisoners had scurvy. Nine or ten months of prison life did not fail to produce it. While small-pox was epidemic in Danville the authorities caused a general vaccination. Many hundreds of these men were now attacked with a virulent gangrene. These, with the wounded, the scurvy cases, and the imbeciles, used to gather daily at the south gate to solicit medical aid. The dead were also carried there to await the opening at nine o'clock. Then Confederate doctors came in, and applied some substance to the wounds that caused them to emit smoke. This did not stop the work of the gangrene, but it killed the parasites. While the dead were accumulating I used to count thirty, forty, sixty, and more coming from all quarters of the stockade. Death came slowly. It seemed a gradual wearing out. I had noticed what I supposed was a dead soldier lying for some days near my place. He had comrades there, and at last one of us ventured to ask, "Why don't you carry that man out?" "You had better wait until he is dead." "Well, he will never be any deader than he is," was the retort. "You watch him and see." I noted him carefully for some minutes, when at last the breast heaved slightly, and emitted a faint sigh.

Passing down the hill one day a packed mass of men attracted my attention. As I pushed my way in, making inquiries, I was answered, "The hounds! The hounds!" A man sat naked on the sand. His comrades were pouring water over him. He was covered with scratches and bites from his head to his feet. His face, his breast, his back and limbs were torn and bruised. "I could have fought off the dogs," he said, "but the men cocked their revolvers and made me come down from

the tree, and then they set on the dogs until they were tired."

It was in June that a small portion of the prisoners were transformed into beasts, and began to prey upon the others. They snatched and ate the rations of the weaker ones, and they grew strong. We called them "raiders," and they grew in numbers and boldness until murder was added to theft and no one was safe. They made raids within a few steps of where I lay, and cut and bruised some men in a horrible manner. The prisoners began to organize as regulators, and armed themselves with the sticks that had supported their little shelters. The raiders, anticipating trouble, also began to organize, and called themselves regulators. The law and order men began the arrest of the raider crowd, and *they* began the arrest of the others, and even of non-combatants, that they might turn attention from themselves. The stockade was pandemonium those few days. Hundreds of half-naked men here, and hundreds there, surged to and fro, with sticks and fists for weapons. No one can say what was done. The dense crowds hid the acts of individuals, but order was victorious. A court was organized; as is well known six of the raiders were found guilty of murder and were hanged. The others, with the innocent men that had been arrested in the turmoil, were all compelled to run the gantlet, where fearful vengeance was visited upon the unfortunates.

Towards the last of August we were sent to Charleston, and later to Florence, South Carolina. There was no shelter. The weather was cold, ice forming on the little stream nightly. The rations were uncooked and more scant. There was no meat issued, and we were very weak. The punishments, as at Andersonville, involved the hounds, the buck and gag, and the chain gang. I did not see any stocks at Florence, but the commandant used to hang up by the thumbs men who had escaped and been retaken. I heard their shrieks in the long nights. Things got shadowy then. I was burning with fever and shaking to pieces. I could not eat the grits. Comrades brought me water from the swamp. I had lain so long that a depression was formed in the sand, and it was difficult to turn. I heard shots, and they said men were killed. I saw dead men carried by. Men stopped to look at me as I had looked upon others, and passed on. One said, "See how he shakes"; another, "How white that fellow is: *he* won't last long." Then there was talk of parole, and I was outside, a comrade under each shoulder. To the box-cars again — a Confederate steamer — ironclads — Fort Sumter — a transport of the United States, from the masthead of which floated the Stars and Stripes.



RELEASED—A CHEER FOR THE OLD FLAG. (FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE UNION DESPATCH-BOAT "ELIZA HANCOCK," BY WILLIAM WAUD.)

Sailors in natty uniforms leaned over the rail, and looking down upon the deck of our rusty old cockle-shell they gave us a welcome cheer. Officers on board, and others passing to and fro in small boats over the choppy sea, waved us a salute. This was the sixth time we had left prison or stockade for exchange, and it now seemed that our guards had for once told us the truth. We had often said, during the weary months from Libby to Florence, that when we should again see the old flag we would shout until we woke the echoes for miles around. But it was a feeble cheer that went up from the wrecks of men squatting on the open deck. Here and there some of the stronger ones formed knots of five or six and broke into such a wild dance or walk around, cheering, yelling, and singing the while, that they might have been regarded as maniacs loosed from their cells. Some knelt in silent prayer, and tear-drops cut faint furrows down grimy cheeks where they had long been strangers. Others swore and cursed. They cursed everybody related to the Confederacy and the things that had contributed to the hardships of their prison experience; and as if there were not material enough to curse on that side, they crossed the lines and cursed Lincoln and Grant because of the broken cartel. I hugged to my side the little bag of grits I had accumulated. The bag was made of remnants of clothing and held about a quart. I could not eat the grits, but dared not let them go until I knew we were surely free. I had starved so long that these broken kernels of corn were very precious. I was constantly hoping to barter them for something that I could eat, or possibly for a dose of quinine or some peppers. But now a gang plank was run out from an opening in the side of the transport. It was lined on each side with sailors, who pushed us rapidly along and aboard the big vessel. In the hold before us was a great stack of blue uniforms and clean underclothing complete from cap to shoes. Kind attendants too were there to assist us, and they said, "Strip now, quick: take everything off"; and then, "Throw your rags overboard," and out they went through a port-hole just overhead. They were very filthy; for they were the remnants of what we had worn a year and a half before in the Chattanooga campaign, remnants of what we had gained in traffic with our guards, remnants of what we had taken from the bodies of our dead. They had been held together by threads raveled from the stronger parts and sewed with

needles made from splinters of Georgia pine. We thought Charleston harbor a fit burying-ground for them all. As fast as dressed we were marched in two ranks to an upper deck, where we passed a small window from which was handed a loaf of bread to each of us—a pound loaf of wheat bread. At another window each received a great piece of raw fat pork—a half-pound, and the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. At still another window each got a pint cup full of steaming United States coffee.¹ It was then, when our digestive organs had something on which to work, when we were decently clothed and were at last free from the torture of vermin, that lost manhood began to return. Each did not now look upon his fellow as something to be watched and feared. We did not watch that night lest our bread should be stolen. In fact it was reported that we would receive rations again in the morning, which was hard to believe. Some after being rationed once fell into line the second and even a third time and hoarded their bread and meat. When their actions were noted they were told to take all they wanted.

Rounding Cape Hatteras much of this bread and meat was brought to light again, and for forty-eight hours the ship presented anything but the neat and trim appearance we noticed when we first went aboard. The ship's surgeon, the officers and their wives, vied with the sailors in attentions to their passengers. Five only of our number died on the trip to Annapolis, and here, after we had been again stripped, and washed, and our hair clipped close, we were put to bed between white sheets. Women came to my cot with oysters fresh from the bay, with bread and butter, jellies and pickles, with shining glass and snow-white napkins, and when I had eaten they said, "Now you just rest and sleep, and dream of home." When I was able to read the card at the head of my cot, I found, "Phthisis pulmonalis, fever, general debility; diet, —; treatment, —." I cannot remember the diet nor the treatment, but I remember well the ministrations of these women; how they hovered round my cot, touching up my pillow, and how their cool hands rested on my hot forehead. I do not know whether they were army nurses, residents of Annapolis, or members of Christian and sanitary commissions: I never knew; but the soldiers have not forgotten their ministrations, and give to woman's loyalty and patriotism a "royal three times three."

J. T. King.

¹ We called real coffee "United States coffee" to distinguish it from burnt corn, burnt corn bread or meal,

burnt sweet potatoes, etc., which we had used as substitutes and had called "Confederate coffee."



A PERIL OF THE PLAINS.

THE FIRST EMIGRANT TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).



IN the spring of 1839, —living at the time in the western part of Ohio,—being then in my twentieth year, I conceived a desire to see the great prairies of the West, especially those most frequently spoken of, in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. Emigration from the East was tending westward, and settlers had already begun to invade those rich fields.

Starting on foot to Cincinnati, ninety miles distant, I fortunately got a chance to ride most of the way on a wagon loaded with farm produce. My outfit consisted of about \$75, the clothes I wore, and a few others in a knapsack which I carried in the usual way strapped upon my shoulders, for in those days travelers did not have valises or trunks. Though traveling was considered dangerous, I had no weapon more formidable than a pocket-knife. From Cincinnati I went down the Ohio River by steamboat to the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence to Burlington,

in what was then the Territory of Iowa. Those were bustling days on the western rivers, which were then the chief highways of travel. The scenes at the wood landings I recall as particularly lively and picturesque. Many passengers would save a little by helping to "wood the boat," *i. e.*, by carrying wood down the bank and throwing it on the boat, a special ticket being issued on that condition. It was very interesting to see the long lines of passengers coming up the gang-plank, each with two or three sticks of wood on his shoulders. An anecdote is told of an Irishman who boarded a western steamer and wanted to know the fare to St. Louis, and, being told, asked, "What do you charge for 150 pounds of freight?" Upon learning the price, a small amount, he announced that he would go as freight. "All right," said the captain; "put him down in the hold and lay some flour barrels on him to keep him down."

In 1839 Burlington had perhaps not over two hundred inhabitants, though it was the capital of Iowa Territory. After consultation with the governor, Robert Lucas of Ohio, I

concluded to go into the interior and select a tract of land on the Iowa River. In those days one was permitted to take up 160 acres, and where practicable it was usual to take part timber and part prairie. After working awhile at putting up a log house — until all the people in the neighborhood became ill with fever and ague — I concluded to move on and strike out to the south and southwest into Missouri. I traveled across country, sometimes by the sun, without road or trail. There were houses and settlements, but they were scattered; sometimes one would have to go twenty miles to find a place to stay at night. The principal game seen was the prairie hen (*Tetraonidae cupido*); the prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*) also abounded. Continuing southwest and passing through Huntsville I struck the Missouri River near Keytesville in Chariton County. Thence I continued up the north side of the river till the westernmost settlement in Missouri was reached; this was in Platte County. The Platte Purchase, as it was called, had been recently bought from the Indians, and was newly but thickly settled, on account of its proximity to navigation, its fine timber, good water, and unsurpassed fertility.

On the route I traveled I cannot recall seeing an emigrant wagon in Missouri. The western movement, which subsequently filled Missouri and other Western States and overflowed into the adjoining Territories, had then hardly begun, except as to Platte County. The contest in Congress over the Platte Purchase, which by increasing the area of Missouri gave more territory to slavery, called wide attention to that charming region. The anti-slavery sentiment even at that date ran quite high. This was, I believe, the first addition to slave territory after the Missouri Compromise. But slavery won. The rush that followed in the space of one or two years filled the most desirable part of the purchase to overflowing. The imagination could not conceive a finer country — lovely, rolling, fertile, wonderfully productive, beautifully arranged for settlement, part prairie and part timber. The land was unsurveyed. Every settler had aimed to locate a half-mile from his neighbor, and there was as yet no conflict. Peace and contentment reigned. Nearly every place seemed to have a beautiful spring of clear cold water. The hills and prairies and the level places were alike

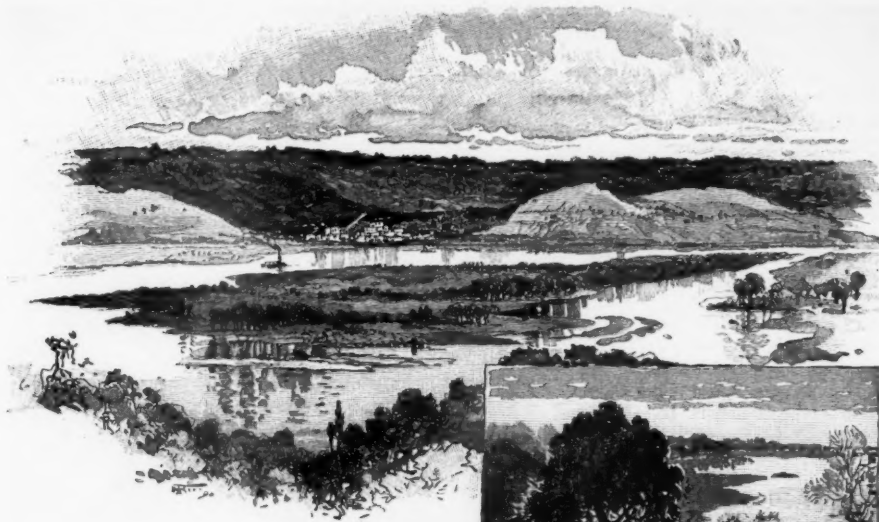
covered with a black and fertile soil. I cannot recall seeing an acre of poor land in Platte County. Of course there was intense longing on the part of the people of Missouri to have the Indians removed, and a corresponding desire, as soon as the purchase was consummated, to get possession of the beautiful land. It was in some sense perhaps a kind of Oklahoma movement. Another feature was the abundance of wild honeybees. Every tree that had a hollow in it seemed to be a bee-tree, and every hollow was full of rich golden honey. A singular fact which I learned from old hunters was that the honey-bee was never found more than seventy or eighty miles in advance of the white settlements on the



JOHN BIDWELL.
(FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN BY BRADY IN 1850.)

frontier. On this attractive land I set my affections, intending to make it my home.

On my arrival, my money being all spent, I was obliged to accept the first thing that offered, and began teaching school in the country about five miles from the town of Weston, which was located on the north side of the Missouri River and about four miles above Fort Leavenworth in Kansas Territory.



THE MISSOURI RIVER AT WESTON, FROM THE KANSAS SIDE.

Possibly some may suppose it did not take much education to teach a country school at that period in Missouri. The rapid settlement of that new region had brought together people of all classes and conditions, and had thrown into juxtaposition almost every phase of intelligence as well as of illiteracy. But there was no lack of self-reliance or native shrewdness in any class, and I must say that I learned to have a high esteem for the people, among whom I found warm and lifelong friends.

But even in Missouri there were drawbacks. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were abundant. One man, it was said, found a place to suit him, but on alighting from his horse heard so many snakes that he concluded to go farther. At his second attempt, finding more snakes instead of fewer, he left the country altogether. I taught school there in all about a year. My arrival was in June, 1839, and in the fall of that year the surveyors came on to lay out the country: the lines ran every way, sometimes through a man's house, sometimes through his barn, so that there was much confusion and trouble about boundaries, etc. By the favor of certain men, and by paying a small amount for a little piece of fence here and a small clearing there, I got a claim, and purposed to make it my home, and to have my father remove there from Ohio.

In the following summer, 1840, the weather was very hot, so that during the vacation I could do but little work on my place, and needing some supplies,—books, clothes, etc.,—I concluded to take a trip to St. Louis, which



SITE OF THE OLD STOCKADE, FORT LEAVENWORTH.

I did by way of the Missouri River. The distance was six hundred miles by water; the down trip occupied two days, and was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. But returning, the river being low and full of snags, and the steamboat heavily laden,—the boats were generally light going down,—we were continually getting on sand bars, and were delayed nearly a month. This trip proved to be the turning-point in my life, for while I was gone a man had jumped my land. Generally in such cases public sentiment was against the jumper, and it was decidedly so in my case. But the scoundrel held on. He was a bully—had killed a man in Callaway County—and everybody seemed afraid of him. Influential friends of mine tried to persuade him to let me have eighty acres, half of the claim. But he was stubborn, and said that all he wanted was just what the law allowed him. Unfortunately for me, he had the legal advantage. I had worked some now and then on the place, but had not actually lived on it. The law required a certain residence, and that the preëmptor should be twenty-one years of age or a man of family. I was neither, and could do nothing. Nearly all I had earned had been spent upon the land, and when that

was taken I lost about everything I had. There being no possibility of getting another claim to suit me, I resolved to go elsewhere when spring should open.

In November or December of 1840, while still teaching school in Platte County, I came across a Frenchman named Roubideaux, who said he had been to California. He had been a trader in New Mexico, and had followed the road traveled by traders from the frontier

we could ask him was answered favorably. Generally the first question which a Missourian asked about a country was whether there was any fever and ague. I remember his answer distinctly. He said there was but one man in California that had ever had a chill there, and it was a matter of so much wonderment to the people of Monterey that they went eighteen miles into the country to see him shake. Nothing could have been more satisfactory on the



LOW WATER ON THE MISSOURI.

of Missouri to Santa Fe. He had probably gone through what is now New Mexico and Arizona into California by the Gila River trail used by the Mexicans. His description of California was in the superlative degree favorable, so much so that I resolved if possible to see that wonderful land, and with others helped to get up a meeting at Weston and invited him to make a statement before it in regard to the country. At that time when a man moved out West, as soon as he was fairly settled he wanted to move again, and naturally every question imaginable was asked in regard to this wonderful country. Roubideaux described it as one of perennial spring and boundless fertility, and laid stress on the countless thousands of wild horses and cattle. He told about oranges, and hence must have been at Los Angeles, or the mission of San Gabriel, a few miles from it. Every conceivable question that

score of health. He said that the Spanish authorities were most friendly, and that the people were the most hospitable on the globe; that you could travel all over California and it would cost you nothing for horses or food. Even the Indians were friendly. His description of the country made it seem like a Paradise.

The result was that we appointed a corresponding secretary, and a committee to report a plan of organization. A pledge was drawn up in which every signer agreed to purchase a suitable outfit, and to rendezvous at Sapling Grove in what is now the State of Kansas, on the 9th of the following May, armed and equipped to cross the Rocky Mountains to California. We called ourselves the Western Emigration Society, and as soon as the pledge was drawn up every one who agreed to come signed his name to it, and it took like wildfire.



In a short time, I think within a month, we had about five hundred names; we also had correspondence on the subject with people all over Missouri, and even as far east as Illinois and Kentucky, and as far south as Arkansas. As soon as the movement was announced in the papers we had many letters of inquiry, and we expected people in considerable numbers to join us. About that time we heard of a man living in Jackson County, Missouri, who had received a letter from a person in California named Dr. Marsh, speaking favorably of the country, and a copy of this letter was published.

Our ignorance of the route was complete. We knew that California lay west, and that was the extent of our knowledge. Some of the maps consulted, supposed of course to be correct, showed a lake in the vicinity of where Salt Lake now is; it was represented as a long lake, three or four hundred miles in extent, narrow and with two outlets, both running into the Pacific Ocean, either apparently larger than the Mississippi River. An intelligent man with whom I boarded—Elam Brown, who till recently lived in California, dying when over ninety years of age—possessed a map that showed these rivers to be large, and he advised me to take tools along to make canoes, so that if we found the country so rough that we could not get along with our wagons we could descend one of those rivers to the Pacific. Even Frémont knew nothing about Salt Lake until 1843, when for the first time he explored it and mapped it correctly, his report being first printed, I think, in 1845.

This being the first movement to cross the Rocky Mountains to California, it is not surprising that it suffered reverses before we were fairly started. One of these was the publication of a letter in a New York newspaper giving a depressing view of the country for which we were all so confidently longing. It seems that in 1837 or 1838 a man by the name of Farnham, a lawyer, went from New York City into the Rocky Mountains for his health. He was an invalid, hopelessly gone with consumption it was thought, and as a last resort he went into the mountains, traveled with the trappers, lived in the open air as the trappers lived, eating only meat as they did, and in two or three years he entirely regained his health; but instead of returning east by way of St. Louis, as he had gone, he went down the Columbia River and took a vessel to Monterey and thence to San Blas, making his way through Mexico to New York. Upon his return—in February or March, 1841—he published the letter mentioned. His bad opinion of California was based wholly on his unfortunate experience in Monterey, which I will recount.

In 1840 there lived in California an old Rocky Mountaineer by the name of Isaac Graham. He was injudicious in his talk, and by boasting that the United States or Texas would some day take California, he excited the hostility and jealousy of the people. In those days Americans were held in disfavor by the native Californians on account of the war made by Americans in Texas to wrest Texas from Mexico. The number of Americans in California at this time was very small. When I went to California in 1841 all the foreigners—and all were foreigners except Indians and Mexicans—did not, I think, exceed one hundred; nor was the character of all of them the most prepossessing. Some had been trappers in the Rocky Mountains who had not seen civilization for a quarter of a century; others were men who had found their way into California, as Roubideaux had done, by way of Mexico; others still had gone down the Columbia River to Oregon and joined trapping parties in the service of the Hudson Bay Company going from Oregon to California—men who would let their beards grow down to their knees, and wear buckskin garments made and fringed like those of the Indians, and who considered it a compliment to be told "I took ye for an Injin." Another class of men from the Rocky Mountains were in the habit of making their way by the Mohave Desert south of the Sierra Nevada into California to steal horses, sometimes driving off four or five hundred at a time. The other Americans, most numerous perhaps, were sailors who had run away from vessels and remained in the country. With few exceptions this was the character of the American population when I came to California, and they were not generally a class calculated to gain much favor with the people. Farnham happened to come into the bay of Monterey when this fellow Graham and his confederates, and all others whom the Californians suspected, were under arrest in irons on board a vessel, ready for transportation to San Blas in Mexico, whither indeed they were taken, and where some of them died in irons. I am not sure that at this time the English had a consul in California; but the United States had none, and there was no one there to take the part of the Americans. Farnham, being a lawyer, doubtless knew that the proceeding was illegal. He went ashore and protested against it, but without effect, as he was only a private individual. Probably he was there on a burning hot day, and saw only the dreary sandhills to the east of the old town of Monterey. On arriving in New York he published the letter referred to, describing how Americans were oppressed by the native Californians, and how dangerous it was for Americans to go there. The merchants of Platte



"I TOOK YE FOR AN INJIN."

County had all along protested against our going, and had tried from the beginning to discourage and break up the movement, saying it was the most unheard-of, foolish, wild-goose chase that ever entered into the brain of man for five hundred people to pull up stakes, leave that beautiful country, and go away out to a region that we knew nothing of. But they made little headway until this letter of Farnham's appeared. They republished it in a paper in the town of Liberty in Clay County,—there being no paper published in Platte County,—and sent it broadcast all over the surrounding region. The result was that as the people began to think more seriously about the scheme the membership of the society began dropping off, and so it happened at last that of all the five hundred that signed the pledge I was the only one that got ready; and even I had hard work

to do so, for I had barely means to buy a wagon, a gun, and provisions. Indeed, the man who was going with me, and who was to furnish the horses, backed out, and there I was with my wagon!

During the winter, to keep the project alive, I had made two or three trips into Jackson County, Missouri, crossing the Missouri River, always dangerous in winter when ice was running, by the ferry at Westport Landing, now Kansas City. Sometimes I had to go ten miles farther down—sixty miles from Weston—to a safer ferry at Independence Landing in order to get into Jackson County, to see men who were talking of going to California, and to get information.

At the last moment before the time to start for the rendezvous at Sapling Grove—it seemed almost providential—along came a

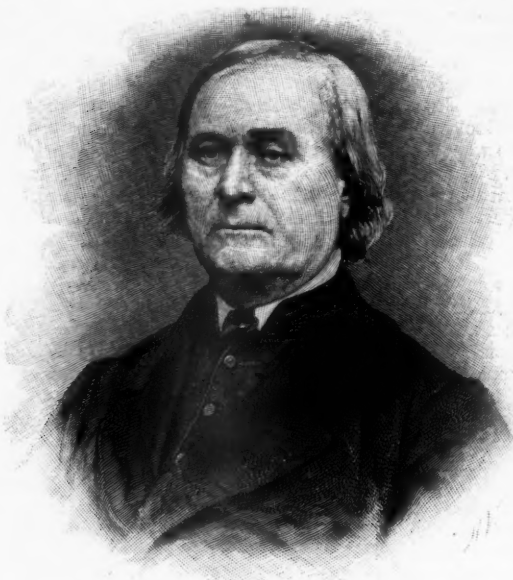
man named George Henshaw, an invalid, from Illinois, I think. He was pretty well dressed, was riding a fine black horse, and had ten or fifteen dollars. I persuaded him to let me take his horse and trade him for a yoke of steers to pull the wagon and a sorry-looking, one-eyed mule for him to ride. We went *via* Weston to lay in some supplies. One wagon and four or five persons here joined us. On leaving Weston, where there had been so much opposition, we were six or seven in number, and nearly half the town followed us for a mile, and some for five or six miles, to bid us good-by, showing the deep interest felt in our journey. All expressed good wishes and desired to hear from us. When we reached Sapling Grove, the place of rendezvous, in May, 1841, there was but one wagon ahead of us. For the next few days one or two wagons would come each day, and among the recruits were three families from Arkansas. We organized by electing as captain of the company a man named Bartleson from Jackson County, Missouri. He was not the best man for the position, but we were given to understand that if he was not elected captain he would not go; and as he had seven or eight men with him, and we did not want the party diminished, he was chosen. Every one furnished his own supplies. The party consisted of sixty-nine, including men, women, and children. Our teams were of oxen, mules, and horses. We had no cows, as the later emigrants usually had, and the lack of milk was a great deprivation to the children. It was understood that every one should have not less than a barrel of flour with sugar and so forth to suit; but I laid in one hundred pounds of flour more than

the usual quantity, besides other things. This I did because we were told that when we got into the mountains we probably would get out of bread and have to live on meat alone, which I thought would kill me even if it did not others. My gun was an old flint-lock rifle, but a good one. Old hunters told me to have nothing to do with cap or percussion locks, that they were unreliable, and that if I got my caps or percussion wet I could not shoot, while if I lost my flint I could pick up another on the plains. I doubt whether there was one hundred dollars in money in the whole party, but all were enthusiastic and anxious to go.

In five days after my arrival we were ready to start, but no one knew where to go, not even the captain. Finally a man came up, one of the last to arrive, and announced that a company of Catholic missionaries were on their way from St. Louis to the Flathead nation of Indians with an old Rocky Mountaineer for a guide, and that if we would wait another day they would be up with us. At first we were independent, and thought we could not afford to wait for a slow missionary party. But when we found that no one knew which way to go, we sobered down and waited for them to come up; and it was well we did, for otherwise probably not one of us would ever have reached California, because of our inexperience. Afterwards when we came in contact with Indians our people were so easily excited that if we had not had with us an old mountaineer the result would certainly have been disastrous. The name of the guide was Captain Fitzpatrick; he had been at the head of trapping parties in the Rocky Mountains for many years. He and the missionary party went with



WESTPORT LANDING, KANSAS CITY. (FROM A PRINT OF THE PERIOD.)



FATHER DE SMET.

us as far as Soda Springs, now in Idaho Territory, whence they turned north to the Flathead nation. The party consisted of three Roman Catholic priests—Father De Smet, Father Pont, Father Mengarini—and ten or eleven French Canadians, and accompanying them were an old mountaineer named John Gray and a young Englishman named Romaine, and also a man named Baker. They seemed glad to have us with them, and we certainly were glad to have their company. Father De Smet had been to the Flathead nation before. He had gone out with a trapping party, and on his return had traveled with only a guide by another route, farther to the north and through hostile tribes. He was genial, of fine presence, and one of the saintliest men I have ever known, and I cannot wonder that the Indians were made to believe him divinely protected. He was a man of great kind-

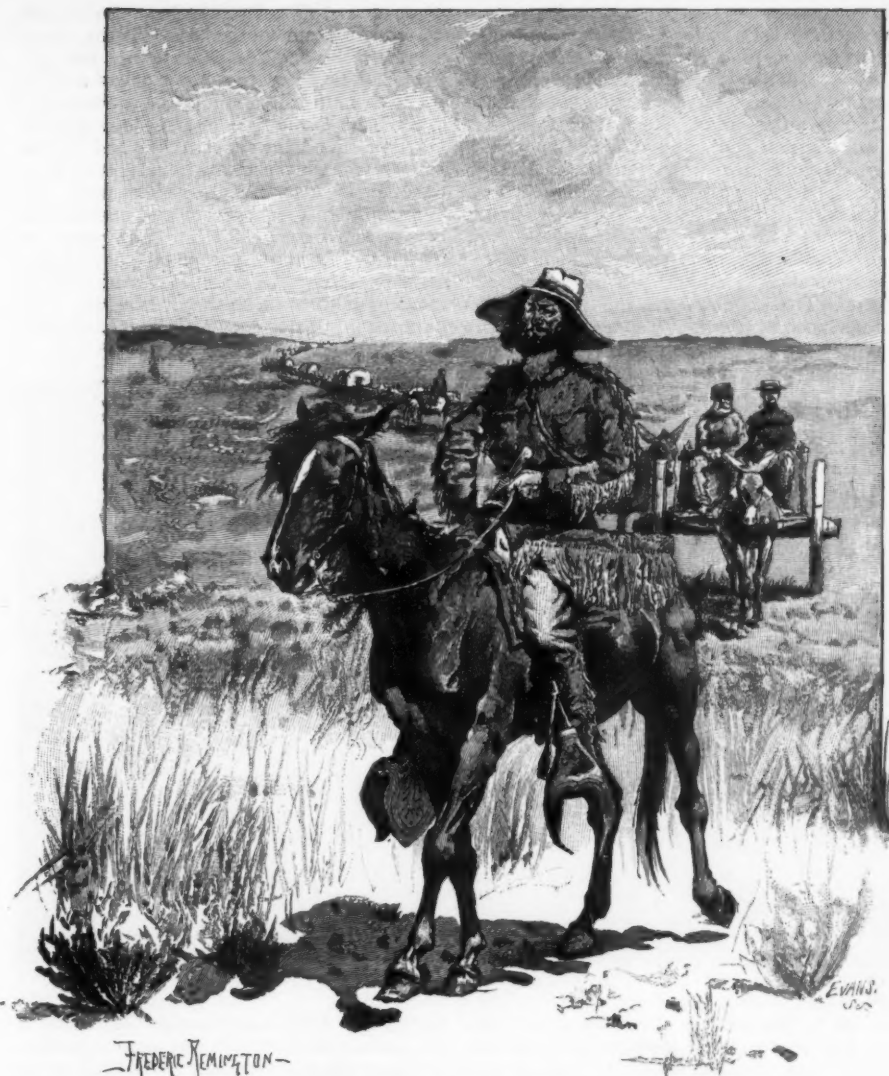
ness and great affability under all circumstances; nothing seemed to disturb his temper. The Canadians had mules and Red River carts, instead of wagons and horses,—two mules to each cart, five or six of them,—and in case of steep hills they would hitch three or four of the animals to one cart, always working them tandem. Sometimes a cart would go over, breaking everything in it to pieces; and at such times Father De Smet would be just the same—beaming with good humor.

In general our route lay from near Westport, where Kansas City now is, northwesterly over the prairie, crossing several streams, till we struck the Platte River. Then we followed along the south side of the Platte to and a day's journey or so along the South Fork. Here the features of the country became more bold and interesting. Then crossing the South Fork of the Platte, and following up the north side for a

day or so, we went over to the North Fork and camped at Ash Hollow; thence up the north side of that fork, passing those noted landmarks known as the Court House Rocks, Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, etc., till we came to Fort Laramie, a trading post of the American Fur Company, near which was Lupton's Fort, belonging, as I understood, to some rival company. Thence after several days we came to another noted landmark called



A BIT OF ROUGH ROAD.



FREDERIC REMINGTON—

ON THE WAY TO THE PLATTE.

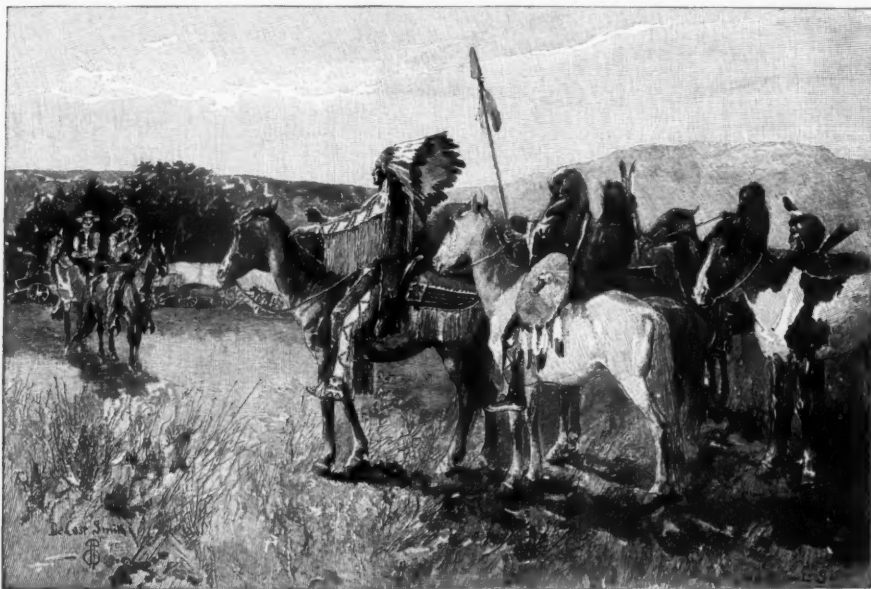
Independence Rock, on a branch of the North Platte called the Sweetwater, which we followed up to the head, soon after striking the Little Sandy, and then the Big Sandy, which empties into Green River. Next we crossed Green River to Black Fork, which we followed up till we came to Ham's Fork, at the head of which we crossed the divide between Green and Bear rivers. Then we followed Bear River down to Soda Springs. The waters of Bear Lake discharged through that river, which we

continued to follow down on the west side till we came to Salt Lake. Then we went around the north end of the lake and struck out to the west and southwest.

For a time, until we reached the Platte River, one day was much like another. We set forth every morning and camped every night, detailing men to stand guard. Captain Fitzpatrick and the missionary party would generally take the lead and we would follow. Fitzpatrick knew all about the Indian tribes, and

when there was any danger we kept in a more compact body, to protect one another. At other times we would be scattered along, sometimes for half a mile or more. We were generally together, because there was often work to be done to avoid delay. We had to make the road, frequently digging down steep banks, filling gulches, removing stones, etc. In such cases everybody would take a spade or do something to help make the road passable. When we camped at night we usually drew the wagons and carts together in a hollow square and picketed our animals inside in the corral. The wagons were common ones and of no special pattern, and some of them were

effect, to control and pacify them. Every man started his team into a run, till the oxen, like the mules and horses, were in a full gallop. Captain Fitzpatrick went ahead and directed them to follow, and as fast as they came to the bank of the river he put the wagons in the form of a hollow square and had all the animals securely picketed within. After a while the Indians came in sight. There were only forty of them, but they were well mounted on horses, and were evidently a war party, for they had no women except one, a medicine woman. They came up and camped within a hundred yards of us on the river below. Fitzpatrick told us that they would not have come

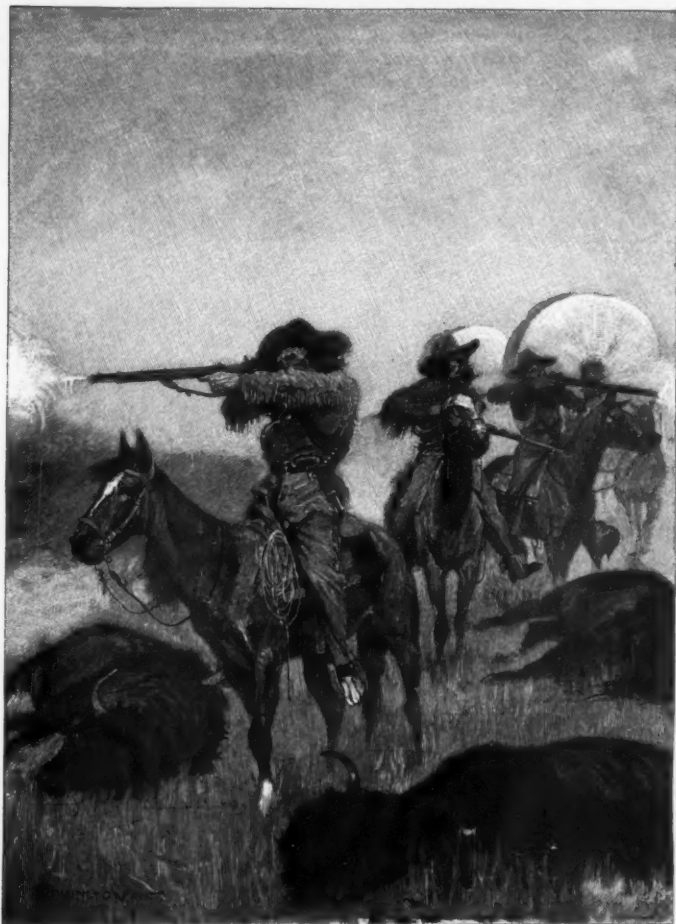


A POWWOW WITH CHEYENNES.

covered. The tongue of one would be fastened to the back of another. To lessen the danger from Indians, we usually had no fires at night and did our cooking in the daytime.

The first incident was a scare that we had from a party of Cheyenne Indians just before we reached the Platte River, about two weeks after we set out. One of our men who chanced to be out hunting, some distance from the company and behind us, suddenly appeared without mule, gun, or pistol, and lacking most of his clothes, and in great excitement reported that he had been surrounded by thousands of Indians. The company, too, became excited, and Captain Fitzpatrick tried, but with little

in that way if they were hostile. Our hunter in his excitement said that there were thousands of them, and that they had robbed him of his gun, mule, and pistol. When the Indians had put up their lodges Fitzpatrick and John Gray, the old hunter mentioned, went out to them and by signs were made to understand that the Indians did not intend to hurt the man or to take his mule or gun, but that he was so excited when he saw them that they had to disarm him to keep him from shooting them; they did not know what had become of his pistol or of his clothes, which he said they had torn off. They surrendered the mule and the gun, thus showing that they were friendly. They proved to be Cheyenne Indians.

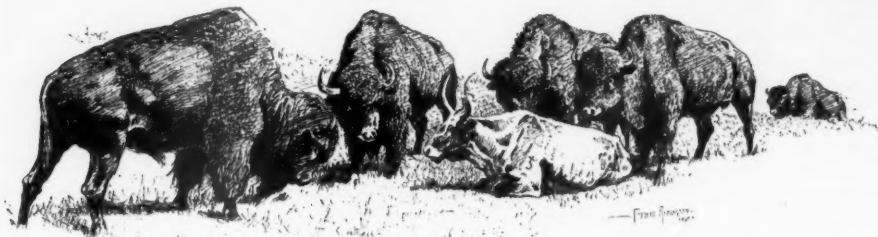


SPLITTING THE HERD.

Ever afterwards that man went by the name of Cheyenne Dawson.

As soon as we struck the buffalo country we found a new source of interest. Before reaching the Platte we had seen an abundance of antelope and elk, prairie wolves and villages of prairie dogs, but only an occasional buffalo. We now began to kill buffaloes for food, and at the suggestion of John Gray, and following the practice of Rocky Mountain white hunters, our people began to kill them just to get the tongues and the marrow bones, leaving all the rest of the meat on the plains for the wolves to eat. But the Cheyennes, who traveled ahead of us for two or three days, set us a better example. At their camps we noticed that when they killed buffaloes they took all the meat, everything but the bones. Indians were never wasteful of the

buffalo except in winter for the sake of the robes, and then only in order to get the whisky which traders offered them in exchange. There is no better beef in the world than that of the buffalo; it is also very good jerked, *i. e.*, cut into strings and thoroughly dried. It was an easy matter to kill buffaloes after we got to where they were numerous, by keeping out of sight and to the leeward of them. I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands — so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the



A RECRUIT FROM CIVILIZATION.

water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We were obliged to go out some distance from camp to turn them: Captain Fitzpatrick told us that if we did not do this the buffaloes in front could not turn aside for the pressure of those behind. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals, and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet. One cannot nowadays describe the rush and wildness of the thing. A strange feature was that when old oxen, tired and foot-sore, got among a buffalo herd, as they sometimes would in the night, they would soon become as wild as the wildest buffalo; and if ever recovered it was because they could not run so fast as the buffaloes or one's horse. The ground over which the herds trampled was left rather barren, but buffalo-grass being short and curling, in traveling over it they did not cut it up as much as they would other kinds.

On the Platte River, on the afternoon of one of the hottest days we experienced on the

plains, we had a taste of a cyclone: first came a terrific shower, followed by a fall of hail to the depth of four inches, some of the stones being as large as turkeys' eggs; and the next day a waterspout—an angry, huge, whirling cloud column, which seemed to draw its water from the Platte River—passed within a quarter of a mile behind us. We stopped and braced ourselves against our wagons to keep them from being overturned. Had it struck us it doubtless would have demolished us.

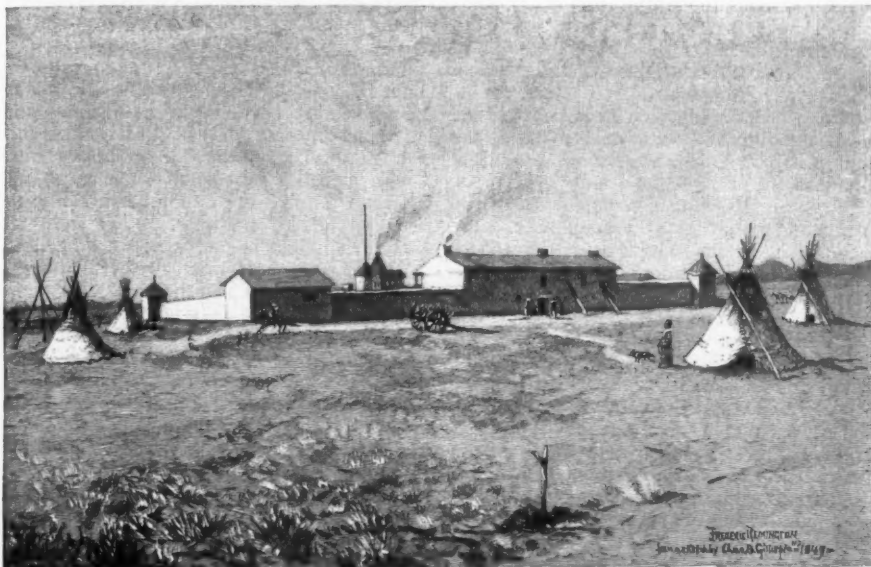
Above the junction of the forks of the Platte we continued to pass notable natural formations—first O'Fallon's Bluffs, then Court House Rocks, a group of fantastic shapes to which some of our party started to go. After they had gone what seemed fifteen or twenty miles the huge pile looked just as far off as when they started, and so they turned and came back—so deceptive are distances in the clear atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains. A noted landmark on the North Fork, which we sighted fifty miles away, was Chimney Rock. It was then nearly square, and I think it must have been fifty feet higher than now, though after we passed it a portion of it fell off. Scott's Bluffs are known to emigrants for their picturesqueness. These formations, like those first mentioned, are composed of indurated yellow clay or soft sand rock; they are washed and broken



O'FALLON'S BLUFFS FROM NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE FORKS OF THE PLATTE.

into all sorts of fantastic forms by the rains and storms of ages, and have the appearance of an immense city of towers and castles. They are quite difficult to explore, as I learned by experience in an effort to pursue and kill mountain sheep or bighorn. These were seen in great numbers, but we failed to kill any, as they in-

Mountains to whom they might sell it. This was a surprise to many of us, as there had been no drinking on the way. John Gray was sent ahead to see if he could find a trapping party, and he was instructed, if successful, to have them come to a certain place on Green River. He struck a trail, and overtook a party on



FORT LARAMIE IN 1849.

habit places almost inaccessible and are exceedingly wild.

As we ascended the Platte buffaloes became scarcer, and on the Sweetwater none were to be seen. Now appeared in the distance to the north of west, gleaming under its mantle of perpetual snow, that lofty range known as the Wind River Mountains. It was the first time I had seen snow in summer; some of the peaks were very precipitous, and the view was altogether most impressive. Guided by Fitzpatrick, we crossed the Rockies at or near the South Pass, where the mountains were apparently low. Some years before a man named William Subletts, an Indian fur trader, went to the Rocky Mountains with goods in wagons, and those were the only wagons that had ever been there before us; sometimes we came across the tracks, but generally they were obliterated, and thus were of no service. Approaching Green River in the Rocky Mountains, it was found that some of the wagons, including Captain Bartleson's, had alcohol on board, and that the owners wanted to find trappers in the Rocky

their way to the buffalo region to lay in provisions, *i. e.*, buffalo meat, and they returned, and came and camped on Green River very soon after our arrival, buying the greater part, if not all, of the alcohol, it first having been diluted so as to make what they called whisky—three or four gallons of water to a gallon of alcohol. Years afterwards we heard of the fate of that party: they were attacked by Indians the very first night after they left us and several of them killed, including the captain of the trapping party, whose name was Frapp. The whisky was probably the cause.

Several years ago when I was going down Weber Cañon, approaching Salt Lake, swiftly borne along on an observation car amid cliffs and over rushing streams, something said that night at the camp-fire on Green River was forcibly recalled to mind. We had in our party an illiterate fellow named Bill Overton, who in the evening at one of the camp-fires loudly declared that nothing in his life had ever surprised him. Of course that raised a dispute. "Never surprised in your life?" "No, I never was surprised." And, moreover,

he swore that nothing ever *could* surprise him. "I should not be surprised," said he, "if I were to see a steamboat come plowing over these mountains this minute." In rattling down the cañon of Weber River it occurred to me that the reality was almost equal to Bill Overton's extravaganzas, and I could but wonder what he would have said had he suddenly come upon this modern scene.

As I have said, at Soda Springs—at the northernmost bend of Bear River—our party separated. It was a bright and lovely place. The abundance of soda water, including the intermittent gushing so-called Steamboat Spring; the beautiful fir and cedar covered hills; the huge piles of red or brown sinter, the result of fountains once active but then dry—all these, together with the river, lent a charm to its wild beauty and made the spot a notable one. Here the missionary party were to turn north and go into the Flathead nation. Fort Hall, about forty miles distant on Snake River, lay on their route. There was no road; but something like a trail, doubtless used by the trappers, led in that direction. From Fort Hall there was also a trail down Snake River, by which trapping parties reached the Columbia River and Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company.

Our party, originally sixty-nine, including women and children, had become lessened to sixty-four in number. One had accidentally shot and killed himself at the forks of the Platte. Another of our party, named Simpson, had left us at Fort Laramie. Three had turned back from Green River, intending to make their way to Fort Bridger and await an opportunity to return home. Their names were Peyton, Rodgers, and Amos E. Frye. Thirty-two of our party, becoming discouraged, decided not to venture without path or guide into the unknown and trackless region towards California, but concluded to go with the missionary party to Fort Hall and thence find their way down Snake and Columbia rivers into Oregon.¹ The rest of us—also thirty-two in number, including Benjamin Kelsey, his wife and little daughter—remained firm, refusing to be diverted from our original purpose of going direct to California. After getting all the information we could from Captain Fitzpatrick, we regretfully bade good-by to our fellow emigrants and to Father De Smet and his party.

We were now thrown entirely upon our own resources. All the country beyond was to us

a veritable *terra incognita*, and we only knew that California lay to the west. Captain Fitzpatrick was not much better informed, but he had heard that parties had penetrated the country to the southwest and west of Salt Lake to trap for beaver; and by his advice four of our men went with the parties to Fort Hall to consult Captain Grant, who was in charge there, and to gain information. Meanwhile our depleted party slowly made its way down the west side of Bear River.

Our separation at Soda Springs recalls an incident. The days were usually very hot, the nights almost freezing. The first day our little company went only about ten miles and camped on Bear River. In company with a man named James John—always called "Jimmy John"—I wandered a mile or two down the river fishing. Seeing snow on a high mountain to the west we longed to reach it, for the heat where we were was intense. So, without losing time to get our guns or coats or to give notice at the camp, we started direct for the snow, with the impression that we could go and return by sundown. But there intervened a range of lower mountains, a certain peak of which seemed almost to touch the snow. Both of us were fleet of foot and made haste, but we only gained the summit of the peak about sundown. The distance must have been twelve or fifteen miles. A valley intervened, and the snow lay on a higher mountain beyond. I proposed to camp. But Jimmy gave me a disdainful look, as much as to say, "You are afraid to go," and quickened his gait into a run down the mountain towards the snow. I called to him to stop, but he would not even look back. A firm resolve seized me—to overtake him, but not again to ask him to return. We crossed the valley in the night, saw many Indian campfires, and gained a sharp ridge leading up to the snow. This was first brushy and then rough and rocky. The brush had no paths except those made by wild animals; the rocks were sharp, and soon cut through our moccasins and made our feet bleed. But up and up we went until long after midnight, and until a cloud covered the mountain. We were above the timber line, excepting a few stunted fir trees, under one of which we crawled to wait for day, for it was too dark to see. Day soon dawned, but we were almost frozen. Our fir-tree nest had been the lair of grizzly bears that had wallowed there and shed quantities of shaggy hair. The

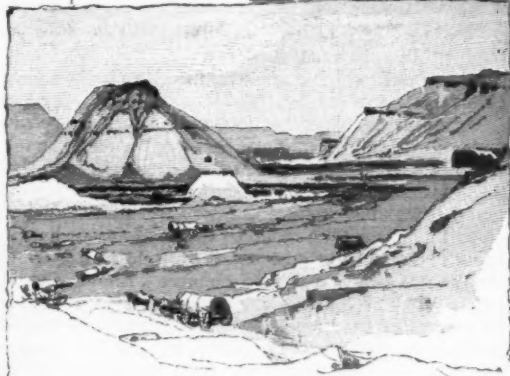
¹ Of the party leaving us at Soda Springs to go into Oregon I can now, after the lapse of forty-nine years, recall by their names only the following: Mr. Williams and wife; Samuel Kelsey, his wife and five children; Josiah Kelsey and wife; C. W. Flugge; Mr. Carroll; Mr. Fowler; a Methodist Episcopal preacher,

whose name I think was also Williams; "Cheyenne Dawson"; and another called "Bear Dawson." Subsequently we heard that the party safely arrived in Oregon, and some of them we saw in California. One (C. W. Flugge) was in time to join a party and come from Oregon to California the same year (1841).

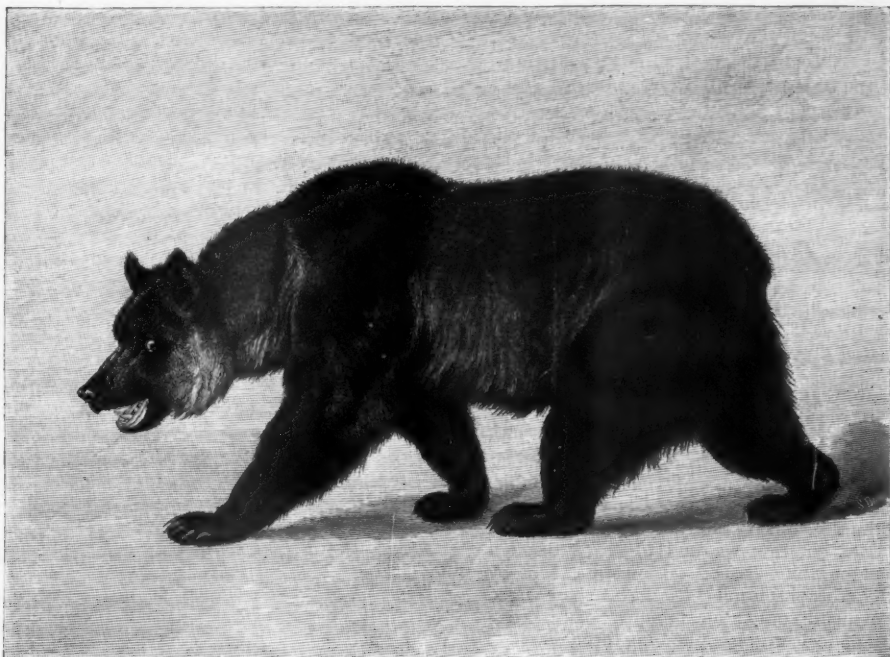


THE LARAMIE RANGE.

snow was still beyond, and we had lost both sight and direction. But in an hour or two we reached it. It was nearly as hard as ice. Filling a large handkerchief, without taking time to admire the scenery we started towards the camp by a new route, for our feet were too sore to go by way of the rocky ridge by which we had come. But the new way led into trouble. There were thickets so dense as to exclude the sun, and roaring little streams in deep, dark chasms; we had to crawl through paths which looked untrodden except by grizzlies; in one place a large bear had passed evidently only a few minutes before, crossing the deep gorge, plunging through the wild, dashing water, and wetting the steep bank as he went up. We carried our drawn butcher knives in our hands, for they were our only weapons. At last we emerged into the valley. Apparently numerous Indians had left that very morning, as shown by the tracks of lodge-poles drawn on the ground. Making haste, we soon gained the hills, and at about 2 P. M. sighted our wagons, already two or three miles on the march. When our friends saw us they stopped, and all who could ran to welcome us. They had given us up for lost, supposing that we had been killed by the hostile Blackfeet, who, as Captain Fitzpatrick had warned us, sometimes roamed through that region. The company had barricaded the camp at night as best they could, and every man had spent a sleepless night on guard. Next morning they passed several hours in scouring the country. Their first questions were: "Where have you been?" "Where have you been?" I was able to answer triumphantly, "*We have been up to the snow!*" and to demonstrate the fact by showing all the



1. THE PLATTE CAÑON. 2. BRIDGER'S FORD. 3. THE BAD LANDS OF THE OLD TRAIL NEAR DOUGLAS (NO VEGETATION). 4. ON THE OLD CALIFORNIA TRAIL OVER THE LA PRÉLE (BRANCH OF THE PLATTE).

THE GRIZZLY (*URSUS HORRIBILIS*). (FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE LATE CHARLES NAHL.)

snow I had left, which was now reduced to a ball about the size of my fist.

In about ten days our four men returned from Fort Hall, during which time we had advanced something over one hundred miles towards Salt Lake. They brought the information that we must strike out west of Salt Lake, — as it was even then called by the trappers, — being careful not to go too far south, lest we should get into a waterless country without grass. They also said we must be careful not to go too far north, lest we should get into a broken country and steep cañons, and wander about, as trapping parties had been known to do, and become bewildered and perish.

September had come before we reached Salt Lake, which we struck at its northern extremity. Part of the time we had purposely traveled slowly to enable the men from Fort Hall the sooner to overtake us. But unavoidable delays were frequent: daily, often hourly, the road had to be made passable for our wagons by digging down steep banks, filling gulches, etc. Indian fires obscured mountains and valleys in a dense, smoky atmosphere, so that we could not see any considerable distance in order to avoid obstacles. The principal growth, on plain and hill alike, was the interminable sagebrush (*Artemisia*), and often it was difficult, for

miles at a time, to break a road through it, and sometimes a lightly laden wagon would be overturned. Its monotonous dull color and scraggy appearance gave a most dreary aspect to the landscape. But it was not wholly useless: where large enough it made excellent fuel, and it was the home and shelter of the hare — generally known as the "jack rabbit" — and of the sage-hen. Trees were almost a sure sign of water in that region. But the mirage was most deceptive, magnifying stunted sage-brush on diminutive hillocks into trees and groves. Thus misled, we traveled all day without water, and at midnight found ourselves in a plain, level as a floor, incrustated with salt, and as white as snow. Crusts of salt broken up by our wagons, and driven by the chilly night wind like ice on the surface of a frozen pond, was to me a most striking counterfeit of a winter scene. This plain became softer and softer until our poor, almost famished, animals could not pull our wagons. In fact, we were going direct to Salt Lake and did not know it. So, in search of water, we turned from a southerly to an easterly course, and went about ten miles, and soon after daylight arrived at Bear River. So near to Salt Lake were we that the water in the river was too salt for us or our animals to use, but we had to use it; it would not

quench thirst, but it did save life. The grass looked most luxuriant, and sparkled as if covered with frost. But it was salt; our hungry, jaded animals refused to eat it, and we had to lie by a whole day to rest them before we could travel.

Leaving this camp and bearing northwest we crossed our tracks on the salt plain, having thus described a triangle of several miles in dimensions. One of the most serious of our troubles was to find water where we could camp at night. So soon came another hot day, and hard travel all day and all night without water! From a westerly course we turned directly north, and, guided by antelope trails, came in a few miles to an abundance of grass and good water. The condition of our animals compelled us to rest here nearly a week. Meanwhile two of the men who had been to Fort Hall went ahead to explore. Provisions were becoming scarce, and we saw that we must avoid unnecessary delay. The two men were gone about five days. Under their lead we set forth, bearing west, then southwest, around Salt Lake, then again west. After two or three fatiguing days,—one day and a night without water,—the first notice we had of approach to any considerable mountain was the sight of crags, dimly seen through the smoke, many hundred feet above our heads. Here was plenty of good grass and water. Nearly all now said, "Let us

saddles used by the trapping party, and had learned a little about how to make them. Packing is an art, and something that only an experienced mountaineer can do well so as to save his animal and keep his pack from falling off. We were unaccustomed to it, and the difficulties we had at first were simply indescribable. It is much more difficult to fasten a pack on an ox than on a mule or a horse. The trouble began the very first day. But we started—most of us on foot, for nearly all the animals, including several of the oxen, had to carry packs. It was but a few minutes before the packs began to turn; horses became scared, mules kicked, oxen jumped and bellowed, and articles were scattered in all directions. We took more pains, fixed things, made a new start, and did better, though packs continued occasionally to fall off and delay us.

Those that had better pack-saddles and had tied their loads securely were ahead, while the others were obliged to lag behind, because they had to repack, and sometimes things would be strewn all along the route. The first night I happened to be among those that kept pretty well back, because the horses out-traveled the oxen. The foremost came to a place and stopped where there was no water or grass, and built a fire so that we could see it and come up to them. We got there about midnight, but some of our oxen that had packs on had not come up, and among

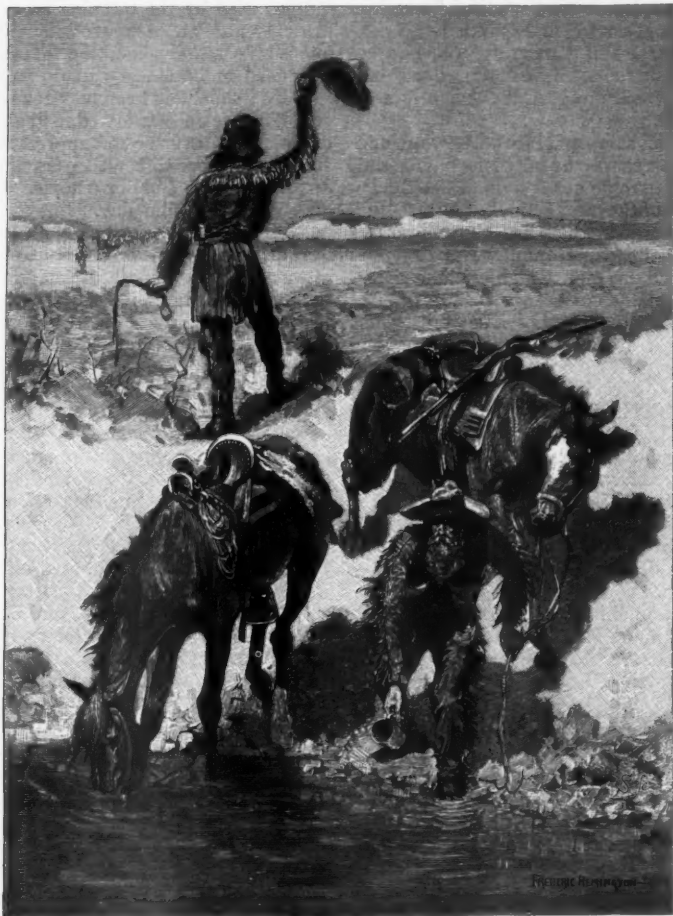


MONUMENT POINT, SALT LAKE.

leave our wagons, otherwise the snows will overtake us before we get to California." So we stopped one day and threw away everything we could not carry, made pack-saddles and packed the oxen, mules, and horses, and started.

On Green River we had seen the style of pack-

them were my two. So I had to return the next morning and find them, Cheyenne Dawson alone volunteering to go with me. One man had brought along about a quart of water, which was carefully doled out before we started, each receiving a little canister-cover full—less



WATER!

than half a gill; but as Dawson and I had to go for the oxen, we were given a double portion. This was all the water I had until the next day. It was a burning hot day. We could not find the trail of the oxen for a long time, and Dawson refused to go any farther, saying that there were plenty of cattle in California; but I had to do it, for the oxen were carrying our provisions and other things. Afterwards I struck the trail, and found that the oxen instead of going west had gone north, and I followed them until nearly sundown. They had got into a grassy country, which showed that they were nearing water. Seeing Indian tracks on their trail following them, I felt there was imminent danger, and at once examined my gun and pistols to see that they were primed and ready. But soon I found my oxen lying down in tall

grass by the side of the trail. Seeing no Indians, I hastened to fasten the packs and make my way to overtake the company. They had promised to stop when they came to water and wait for me. I traveled all night, and at early dawn came to where there was plenty of water and where the company had taken their dinner the day before, but they had failed to stop for me according to promise. I was much perplexed, because I had seen many fires in the night, which I took to be Indian fires, so I fastened my oxen to a scraggy willow and began to make circles around to see which way the company had gone. The ground was so hard that the animals had made no impression, which bewildered me. Finally, while making a circle of about three miles away off to the south, I saw two men coming on horseback. In the

glare of the mirage, which distorted everything, I could not tell whether they were Indians or white men, but I supposed them to be Indians, feeling sure our party would go west and not south. In a mirage a man on horseback looks as tall as a tree, and I could only tell by the motion that they were mounted. I made a beeline to my oxen, to make breastworks of them. In doing this I came to a small stream resembling running water, into which I urged my horse, whereupon he went down into a quagmire, over head and ears, out of sight. My gun also went under the mire. I got hold of something on the bank, threw out my gun, which was full of mud and water, and holding to the rope attached to my horse, by dint of hard pulling I succeeded in getting him out—a sorry sight, his ears and eyes full of mud, and his body covered with it. At last, just in time, I was able to move and get behind the oxen. My gun was in no condition to shoot. However, putting dry powder in the pan I determined to do my best in case the supposed Indians should come up; but lo! they were two of our party coming to meet me, bringing water and provisions. It was a great relief. I felt indignant that the party had not stopped for me—not the less so when I learned that Captain Bartleson had said, when they started back to find me, that they “would be in better business to go ahead and look for a road.” He had not forgotten certain comments of mine on his qualities as a student of Indian character. An instance of this I will relate.

One morning, just as we were packing up, a party of about ninety Indians, on horseback, a regular war party, were descried coming up. Some of us begged the captain to send men out to prevent them from coming to us while we were in the confusion of packing. But he said, “Boys, you must not show any sign of hostility; if you go out there with guns the Indians will think us hostile, and may get mad and hurt us.” However, five or six of us took our guns and went out, and by signs made them halt. They did not prove to be hostile, but they had carbines, and if we had been careless and had let them come near they might, and probably would, have killed us. At last we got packed up and started, and the Indians traveled along three or four hundred yards one side or the other of us or behind us all day. They appeared anxious to trade, and offered a buckskin, well dressed, worth two or three dollars, for three or four charges of powder and three or four balls. This showed that they were in want of ammunition. The carbines indicated that they had had communication with some trading-post belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. They had buffalo-robos also, which showed that they were a roving

hunting party, as there were no buffaloes within three or four hundred miles. At this time I had spoken my mind pretty freely concerning Captain Bartleson's lack of judgment, as one could scarcely help doing under the circumstances.

We now got into a country where there was no grass nor water, and then we began to catechize the men who had gone to Fort Hall. They repeated, “If you go too far south you will get into a desert country and your animals will perish; there will be no water nor grass.” We were evidently too far south. We could not go west, and the formation of the country was such that we had to turn and go north across a range of mountains. Having struck a small stream we camped upon it all night, and next day continued down its banks, crossing from side to side, most of the time following Indian paths or paths made by antelope and deer. In the afternoon we entered a cañon the walls of which were precipitous and several hundred feet high. Finally the pleasant bermy banks gave out entirely, and we could travel only in the dry bed of what in the wet season was a raging river. It became a solid mass of stones and huge boulders, and the animals became tender-footed and sore so that they could hardly stand up, and as we continued the way became worse and worse. There was no place for us to lie down and sleep, nor could our animals lie down; the water had given out, and the prospect was indeed gloomy—the cañon had been leading us directly north. All agreed that the animals were too jaded and worn to go back. Then we called the men: “What did they tell you at Fort Hall about the northern region?” They repeated, “You must not go too far north; if you do you will get into difficult cañons that lead towards the Columbia River, where you may become bewildered and wander about and perish.” This cañon was going nearly north; in fact it seemed a little east of north. We sent some men to see if they could reach the top of the mountain by scaling the precipice somewhere and get a view, and they came back about ten or eleven o'clock, saying the country looked better three or four miles farther ahead. So we were encouraged. Even the animals seemed to take courage, and we got along much better than had been thought possible, and by one o'clock that day came out on what is now known as the Humboldt River. It was not until four years later (1845) that General Frémont first saw this river and named it Humboldt.

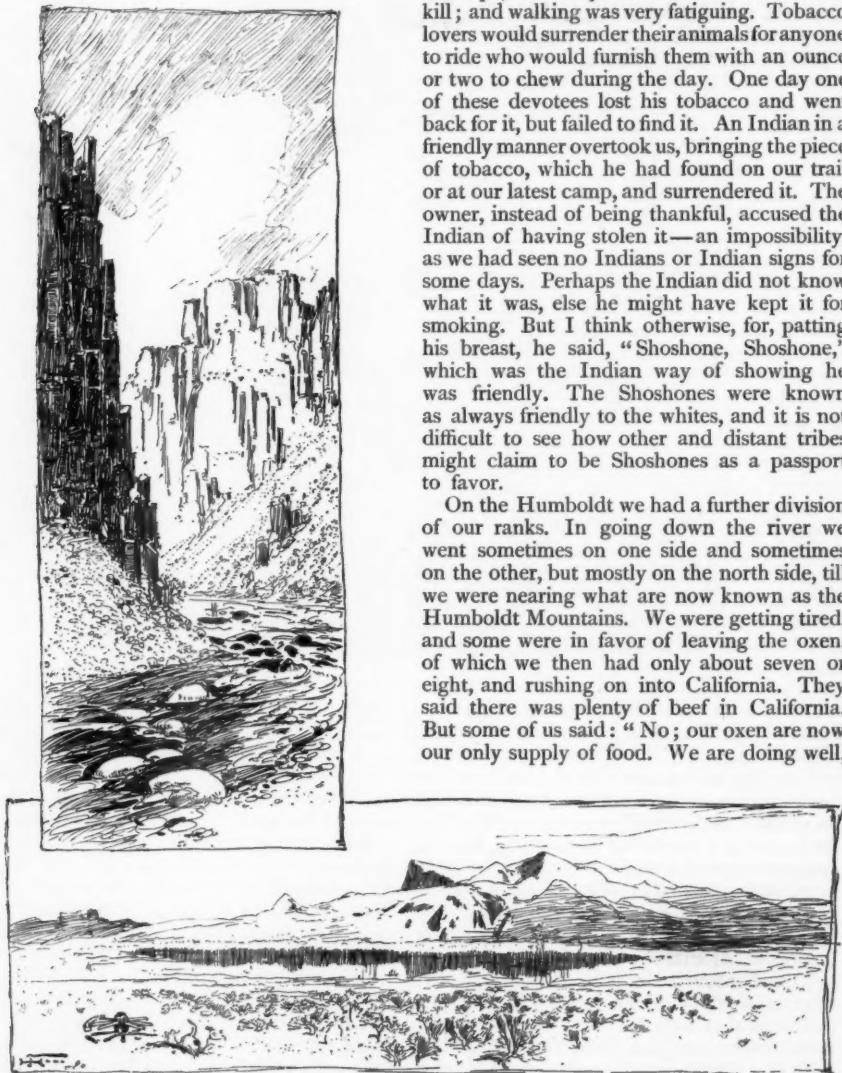
Our course was first westward and then southward, following this river for many days, till we came to its Sink, near which we saw a solitary horse, an indication that trappers had sometime been in that vicinity. We tried to catch him but failed; he had been there long enough

to become very wild. We saw many Indians on the Humboldt, especially towards the Sink. There were many tule marshes. The tule is a rush, large, but here not very tall. It was generally completely covered with honeydew, and this in turn was wholly covered with a pediculous-looking insect which fed upon it. The Indians gathered quantities of the honey and pressed it into balls about the size of one's fist, having the appearance of wet bran. At first we greatly relished this Indian food, but

when we saw what it was made of—that the insects pressed into the mass were the main ingredient—we lost our appetites and bought no more of it.

From the time we left our wagons many had to walk, and more and more as we advanced. Going down the Humboldt at least half were on foot. Provisions had given out; except a little coarse green grass among the willows along the river the country was dry, bare, and desolate; we saw no game except antelope, and they were scarce and hard to kill; and walking was very fatiguing. Tobacco lovers would surrender their animals for anyone to ride who would furnish them with an ounce or two to chew during the day. One day one of these devotees lost his tobacco and went back for it, but failed to find it. An Indian in a friendly manner overtook us, bringing the piece of tobacco, which he had found on our trail or at our latest camp, and surrendered it. The owner, instead of being thankful, accused the Indian of having stolen it—an impossibility, as we had seen no Indians or Indian signs for some days. Perhaps the Indian did not know what it was, else he might have kept it for smoking. But I think otherwise, for, patting his breast, he said, "Shoshone, Shoshone," which was the Indian way of showing he was friendly. The Shoshones were known as always friendly to the whites, and it is not difficult to see how other and distant tribes might claim to be Shoshones as a passport to favor.

On the Humboldt we had a further division of our ranks. In going down the river we went sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, but mostly on the north side, till we were nearing what are now known as the Humboldt Mountains. We were getting tired, and some were in favor of leaving the oxen, of which we then had only about seven or eight, and rushing on into California. They said there was plenty of beef in California. But some of us said: "No; our oxen are now our only supply of food. We are doing well,



THE HUMBOLDT PALISADES.—THE HUMBOLDT SINK.



TRUCKEE MEADOWS.

making eighteen or twenty miles a day." One morning when it was my turn at driving the oxen, the captain traveled so fast that I could not keep up, and was left far behind. When night came I had to leave the trail and go over a rocky declivity for a mile and a half into a gloomy, damp bottom, and unpack the oxen and turn them out to eat, sleeping myself without blankets. I got up the next morning, hunted the oxen out of the willow thicket, and repacked them. Not having had supper or breakfast, and having to travel nine miles before I overtook the party, perhaps I was not in the best humor. They were waiting, and for the very good reason that they could have nothing to eat till I came up with the oxen and one could be killed. I felt badly treated, and let the captain know it plainly; but, much to my surprise, he made no reply, and none of his men said a word. We killed an ox, ate our breakfast, and got ready to start about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. When nearly ready to go, the captain and one or two of his mess came to us and said: "Boys, our animals are better than yours, and we always get out of meat before any of the rest of you. Let us have the most of the meat this time, and we will pay you back the next ox we kill." We gladly let them have all they wished. But as soon as they had taken it, and were mounted ready to start, the captain in a loud voice exclaimed: "Now we have been found fault with long enough, and we are going to California. If you can keep up with us, all right; if you cannot, you may go to —"; and away they started, the captain and eight men. One of the men would not go with the captain; he said, "The captain is wrong, and I will stay with you, boys."

In a short time they were out of sight. We followed their trail for two or three days, but after they had crossed over to the south side of the Humboldt and turned south we came into a sandy waste where the wind had entirely obliterated their tracks. We were then thrown entirely upon our own resources. It was our desire to make as great speed as

possible westward, deviating only when obstacles interposed, and in such case bearing south instead of north, so as to be found in a lower latitude in the event that winter should overtake us in the mountains. But, diverted by following our fugitive captain and party across the Humboldt, we thereby missed the luxuriant Truckee meadows lying but a short distance to the west, a resting-place well and favorably known to later emigrants. So, perforce, we followed down to the Sink of the Humboldt and were obliged to drink its water, which in the fall of the year becomes stagnant and of the color of lye, and not fit to drink or use unless boiled. Here we camped. Leaving the Sink of the Humboldt, we crossed a considerable stream which must have been Carson River, and came to another stream which must have been Walker River, and followed it up to where it came out of the mountains, which proved to be the Sierra Nevada. We did not know the name of the mountains. Neither had these rivers then been named; nor had they been seen by Kit Carson or Joe Walker, for whom they were named, nor were they seen until 1845 by Frémont, who named them.

We were now camped on Walker River, at the very eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, and had only two oxen left. We sent men ahead to see if it would be possible to scale the mountains, while we killed the better of the two oxen and dried the meat in preparation for the ascent. The men returned towards evening and reported that they thought it would be possible to ascend the mountains, though very difficult. We had eaten our supper, and were ready for the climb in the morning. Looking back on the plains we saw something coming, which we decided to be Indians. They traveled very slowly, and it was difficult to understand their movements. To make a long story short, it was the eight men that had left us nine days before. They had gone farther south than we and had come to a lake, probably Carson Lake, and there had found Indians who supplied them plentifully with fish and pine nuts. Fish caught in such water are not fit to

eat at any time, much less in the fall of the year. The men had all eaten heartily of fish and pine nuts, and had got something akin to cholera morbus. We were glad to see them although they had deserted us. We ran out to meet them and shook hands, and put

sible to get through down the smaller cañon. I was one of them, Jimmy John the other. Benjamin Kelsey, who had shown himself expert in finding the way, was now, without any election, still recognized as leader, as he had been during the absence of Bartleson. A party



ABANDONED.

our frying-pans on and gave them the best supper we could. Captain Bartleson, who when we started from Missouri was a portly man, was reduced to half his former girth. He said: "Boys, if ever I get back to Missouri I will never leave that country. I would gladly eat out of the troughs with my dogs." He seemed to be heartily sick of his late experience, but that did not prevent him from leaving us twice after that.

We were now in what is at present Nevada, and probably within forty miles of the present boundary of California. We ascended the mountains on the north side of Walker River to the summit, and then struck a stream running west which proved to be the extreme source of the Stanislaus River. We followed it down for several days and finally came to where a branch ran into it, each forming a cañon. The main river flowed in a precipitous gorge in places apparently a mile deep, and the gorge that came into it was but little less formidable. At night we found ourselves on the extreme point of the promontory between the two, very tired, and with neither grass nor water. We had to stay there that night. Early the next morning two men went down to see if it would be pos-

sible to get through down the smaller cañon. I was one of them, Jimmy John the other. Benjamin Kelsey, who had shown himself expert in finding the way, was now, without any election, still recognized as leader, as he had been during the absence of Bartleson. A party

also went back to see how far we should have to go around before we could pass over the tributary cañon. The understanding was, that when we went down the cañon if it was practicable to get through we were to fire a gun so that all could follow; but if not, we were not to fire, even if we saw game. When Jimmy and I got down about three-quarters of a mile I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get through, and said to him, "Jimmy, we might as well go back; we can't go here." "Yes, we can," said he; and insisting that we could, he pulled out a pistol and fired. It was an old dragoon pistol, and reverberated like a cannon. I hurried back to tell the company not to come down, but before I reached them the captain and his party had started. I explained, and warned them that they could not get down; but they went on as far as they could go, and then were obliged to stay all day and night to rest the animals, and had to go about among the rocks and pick a little grass for them, and go down to the stream through a terrible place in the cañon to bring water up in cups and camp-kettles, and some of the men in their boots, to pour down the animals' throats in order to keep them from perishing. Finally, four of them

pulling and four of them pushing a mule, they managed to get them up one by one, and then carried all the things up again on their backs — not an easy job for exhausted men.

In some way, nobody knows how, Jimmy got through that cañon and into the Sacramento Valley. He had a horse with him — an Indian horse that was bought in the Rocky Mountains, and which could come as near climbing a tree as any horse I ever knew. Jimmy was a character. Of all men I have ever known I think he was the most fearless; he had the bravery of a bulldog. He was not seen for two months — until he was found at Sutter's, afterwards known as Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento City.

We went on, traveling west as near as we could. When we killed our last ox we shot and ate crows or anything we could kill, and one man shot a wild-cat. We could eat anything. One day in the morning I went ahead, on foot of course, to see if I could kill something, it being understood that the company would keep on as near west as possible and find a practicable road. I followed an Indian trail down into the cañon, meeting many Indians on the way up. They did not molest me, but I did not quite like their looks. I went about ten miles down the cañon, and then began to think it time to strike north to intersect the trail of the company going west. A most difficult time I had scaling the precipice. Once I threw my gun up ahead of me, being unable to hold it and climb, and then was in despair lest I could not get up where it was, but finally I did barely manage to do so, and made my way north. As the darkness came on I was obliged to look down and feel with my feet lest I should pass over the trail of the party without seeing it. Just at dark I came to an enormous fallen tree and tried to go around the top, but the place was too brushy, so I went around the butt, which seemed to me to be about twenty or twenty-five feet above my head. This I suppose to have been one of the fallen trees in the Calaveras Grove of *Sequoia gigantea* or mammoth trees, as I have since been there, and to my own satisfaction identified the lay of the land and the tree. Hence I concluded that I must have been the first white man who ever saw the *Sequoia gigantea*, of which I told Frémont when he came to California in 1844. Of course sleep was impossible, for I had neither blanket nor coat, and burned or froze alternately as I turned from one side to the other before the small fire which I had built, until morning, when I started eastward to intersect the trail, thinking the company had turned north. But I traveled until noon and found no trail; then striking south, I came to the camp which I had left the previous

morning. The party had gone, but not where they had said they would go; for they had taken the same trail I had followed, into the cañon, and had gone up the south side, which they had found so steep that many of the poor animals could not climb it and had to be left. When I arrived the Indians were there cutting the horses to pieces and carrying off the meat. My situation, alone among strange Indians killing our poor horses, was by no means comfortable. Afterward we found that these Indians were always at war with the Californians. They were known as the Horse Thief Indians, and lived chiefly on horse flesh; they had been in the habit of raiding the ranches even to the very coast, driving away horses by the hundreds into the mountains to eat. That night after dark I overtook the party in camp.

A day or two later we came to a place where there was a great quantity of horse bones, and we did not know what it meant; we thought that an army must have perished there. They were of course horses that the Indians had driven in there and slaughtered. A few nights later, fearing depredations, we concluded to stand guard — all but one man, who would not. So we let his two horses roam where they pleased. In the morning they could not be found. A few miles away we came to a village; the Indians had fled, but we found the horses killed and some of the meat roasting on a fire.

We were now on the edge of the San Joaquin Valley, but we did not even know that we were in California. We could see a range of mountains lying to the west, — the Coast Range, — but we could see no valley. The evening of the day we started down into the valley we were very tired, and when night came our party was strung along for three or four miles, and every man slept right where darkness overtook him. He would take off his saddle for a pillow and turn his horse or mule loose, if he had one. His animal would be too poor to walk away, and in the morning he would find him, usually within fifty feet. The jaded horses nearly perished with hunger and fatigue. When we overtook the foremost of the party the next morning we found they had come to a pond of water, and one of them had killed a fat coyote; when I came up it was all eaten except the lights and the windpipe, on which I made my breakfast. From that camp we saw timber to the north of us, evidently bordering a stream running west. It turned out to be the stream that we had followed down in the mountains — the Stanislaus River. As soon as we came in sight of the bottom land of the stream we saw an abundance of antelopes and sandhill cranes. We killed two of each the first evening.

Wild grapes also abounded. The next day we killed thirteen deer and antelopes, jerked the meat and got ready to go on, all except the captain's mess of seven or eight, who decided to stay there and lay in meat enough to last them into California! We were really almost down to tidewater, but did not know it. Some thought it was five hundred miles yet to California. But all thought we had to cross at least that range of mountains in sight to the west before entering the promised land, and how many more beyond no one could tell. Nearly all thought it best to press on lest the snows might overtake us in the mountains before us, as they had already nearly done on the mountains behind us (the Sierra Nevada). It was now about the first of November. Our party set forth bearing northwest, aiming for a seeming gap north of a high mountain in the chain to the west of us. That mountain we found to be Mount Diablo. At night the Indians attacked the captain's camp and stole all their animals, which were the best in the company, and the next day the men had to overtake us with just what they could carry in their hands.

The next day, judging by the timber we saw, we concluded there was a river to the west. So two men went ahead to see if they could

find a trail or a crossing. The timber seen proved to be along what is now known as the San Joaquin River. We sent two men on ahead to spy out the country. At night one of them returned, saying they had come across an Indian on horseback without a saddle who wore a cloth jacket but no other clothing. From what they could understand the Indian knew Dr. Marsh and had offered to guide them to his place. He plainly said "Marsh," and of course we supposed it was the Dr. Marsh before referred to who had written the letter to a friend in Jackson County, Missouri, and so it proved. One man went with the Indian to Marsh's ranch and the other came back to tell us what he had done, with the suggestion that we should go on and cross the river (San Joaquin) at the place to which the trail was leading. In that way we found ourselves two days later at Dr. Marsh's ranch, and there we learned that we were really in California and our journey at an end. After six months we had now arrived at the first settlement in California, November 4, 1841.

The account of our reception, and of my own experiences in California in the pastoral period before the gold discovery, I must reserve for another paper.

John Bidwell.

CALIFORNIANA.

Grizzly and Pioneer.

A GREAT many persons have told stories about grizzlies and about pioneers. But there is an aspect in which the grizzly and the pioneer may be said to represent the beginnings of a chapter of national folklore, or the first halting steps towards the development of a noble myth.

I remember that an old silver-freighter who walked all day long for many successive weeks across the Nevada desert, beside his high ore wagon, once said to me: "I had a curious notion lately. I thought that, perhaps, when the American frontiersman had been dead a hundred thousand years, the stories that would be written and believed about him would be like those of the demigods." My old silver-freighter was well educated, and knew his mythology better than I did. He had full faith, too, in the permanence of the myth-making spirit. "Some fellow, I don't know who," he said, "has got to stand right out to represent all this pioneering that hundreds of us have been doing for generations. It may be a fellow with buckskins and a Kentucky rifle, or it may be a fellow with a slouch hat and a mule-whip. We can't any of us tell yet awhile." Ten years later the railroad reached the camp; he bought a small California farm and settled down, as miners, prospectors, stage-drivers, and frontiersmen of every class are doing all the time.

I have often meditated upon the idea which the old teamster of the desert had evolved, in his crude way,

feeling, far better than he could express it, the influence of the fast-passing epoch. As I consider the subject, two things, the grizzly and the California pioneer, seem on the way to take such form as to outlast railroads and cities. In a lesser sense they already belong together in literature, but perhaps they are slowly and surely assuming places side by side, or at least in the same group, in a new myth of the American continent. In the course of time—in five centuries, or twenty centuries—it may be that two giant shadows of the past, the Argonaut and his grizzly, will loom up over the Sierras, as Hercules and his Nemean lion in the legends of the Greeks.

No man is ever able to say of those things which lie within the present reality: "This is to perish; that is to broaden and grow, striking roots into universal nature until all men bear witness to its immortality." Nevertheless, when the last grizzly has perished, when the old race of miners is as far lost in traditions as the first Cornishman who picked up stream-tin, or the first iron-smelters of the Andreaswald who fought the Saxon invaders, when the great Californian valleys and all the shining slopes of the long, parallel mountain ranges beside the Pacific are clothed with continuous gardens and orchards, and mighty and populous cities grow from the villages of to-day, there ought to be a background of sublime fable to inspire poet, artist, and sculptor.

It is the first step towards a myth that always proves the most difficult. Already, the world over, men have come to know the old cañon-keeper and forest-dweller

as "the grizzly," not the grizzly bear. He has become differentiated, and is on the way to still further separation from other bears, and other creatures of the high order that furnish noble subjects for art. Sometime, I am sure, an American Thorwaldsen will know how to hew a Sierra grizzly out of some gray cliff of Rocklin granite, and there it will remain while the world endures, supreme as the Lion of Lucerne. Some day an American Barye will create in bronze a massive grizzly, lord of the land of pines and sequoias, calm and terrible as a Numidian lion. Perhaps in the day of battle, a thousand years hence, in some wild Sierra pass, the free men of the mountains, changing the course of history, and broadening the California myth to a world myth, will make the American Grizzly for all time such a name as the Lion of England, or the ancient Winged Bull of Assyria.

The Pacific Coast, a land larger in extent, more varied in soil, climate, and resources, than that western third of Europe from Gibraltar to the Arctic Circle, has already adopted the grizzly in its common speech. Where the oriental sage said of the wise man that he walked forth "alone, like the rhinoceros," the similar comparison known to the man of the land between Arizona and Alaska has been a comparison with the grizzly. A man is said to be "as strong as a grizzly," or as dreadful when aroused, or as much of a boss, or "a regular grizzly of a fellow." It is not a light phrase; it goes deep down to the roots of the matter; it is the last word said.

By a thousand camp-fires since the first trappers met grizzlies in the Rockies men have told stories of the mighty creature, and when the last grizzly is gone from the cañons the body of literature that will continue to grow up about him may some day be like the marvelous dragon literature that has sprung from the bones of the pterodactyl. The grizzly in his best estate has not only no equal for strength and dignity in the "three Americas," but he rivals the lion and tiger. Civilization is claiming his haunts so rapidly that two or three generations will see him as extinct as the saber-toothed tiger or the great cave-bear of Europe. This early perishing may give the grizzly another advantage in his progress towards a permanent place in art and literature.

Again, the grizzly stories that frontiersmen tell have all the unconscious dignity of their subject; they rise at times to the height of an epic of the Sierras, and they possess a singular vitality. One must gather them up from explorers like Lewis and Clarke, Kit Carson and St. Vrain, from placer-miners' stories of '49, from Spanish-Californian missions and stock-ranches, and from the lonely American preëmptors' cabins in the Siskiyou. One must cast aside the mere "newspaper yarns" invented by men who never saw a grizzly. Then one discovers this fundamental fact—that the grizzly has somehow impressed himself irrevocably upon the imagination of the man of the Pacific Coast, and this in a way that the black and brown bears have never yet done to any people. In the delightful German tales Bruin is a good-natured, stupid fellow, whom one cannot but like even while smiling over his adventures. The bear in the negro folk-lore of the

South assumes much the same place. But the grizzly stands apart, so different in his very nature, and so impressive in every aspect, that another long step towards the creation of a noble and satisfactory myth appears to have been taken by the pioneers, the true myth-builders and makers of literature in their log-cabins, by their winter fires. How long a step has thus been gained we shall know better when the grizzly is gone from the Sierras. Perhaps the folk-lore of the American Indians will help the development of the myth, but it seems to me that it will be on Aryan lines.

What figure may fitly stand beside the grizzly, as the grizzly will look to men a thousand years hence, when mighty bulks of rough-hewn stone set forth his majestic strength in every American city, and we leave dragons, gryphons, and phenixes to the countries where they belong? The grizzly is American to the backbone, and his qualities are appreciated wherever he is known. His companion is to be found, if anywhere, in the first American pioneer of the Rockies and Sierras, the Gold Seeker, brave, rugged, and honest as the grizzly himself. My old silver-freighter had a glimpse of the truth. "Some fellow has got to stand up and represent the whole crowd." The fact of the growing grizzly legend helps one's imagination to seize upon the more complex fact of the growing pioneer legend, which, like the other, needs only time for its fulfilment.

The Argonaut—let us call him that because he seems to like it best—has even fewer years remaining than the grizzly. Name him as you will,—prospector, placer-miner, frontiersman of the Pacific Coast, son of four generations of pioneers; call him Californian or Arizonian, whichever you choose,—there he stands at the end of the road; and though he spreads out his grasp to Alaska and Mexico, the continent is crossed, and he is disappearing, as priest and *vagabond* disappeared before him.

Strange indeed is the law of the growth of the myth-spirit, which works continually among men, but only at long intervals to full achievement. The goddess of myths either seizes upon the first of a type to lift it to the stars, or else she waits until the last of the race of heroes goes forth, Sigurd-like, to his death, before she pours her cup of immortality on his name and line. Men hear of Volung because of his son's son who rode the Glittering Heath. The goddess may not choose among the founders of the Atlantic colonies with their heroic histories. Perhaps she will not even take the buckskin-clad Boones and Crocketts, though over them her spirit still hangs uncertain. If it may not be trapper nor hunter, voyageur, guide, nor pioneer of the Atlantic slope, or the Mississippi Valley, what is more likely than that the imagination of the race will sometime, when the last pioneer is dead, crystallize the story of the whole westward march into some Sierra Titan leaning upon his mighty pick, as Thor upon his Mjölñir? The hills will be empty of gold; the waters will have reclaimed the deserts; new conditions of life may have come to pass over all the lands from Maine to California. But every child will hear the stories of old-world dragons and new-world grizzlies; of old-world giants and new-world pioneers.

Charles Howard Shinn.

HOW LONDON IS GOVERNED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLASGOW: A MUNICIPAL STUDY."



METROPOLITAN London, the greatest and most enlightened city this world has ever seen, has never had a legal existence, a fixed boundary line, or a municipal government.

For limited purposes the metropolis became last year an administrative county and acquired a representative council; but previous to the new local government act, which gives all the counties of England elective councils, the metropolis had no distinct organization or corporate form. London, the ancient City, had maintained its old-time bounds and its venerable charters; but its area was only one square mile and its resident population was only fifty thousand, while "Greater London" had attained a population fully a hundred times as large, spread over an area of at least five hundred square miles. Greater London lay in the three counties of Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, with huge suburbs in Essex and encroaching outposts in Hertfordshire. It was governed in the most anomalous manner by Parliament directly as an interposing providence, by the ministers of the Crown, by the magistrates of the several counties, by special boards and commissions, and by many scores of parish vestries and other minor local authorities. The acts of Parliament that affected one feature or another of the administration in whole or in part of the metropolitan area were legion, and were scattered through the statute-books of centuries. Truly this great aggregation of people and interests had a perplexingly intricate organization. But still it was somehow governed. Its vast expanding life as one social, commercial, and industrial entity found its organs.

How London has been governed in the past, how it is governed at present, how it is meeting the various social and economic problems of modern metropolitan life—these are questions eminently worthy of consideration by all who would study municipal matters. For London is the capital not only of the British Empire, but in some sense also of the whole world. Its experiences are of universal interest and importance. In it the new forces of urban life are at work in most significant ways. It is slowly but surely evolving central municipal institutions that shall meet its peculiar needs. Its population is waking

up with a sense of unity and with an appreciation of great things to be done through united municipal action for the common welfare. It is only lately that the people of advanced industrial nations have learned to accept the fact that life in cities under artificial conditions must be the permanent lot of the great majority, and that it is the business of society to adapt the urban environment to the needs of the population. Life in the modern city should not be an evil or a misfortune for any class. There should be such sanitary arrangements and administration as to make the death rate of the great city smaller than that of the nation as a whole. There should be such educational facilities as to insure to all the young people of a city the most suitable physical, intellectual, and industrial training. The masses of people in London are rising to some faint perception of these truths, and they are beginning to clamor for social and governmental reforms. The immediate future of London is fraught with magnificent possibilities. From the extreme of chaos, disorganization, and uncontrolled freedom of individual action, it is not impossible that the great metropolis may a generation hence lead all the large cities of the world in the closeness and unity of its organization and in the range of its municipal activities. Municipal socialism has a better outlook in London than in Paris or Berlin, although as yet London has given fewer tangible evidences of this trend than has any other center of civilization. However that may be, the London questions have assumed an extraordinary importance in England, and to understand them reasonably well it is necessary to review and analyze with some care the government of London.

BRITISH MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE ever-memorable reform act of 1832, which gave representation in Parliament a modern and rational basis, was soon followed, as a part of the reform program of the day, by a general municipal government act which abolished the ancient and exclusive privileges of the merchants and trades guilds and enlarged the municipal corporations to the inclusion of the whole body of citizens paying a certain minimum amount of rates. This act of 1835 is the most signally important piece of

legislation in all the history of modern city governments. Similar to it, and a part of the same general movement, were the act of 1833, reforming the Scotch municipalities, and that of 1840, which rendered a like service to those of Ireland. Apart from minor differences in the three acts, this legislation gave a uniform framework of municipal government to practically all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom. It preserved the old-time government by mayors, aldermen, and councilors, while doing away with close corporations and throwing open the municipal franchise to the new classes of electors who had received the borough parliamentary franchise in the reform of 1832, the councilors becoming the direct representatives of the burgesses or citizens. I have recently described the working of one of these reformed city governments in the pages of this magazine; and Glasgow may suffice as a type of the simply, and therefore effectively, organized municipality of Great Britain, in which the whole administrative authority centers in the town council, as an elective committee of the citizens, the mayor being the annually designated presiding officer of the council. Half a century witnessed much additional legislation, which was embodied in the great municipal government consolidation act of 1882; but the general plan of 1835 remains unchanged because experience has given it the stamp of thorough approval. It is not a little strange that none of our American States has seen fit to adopt the superior and strictly republican model of a city constitution that works so well in England, and that is so obviously suited to American conditions.

But London was excluded from the operation of this act that gave healthy and popular representation to all the other large communities of England. The situation of London was exceptional, and Lord Russell announced that its reform must be made the subject of a separate act. For more than fifty years that promised reconstruction and modernization of London government has been awaited in vain, except in so far as various special enactments are to be regarded as advance instalments of reform—the new administrative county government being a very substantial instalment.

The conditions of mediæval town life seem to have been fairly well met by a local government that was in the hands of the organized mercantile and trade bodies. It was these associations of burgesses who secured the old borough charters and revived the local liberties that had languished under feudal tyranny. But when in the later days the organization of industry was revolutionized, and the towns were growing at an unprecedented rate under the new forces of modern life, the government

by the self-perpetuating gilds became totally obsolete and inadequate. The gilds had remained as close corporations with their old names and old privileges, but they included few, sometimes none, of the actual working members of the trades whose names they bore, and they had no longer any relation to the industrial life, nor were they in any sense representative of the community at large. In short, their pretenses to exclusive governmental authority had become absurd and intolerable. Elsewhere they were disbanded and their accumulated estates were applied to public objects, or else they survived merely as social or mutual-benefit clubs; but in the City of London they held their ground, and they survive to-day, their authority being only slightly diminished.

THE GILDS OF LONDON.

LET us examine briefly the survival of old-time municipal government as it exists within the narrow bounds of London proper, before passing to the discussion of the great metropolis that has overflowed the limits of the old City walls. There are nearly eighty of the so-called City companies, these being the survivors of the mediæval gilds. They are commonly known as the Livery Companies, because on occasions of ceremony their members of the higher grade wear distinctive garbs that date from the reign of Edward III. The twelve principal companies, in the order of precedence, are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers. It might seem superfluous to give the long list of minor companies; but each name contains a picture of the old London life of periods when nearly all the reputable citizens were grouped as members of these quaint callings. Alphabetically arranged, and omitting the twelve already named, the London companies are: Apothecaries, Armourers and Braziers, Bakers, Barbers, Basket Makers, Blacksmiths, Bowyers, Brewers, Broderers (Embroiderers), Butchers, Carmen, Carpenters, Clockmakers, Coach and Coach-Harness Makers, Cooks, Coopers, Cordwainers, Curriers, Cutlers, Distillers, Dyers, Fanmakers, Farriers, Fellowship Porters, Feltmakers, Fletchers, Founders, Framework Knitters, Fruiterers, Girdlers, Glass-sellers, Glaziers, Glovers, Gold and Silver Wire-drawers, Gunmakers, Horners, Innholders, Joiners, Leathersellers, Loriners, Makers of Playing Cards, Masons, Musicians, Needlemakers, Painters, Parish Clerks, Pattern Makers, Pewterers, Plasterers, Plumbers, Poulterers, Saddlers, Scriveners, Shipwrights,

Spectacle Makers, Stationers, Tallow Chandlers, Tinplate Workers, Turners, Tylers and Bricklayers, Upholders, Watermen and Lightermen, Wax Chandlers, Weavers, Wheelwrights, Woolmen.

The companies were originally designed to regulate the callings whose names they bear, and to benefit the members and their families in various ways. They became incorporated, and at length they assumed joint control of the government of the City. Admission to them was by the four methods of purchase, patrimony, apprenticeship, and honorary vote, all of which remain in vogue, although the apprenticeship is now, of course, a mere matter of form. The gilds are societies of gentlemen. Great endowments have accumulated from the rise in value and the gradual increase of modest estates or charity trust funds that were acquired by the companies for the most part several hundred years ago.

The aggregate annual income of the London gilds is not far from \$5,000,000, most of it being derived from the rents of the house property that they own in all quarters of the metropolis. They have estates in many parts of England also, and the capitalized value of all their holdings would probably far exceed \$100,000,000. The Mercers and Drapers are the richest, with incomes of \$400,000 or \$500,000 each; while the Goldsmiths, Clothworkers, and Fishmongers are reputed to be worth \$250,000 or \$300,000 a year. A number of other companies are very wealthy, while many of the minor gilds have trifling incomes. Half of the companies have their own halls, many of which are among the notable architectural survivals of the old-time London; and most of those which are without their separate buildings transact their business at the central Guildhall. About one-fourth of the income of the companies is derived from charitable trust property, and is devoted to the support of almshouses, to educational purposes, and to general charity. A large part of the remaining sums is spent in lavish ways, not less than half a million dollars a year going for banquets and entertainments. In many of the companies the members are paid solid cash for attending ordinary meetings. Membership varies from a mere handful of men in the smallest companies to about 450 in the largest, the average being not far from 100, and the total membership of the entire number being about 7000.

THE "CITY" AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

THE resident population of the City of London proper, as has been said, was fifty thousand by the last census. The "City" is a business district, with a day population of a

million souls, nineteen-twentieths of whom reside in Greater London. The members of the gilds do not, of course, to any extent live in the City. But those who reside within a radius of twenty-five miles are entitled to have a part in the City's government. They vote, in one or another of the twenty-six City wards, for aldermen and common councillors. Each ward elects an alderman for life, and each elects a number of common councillors for a one year's term. The common council has two hundred and six members. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councillors form a great court or governing body that controls all the affairs of the City. Recent legislation has made it possible for resident householders to assist in electing councillors and aldermen; but the affairs of the municipal corporation remain practically in the hands of the close and self-perpetuating gilds. The Lord Mayor—whose jurisdiction, it should be understood, extends only throughout the limits of the small inner City—is chosen annually from the ranks of the aldermen. The Court of Common Hall selects two aldermen who have served as Sheriff of London, and from these two the group of aldermen designate one to fill the office of Lord Mayor. Re-election to that office is an honor rarely bestowed. When the year is ended, the Lord Mayor turns the Mansion House over to his successor and continues to serve the City as an alderman who has "passed the Chair." Of the present aldermen about half have "passed the Chair," *i. e.*, have served their year as Lord Mayor. The Queen almost invariably bestows knighthood upon the Lord Mayor, and he emerges from his brief and always exceedingly expensive months of lavish entertaining in the Mansion House with the handle of "Sir" to his name.

The City corporation, with its headquarters in the noble old Guildhall, has, like the individual companies, large estates, chiefly in the form of house property; and it also owns the great markets of London. Its affairs are administered by committees of the council. The City proper has its own separate police system, its street and drainage authorities, its educational work, and its various functions. Its "livery-men," or gild-men, besides voting for members of Parliament in the districts where they actually live, assist in electing two members for the City of London. It is not to be disputed that the corporation of London, with its constituent gilds, has become a great privileged monopoly, held together by the powerful but selfish interest of some seven thousand influential men. It was perhaps in 1873 that Mr. Gladstone in a speech at Nottingham declared that the London gilds must be reformed and their great sums of money devoted

to public purposes. Previous to that utterance the livery-men were to a considerable extent Liberal in politics, but since then they have become almost unanimously Conservative. In 1880 a parliamentary commission was appointed to inquire into the history, status, and revenues of the London companies; and its voluminous report, published in 1884, is marvelously interesting. This commission, composed of men of the highest weight and authority, advised the reform of the gilds by law, and the application of their properties to public uses.

Recent years have witnessed on the part of the workingmen and the Liberals of Greater London a series of determined assaults upon the companies; but as yet there has been no result except a marked change in the conduct of these societies. They have begun to make a large use of their funds for the purchase of parks and open spaces in and about the great metropolis, and for the endowment of technical and general education, principally in London, but also in other parts of the British Islands. The "City and Guilds of London Institute," endowed by a number of the companies, supports great central institutions for technical education, and it subsidizes night classes in the practical trades throughout the United Kingdom. Two or three of the companies are contributing heavily to the maintenance of polytechnic institutes and "people's palaces" for the young working folk of London.

Sooner or later the gilds will be obliged to surrender their political and municipal privileges, and public opinion will compel them to account openly for their funds. Possibly their endowments may be construed by Parliament as public trusts, and devoted by law, after the analogy of the old London parochial charity endowments, to the promotion of the general welfare of the metropolitan masses. However that may be, the County Council, as the representative of the aroused and gradually centralized municipal life of the Greater London, will eventually undermine the venerable charters and privileges of the City, and will reduce the central district to the status of one of a series of subordinate parts of an inclusive municipal corporation. This survival of the unreformed medieval borough will pass away within a few years; and those who have never seen a Lord Mayor's show on the 8th of November should not postpone the sight too long.

GREATER LONDON'S BOUNDARIES.

BUT we must turn from this anomaly, this fossilized relic of medievalism, to the vast modern city in which it is embedded. What are

the bounds of Greater London? There are a hundred or more diminutive old parishes within the area of the inner, the technical London. Outside this center, parish after parish has been invaded by the steadily extending rows of brick houses and the metropolitan street system. At least a hundred thousand people are added every year to this great aggregation that we popularly call London. One may go east or north or south or west from Charing Cross and almost despair of ever reaching the rim of the metropolis. In fact, at the time of the reform acts, between fifty and sixty years ago, the city had confessedly grown beyond all knowledge and control. It covered scores of parishes, each of which was governed upon ancient rural lines by an elected Board of Vestrymen whose business it was to provide for street-making, paving, drainage, public lighting, and other concerns, and to levy the rates wherewith to pay the cost of parochial government. No two parishes were governed exactly alike. There was little or no accountability on the part of local officers. No interest was taken in the election of vestrymen. One parish knew nothing about the affairs of another. The West End parishes knew less about those of East London than they knew about Calcutta or Hong Kong. Within the continuously built area there were several hundred separate local authorities. Scores of old villages had been swallowed up by the ever-encroaching metropolis, and rural conditions had given place to those of urban life.

There was a certain unmistakable organic unity in the metropolis; yet no political organization corresponding to that unity had been effected. Numerous affairs essentially important called for united action. But the absence of central agencies left the city to grow of itself, without regulation and without intelligent plans. When the vast developments of modern industry and commerce began fairly to appear, the necessity for measures recognizing the metropolis as a whole became absolutely imperative. Fortunately Parliament could be appealed to in cases of dire emergency; and the British Parliament may indeed be said to have been the governing body of London from the moment when it began to be regarded as something more than a network of contiguous parishes covered with houses.

The earliest recognition of the unity of London was shown by the general government in its provision for the registry of vital statistics. London, according to the Registrar-General, was not merely the ancient City, but the larger populated district. The old so-called Bills of Mortality, dating from the plague of 1592, prior to which deaths were not officially recorded, were from time to time extended to

include larger areas as the outside population grew. In 1838 this wider area came to be definitely known as the Registrar-General's district. It then contained 44,816 acres, or just seventy square miles. It was afterwards extended several times, but for many years it has remained fixed at 75,334 acres, or about 118 square miles. This district is practically identical with that which was adopted as the metropolis in 1855 for the purposes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and which was adopted again in 1870 as the sphere within which the newly formed School Board for London should operate. And it has now, by the law which became operative early in 1889, and which detaches its parts from the counties of Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, been erected into a separate administrative county. This, then, must be taken as the present official limit of Metropolitan London. The London of the Metropolitan Parliamentary Boroughs has until very lately remained an area nearly identical with the seventy square miles of the reform period of fifty years ago; but it now includes $125\frac{1}{4}$ square miles, and is therefore larger, by a district covering seven square miles, than the new county. But the Central Criminal Court District, which is regarded as another of the London boundaries, comprises more than 268,000 acres, or 420 square miles.

Finally, the Metropolitan Police District contains 690 square miles, and includes all within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross. This district is now called "Greater London" in distinction from the Metropolis, in the weekly returns of the Registrar-General. The multiplicity of boundaries is somewhat confusing. But henceforth "London" or "the Metropolis" will be commonly regarded as the county area, and "Greater London" will designate in a general way the whole urban population most of which is included in the Metropolitan Police District. The census of 1881 gave the City of London 50,652 people, found 3,834,354 within the area now known as the Metropolis or the County of London, and enumerated a total of 4,776,661 in the "Greater London" of the Metropolitan Police District. The census of 1891 will show that the County now includes decidedly more than 4,000,000 people, and that there are within the police circumscription about 5,500,000. The estimate of 6,000,000 or 6,500,000 people living within twenty miles of Charing Cross may not be regarded as extravagant. And popularly speaking these people are all Londoners. Ultimately the official bounds of the municipality will include them. This larger area is not as yet densely peopled, and it will be made to accommodate several millions more.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

We are too frequently disposed to think of the rapid growth of our American cities as merely incidental to the settlement of a new country, and to regard the European cities as old and stationary. It is true that their *nuclei* are ancient, but so far as the greater part of their built-up area is concerned they are almost or quite as new as the American cities. They, like our own population centers, have grown unprecedentedly in recent decades as the result of modern transportation and industrial systems. Thus London to-day is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time, the population of London grew to 1,500,000 in 1830; and by 1855 it had increased to 2,500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled. The present sovereign has witnessed a gain of two hundred per cent. or more since she began to reign. There are three or four dwelling-houses now for every one that was visible at the date of her coronation. In the past forty years from 2000 to 2500 miles of new streets have been formed in London. Who, studying the growth of foreign cities, can doubt the continued growth of our own? London is not an exception. All the other great towns of England have grown up as by magic within this century. And the same statement applies to those of the Continent. Paris is five times as large as it was in the year 1800; Berlin has grown much more rapidly than Paris; Vienna has expanded marvelously since 1840. This is a digression; but I shall continue it enough further to remark that an examination of the causes which have built up these European centers easily justifies the judgment that none of our twenty leading American cities has begun to approach its maximum size.

From about 1805 to 1855, an even half-century, London's population had grown from a round million to two millions and a half. The situation had become almost intolerable from lack of central management. The home department of the general government maintained a metropolitan police force and kept tolerably good order. Government commissioners of sewers also levied taxes upon the whole community and provided an imperfect sort of drainage system. Underground sewers were entirely unknown in London until 1831, and they were not numerous or extensive in 1855. Not a single large underground main had been constructed. Such as they were, the sewers and drainage ditches poured their pollution directly into the Thames at frequent intervals on both banks, and at times the river was so befouled and clogged with filth that navigation was obstructed. The era of mod-

ern trade and commerce had set in, and traffic was blocked on the streets for lack of suitable central arteries. There was not in all London at that time a good pavement, nor a broad convenient thoroughfare. The river was without an adequate supply of bridges, and without suitable embankments and retaining walls.

The parishes, of which there were seventy-eight outside the City proper and within the Registrar-General's metropolitan district, were attending in an irregular way to local concerns, while some parts of the metropolis were no-man's land and were without any pretext of local management whatever. The selfishness of the fossilized City corporation was egregious. It never at any time tried to extend its government so as to include the huge outlying population; nor would it consent to any reasonable scheme for the incorporation of the Greater London. Either proceeding would have swamped this inner sanctuary of monopoly and exclusive privilege. The outsiders were too disorganized to act together. Moreover, too many of their influential fellow-citizens were members of one or another of the city companies. And so reform dragged.

THE METROPOLIS MANAGEMENT ACT.

A GREAT beginning, however, was made in the year 1855. In lieu of the complete reform and municipalization of the overgrown city, Parliament enacted what has since been known as the Metropolis Management Act. This act contained the rudiments of a municipal constitution. It divided the area outside the City proper into thirty-eight districts, following parish lines and uniting small parishes for the purposes of the act. Twenty-three parishes were regarded as large and populous enough to stand singly, and fifty-five smaller ones were grouped into fifteen districts. To these thirty-eight districts were confirmed, under a somewhat more uniform system, the local functions that the parishes had always exercised—these including local sewerage, street making and paving, street lighting, sanitary administration, and some other minor matters to which additions have been made by subsequent enactments. The principal purpose of the act was, however, to create a central authority. This body was called the Metropolitan Board of Works. Each parish or district was governed by an elective board called in the single parishes the Vestry and in the consolidated areas entitled the District Board; and these bodies were chosen by all rate-payers who were taxed for the care of the poor on a rental value of \$200 a year. The vestries and district boards varied in size according to the population of the area, the average being about 75, and the

whole number of these local representatives being about 3000. Each district board or vestry was authorized to send a representative to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Corporation of the City of London was given three members. Subsequently the board was enlarged and the greater districts or parishes were accorded two or three delegates, making a central body of about sixty members in all.

These thirty-eight parishes and districts remain to-day in possession of their functions as constituted in 1855. The Metropolitan Board of Works survived until April, 1889, when it was superseded by the new County Council, which I shall take further occasion to describe. The central improvements of London for the period from 1855 to 1889, enormous as they have been in the aggregate, are the work of the metropolitan board. Its first and most imperative task was the creation of a system of main sewers. Obviously the petty parish vestries could undertake no such work. Then it became the board's duty to improve systematically the main thoroughfares. The river banks, the Thames bridges, the paramount problem of parks and open spaces, the problems of overcrowding and unsanitary houses and numerous lesser matters, came under the board's jurisdiction. Its rounded generation of active work has resulted in vast improvements. London was chaos when the board found it. To-day it has many of the appointments of a modern metropolis, and it is well advanced towards the assumption of a fully organized municipal life.

Before taking up the specific departments of the board's work, and the whole subject of London's municipal appointments and public services, it may be well to continue a little further the discussion of the governmental machinery. The metropolitan board accomplished a great work, but in its latter years its administration was honeycombed with scandals. Its indirect election removed it from the people. There was no interest in its personnel, and its members were for the most part obscure. The London public knew astonishingly little about it. It was the creature of the vestries, and these vestry local governments have not themselves been successful. The vestries and district boards are practically unaccountable. The taxpayers, at least until very recently, have almost utterly ignored the election of vestrymen. The levying of taxes has been at the most various rates in the different parts of the metropolis. There has been much incompetency and extravagance, and often much lack of wisdom in the making of such public improvements as have come within the sphere of the parishes and districts.

PROPOSED MUNICIPAL CONSTITUTIONS.

NUMEROUS attempts have been made to build further upon the foundation laid in 1855, and to secure a full-wrought municipal government for London. A select committee of Parliament reported in 1861 in favor of the direct election of the Metropolitan Board of Works by the rate-payers, with a view to transforming it into a regular municipal common council. And about once in four or five years ever since 1855 some Cabinet Minister or prominent member of the House has brought in a bill to make the board a central elective council, and to supersede the vestries by newly constituted local areas with subordinate councils. Such bills were introduced by Sir George Cornewall Lewis in 1860, by John Stuart Mill in 1867, by Charles Buxton in 1869-70, by Lord Elcho in 1875, by Mr. J. F. B. Firth in 1880, and by Sir William Harcourt as Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary in 1884.

As the latest of these important propositions it may be worth while to examine the bill of 1884, introduced by Sir William Harcourt. It created a great central council of 240 members, merging the old City corporation into the metropolis, and treating the inner City as one of the thirty-nine administrative areas, but giving it a large representation in recognition of its historical importance and its heavy property and commercial interests. Among the other districts representation was proportioned to population and wealth. All the authority possessed by the old board of works, by all the parish and district boards, by the authorities of the City corporation, and by other local functionaries, was concentrated in the hands of the new central council. This body was expected to revise and consolidate the districts, reducing their number, and granting to each a local district council composed of the members of the central body from any given district and of other elected members. These local councils were to do simply the things delegated to them by the higher authority, and were to be subject always to the control of the central council.

This London proposition adapted the general municipal system of England to the peculiar conditions of the metropolis. The principle of the English system is that of "absolute control through a directly elected authority of all administration and of all expenditure." This principle was not in controversy; it was accepted by all parties. But there had long been a strong party, inspired by the livery-men of the gilds and now largely identified with the Conservatives, who advocated the partitioning of London into six or

twelve, or even a greater number of cities, and the giving to each one a separate municipal government of its own. The idea had some seeming justification in the fact of London's vastness and of certain traditional topographic and natural lines of division. But the real motive was the effectual dismemberment of the great London that threatened to assimilate and absorb the ancient City and to dispossess its privileged beneficiaries.

What the situation called for was not a series of distinct municipalities, but a sort of federalized municipal government. There were great common concerns which required concerted action and vigorous central administration. The defeat of measures proposed in 1880 and 1884 was accomplished by the active opposition of the gilds, which spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in lobbying and sham demonstrations, and which flooded Parliament with petitions containing thousands of fictitious names. The great bill of 1884 contained the provisions of a magnificent metropolitan constitution, and its adoption would have been of incalculable advantage to the millions of Londoners.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY.

MEANWHILE there had been a continual demand for reform in the county governments of England. These governments had been wholly non-representative. In every county a number of gentlemen, usually belonging to the landlord class, held the Queen's commissions as magistrates or justices of the peace. And they, meeting four times a year in the so-called "quarter sessions," levied the county tax, managed the road business, granted liquor licenses, and attended to all the administrative as well as the minor judicial business of the county. The great towns had all acquired their representative municipal governments, and were for most ordinary purposes detached from the counties. It was at length proposed that elective councils on about the same plan as those of the municipalities should be given to the counties, with subordinate district councils in subdivisions of the county. This great measure was brought forward by the Ministry in 1888, and it became a law to the satisfaction of all parties. It was no part of the original intention of this measure to reform London administration; but it was found in drafting the so-called Local Government Bill that it would be wholly impracticable to include in an elective government intended for the great rural county of Kent a million or two of Londoners who had overflowed the extreme north-western corner of the county. And similar considerations were applicable to Middlesex and Surrey. It was found much more feasible

to treat all the great urban communities of England as separate counties for administrative purposes. Thus London was made a county, with the area of the old Metropolitan Board of Works. The other cities of England were already organized for administrative work; but the new "administrative county" of London had to be dealt with specifically in the bill. It is a curious fact that the Conservatives, who had so strenuously opposed the earlier plans for a great London municipal organism, were now the men who laid the solid framework for such a structure, as a mere incident in the elaboration of a measure intended to initiate local self-government in the rural parts of England. When direct and centralized self-government had been given to the towns and cities of England, London was made an exception. When, more than fifty years later, it was no longer possible to deny some measure of local self-government to the counties and townships of rural England, London was for the first time given an elective central authority. If English legislation is sometimes in defiance of logical symmetry, it sooner or later accomplishes the desired results with a practical wisdom that is rarely equaled in other countries.

The parishes and districts of 1855, which still remain the local government areas of the metropolis, and from whose vestries and boards the Metropolitan Board of Works had always been constituted as a delegate body, were not taken as the basis of apportionment for the new County Council. The parliamentary reform bill of 1885 had created fifty-seven districts besides the City within the metropolitan area, for the purpose of representation in the House of Commons; and these districts were taken as the best temporary divisions for the election of councilors. Each was accorded two members, while the City proper was allowed four; and thus provision was made for one hundred and eighteen members, to be elected every three years. The councilors were empowered to add to their body nineteen members having the rank of aldermen and holding their seats for six-year terms, but having no different authority from the ordinary members. They were further to choose annually, from their own number or otherwise, a chairman, a vice-chairman, and a deputy-chairman, thus bringing the whole body up to about one hundred and forty members of a metropolitan parliament.

The bill left much to be done in the future. Thus the City of London and its functions remain practically untouched, and the parish vestries and district boards continue to exercise their accustomed jurisdiction in minor affairs. Ultimately, of course, these powers will all be conferred upon the central County Council, in

order that it may re-delegate such authority as it deems best to a revised series of ward or district councils; or else Parliament itself will ordain a new and improved subdivision of London, and constitute minor councils with well-defined duties subject to the County Council. But as matters stand, the County Council is not without an important range of authority. It supersedes the Metropolitan Board of Works, which had grown to be an administrative body of vast undertakings. It is also assigned certain administrative duties that had formerly belonged to the county justices. It is now demanding from Parliament very extensive additions to its powers. If as yet it is but a framework, it is a substantial and enduring one, and it will in the very early future have become the most important municipal administrative body in the world. It is expected that it will secure an enlargement of the official bounds of London to include an area perhaps as extensive as that of the police jurisdiction. Its members will ultimately sit *ex officio* in reformed district councils for minor administrative purposes. It will invade the sanctuary of the inner City and destroy its "flummery" and ancient traditions so far as they carry with them peculiar immunities and privileges. It will take in hand, one after another, great public works, and will make London a fitting place for its people to live in, and a convenient place for the vast world commerce that centers there.

THE BRITISH IDEAL.

HENCEFORTH, then, *the* government of London will be that of the County Council, which will gradually absorb the authority now belonging to obscure parish authorities, and will acquire very much of the jurisdiction now and heretofore exercised directly by departments or bureaus of the imperial government. The full development of that government is only a question of time. Nobody doubts what its form and principle will be. The absolute control of municipal affairs by one central, elective body, representing the masses of the citizens, will be the permanent and final government of this chief of urban communities. Such is the British ideal of a perfect municipal government. All administrative and appointive power will be vested in the council. It will work through standing committees, each committee supervising some branch of business or administration, at the head of which will be a skilled executive officer appointed upon his merits.

It is possible that the title of Mayor, or Lord Mayor, may sometime be transferred from the present head of the ancient City corporation

to the chairman of the County Council. In England, however, a mayor has no appointive power or special executive duties, but is simply a member of the common council and its presiding officer for the time being. The American idea of setting a mayor up, outside the council, as a sort of rival principality, would appear incomprehensibly absurd in England. In our own cities we attempt the impossible feat of governing ourselves by a council and by a mayor at the same time. Sometimes we arbitrarily give the greater power to the one, sometimes we give it to the other, and not infrequently we distrust both and confer administrative powers upon special boards and commissions. What is needed is municipal self-government exercised through one central organ; and this can be accomplished by choosing an absolute dictator from time to time under the title of mayor, in accordance with the ideas of certain American reformers. But this method is highly unrepresentative, besides being incompatible with a wise continuity of policy. Why does it not occur to reformers in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other American cities to espouse the simple, republican, stably balanced system that pertains in all foreign countries, and *par excellence* in England, of a city government controlled throughout by a central elective council?

THE NEW COUNCIL AND ITS ELECTION.

LONDON's new government rests upon a franchise so popular that practically nobody who would care to vote is excluded. In the first place, all householders are enfranchised; and this includes every man who rents a place for his family, even if it be only a small room in the garret or the cellar of a tenement house. It also includes those who live within fifteen miles of the metropolis, but own or occupy metropolitan quarters, for any purpose, worth a certain very limited rental. Owners of freehold property in London, no matter where they live, if British subjects, are entitled to vote. Widows and unmarried women who are householders, occupiers or owners of property, are also authorized to vote for county councilors. The principal basis of the franchise is the household; and the chief disqualifications are receipt of public alms and failure to pay rates that have fallen due. Any resident of the metropolis or vicinity who is entitled to vote is eligible to election. Furthermore, any British subject who owns land in London or who is possessed of a limited amount of property, no matter where he lives, may be chosen a councilor of the county of London. The fact of residence in one district does not disqualify,

either in law or in the popular judgment, for candidacy in another district.

Thus the present council, elected in January, 1889, from fifty-seven districts besides the City, is constituted in utter disregard of the precise residence of members. The successful candidates in East or South London districts were in many instances prominent men who live in the West End or in rural suburbs. If it were the English fashion, as it is the American, to elect as representatives of a ward or district only men who live in that ward or district for the general duties of a municipal council, the ward plan would be given up in whole or in part, and councilors would be elected upon a general ticket by the whole city. For the strict ward plan can never result in a representative body of the best type. But nowhere in England is residence in a ward deemed a necessary qualification.

Great interest was shown in the election of the first council. The machinery of nomination and election was borrowed from the general municipal and parliamentary systems in vogue throughout the country. Thus, it being desired that John Burns should be a candidate for the Battersea district, it was only necessary for purposes of a valid nomination that a blank should be filled out with John Burns's name, residence, and calling, and the name of the district; that it should be signed by a "proposer," a "seconder," and eight other resident voters; and that it be filed with the county's returning officer at least six days before the date of the election. An unlimited number of such nominations may be filed. The names are announced, and opportunity is given for candidates to withdraw if they choose. Four days before the election the revised lists of candidates in all the districts are posted up conspicuously. The Australian system of secret voting has long been in vogue in England, and the government provides the ballot papers. Nobody may be voted for except those who have been duly nominated in the manner specified above.

Since two councilors are elected from each of the London districts, the nomination is equivalent to an election when only two candidates are presented. In the case of Battersea, for example, there were six nominations, and therefore six names appeared on the ballot paper. The voter marked two names, and the two candidates who received the highest number of votes were elected. The candidates averaged about five in each district, one having eight. In only one was there no contest. In Saint George, Hanover Square, Colonel Howard-Vincent and Mr. Antrobus were the only nominees, and no election was held. In subsequent elections it will doubtless happen in numerous districts that the present incumbents

will be returned without opposition, as is the custom to a great extent in municipal elections throughout Great Britain.

All the stringent regulations against the lavish and corrupt use of money that have proved so salutary in purifying English parliamentary elections have been made applicable to the election of London councilors. Under no circumstances may the election expenses of a councilor aggregate more than twenty-five pounds (\$125), except that an additional threepence is allowed for each voter in the district above the first five hundred. All expenditures must be made through authorized agents, and these must report the items to the candidate, who within a month must render a complete return of expenses incurred in his election. No payments may be made on behalf of any candidate for conveyance of voters, for bands of music or parades or other public demonstrations, for clerks or messengers except at the rate of one employed person for each thousand voters, nor for placards or printed matter except through a selected advertising agent. These laws are construed strictly, carry heavy penalties, and are scrupulously observed.

This first London council possesses as high an average of ability and distinction as the House of Commons. Sir John Lubbock and the Earl of Rosebery are two of the four members for the City, and such well-known men as Mr. Firth, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Martineau, Colonel Hughes, Colonel Howard-Vincent, Mr. Antrobus, Lord Monkswell, Sir R. Hanson, Lord Compton, and John Burns are in the list, together with many who have a high local reputation for character and ability. Two ladies were elected — Lady Sandhurst and Miss Jane Cobden. The councilors added to their number by choosing the following persons as aldermen: Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, Quintin Hogg, Sir Thomas Farrer, Frederic Harrison, John Barker, Edmund Routledge, Frank Debenham, S. S. Tayler, Arthur Arnold, Hon. R. Grosvenor, S. Hope Morley, J. Eccleston Gibb, G. W. E. Russell, Earl of Meath, Evan Spicer, Mark Beaufoy, Miss Cons, and the Rev. Fleming Williams. A council containing so much distinguished material and approved political ability can but have prestige and success. The aristocracy by no means predominates in the London council, although it is so liberally represented. The noble lords who hold seats are practical, popular men, with a talent for affairs, and they sit beside several scores of plain untitled citizens of London, some of whom are of as humble origin as John Burns, the labor leader, but most of whom are men of more than commonplace abilities. It may interest New York, Boston, and Chicago readers to be assured that there

are no saloon-keepers or ward "bosses" in this London council, over which Lord Rosebery presides as chairman, while the scientist-statesman, Sir John Lubbock, serves as vice-chairman, and the distinguished London reformer, Mr. Firth, as deputy-chairman.

THE LONDON SEWERS.

THE defunct board of works handed down its unfinished undertakings to the County Council. The more than thirty years of the board's existence witnessed vast, but only partly successful, attempts to undo the mistakes of the past and to modernize the metropolis. The prime occasion for the establishment of the metropolitan board in 1855 was the need of main sewers. Upon this work of a general drainage system the board had spent \$35,000,000 from 1856 to 1888. This is apart from the cost of the network of smaller sewers that ramify the parishes, and that have been built by the vestries and parish boards.

The natural drain for the whole region is, of course, the Thames; but the time had come when a free discharge at intervals into the river was intolerable. Long before this the stream would have been filled with a putrid, plague-generating mass of sludge, to the destruction of navigation and commerce as well as of life. Main sewer tunnels, following either bank, carry the sewage to a point some fifteen miles below the city, where it meets a strong tidal movement. Filtration works have been erected there at vast expense. It has been hoped that the compressed sludge, of which there are several thousand tons per day, can all eventually be disposed of as a manure; but hitherto it has been necessary to barge much of it out to sea, large vessels having been built for that purpose. The experimental work is far from completed, and the new council will find the problem of sewage disposal both expensive and vexatious. A royal commission appointed for that purpose in 1882 reported in 1884 upon this question. All the large cities of Europe have since then been watching the experiments at London, and hoping that a solution might be found that would be applicable elsewhere.

The royal commissioners found the discharge of crude sewage objectionable at any point on the Thames estuary, on both sanitary and navigation grounds, and could not approve, as a permanent measure, the discharge into the river of the impure liquid after the process of deposition or precipitation of the solid material. The only final remedy they could advise for the further purification of this liquid was its application to land. It now remains for the County Council to add sewage farms to its

present means for the disposal of the London drainage and the protection of the Thames. Sir Robert Rawlinson in an elaborate paper on "London Sewerage and Sewage" has lately declared that the entire volume of that sewage is now worth \$8,750,000 a year for manurial purposes, and that the direct irrigation of land is the true system for the London authorities to adopt. London is now a well-sewered city; and this great sanitary reform has reduced the death rate most notably.

STREETS, PARKS, AND TRANSIT.

A STREET map of London as the city was in 1840 or 1850 would be necessary to make plain all the improvements that have been wrought, especially in the central districts lying within four or five miles of Charing Cross. As the metropolis grew, naturally the pressure of traffic upon its central thoroughfares became enormous. It was necessary, at great cost, to widen and straighten important streets, and to open new thoroughfares. Thus great improvements were made in the lines of streets that lead from Charing Cross to the Bank. It became imperative to create other arteries between the City and the West End, and the Holborn Viaduct with High Holborn and New Oxford Street was constructed. Queen Victoria street and the magnificent Thames embankments constituted still another new route created with the outlay of millions. The Northumberland Avenue, the Gray's Inn Road, the Charing Cross Road, and dozens of other now important thoroughfares, have been recently cut through solid masses of buildings, involving heavy financial operations in condemning property, clearing sites, constructing the streets, and reselling the new street frontage.

London, like all other old cities, is a vast tangled network of streets that for the most part begin nowhere and end nowhere. Upon this network it became necessary to superimpose a system of main thoroughfares as avenues of communication. This work had begun, either under the authorities of the City corporation or under special parliamentary commissions, long before the day of the metropolitan board; but this body has accomplished the major part. Including the splendid river boulevards and retaining walls known as the Albert, Victoria, and Chelsea embankments, I find that the metropolitan board had expended from 1856 to 1887 about \$75,000,000 upon these main street improvements, during which time the outlying parts of the metropolis had added to the ordinary street system about 2000 miles of new thoroughfares, lined with from 500,000 to 600,000 new houses. But the

cost of these new streets has been defrayed by the adjacent property owners and the local boards; and it is to the expense of main arterial improvements that I refer. Including what the City and special commissions have spent, not less than \$100,000,000 has gone into this work of reforming the vicious street system of London since 1850. And still the task is far from completed. New lines of communication must yet be made to relieve the glut of traffic on east and west routes north of the Thames.

Only a competent central authority like the new council can manage these gigantic municipal reforms in the suitable way. While these main improvements have been in progress, it should be said in justice to the vestries and district boards that the network of lesser streets has been wonderfully changed for the better, and that London as a whole is now a well-paved city. It devolves upon the council, as upon its predecessor the board of works, to regulate the width and formation of new streets, the lining of the buildings, the naming of streets, and the numbering of houses. Unfortunately the metropolis was already far too large when this power was given to a central authority. There are fine avenues in the newer suburbs; but throughout most of the metropolis the lesser streets must remain in a condition that to an American seems painfully chaotic. An important work was done by the metropolitan board in constructing Thames bridges, but the supply is wholly insufficient. One or two new Thames tunnels are now in progress, and \$20,000,000 ought to be expended soon for additional bridges.

Great attention has been given in recent years to the acquisition of ground for parks. Formerly the principal public gardens and open spaces of London were appurtenances of the Crown, and were under control of the "Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings." This remains true of Hyde Park, with St. James's and Green, of Richmond, Hampton Court, and the Kew Gardens, of Regent's Park and of Greenwich—all noble pleasure grounds that are freely at the service of the London masses. But the County Council has fallen heir to a number of parks that had been either created by the metropolitan board or transferred to it. Thus in 1887 the Victoria, Battersea, and Kennington parks had been transferred from the control of her Majesty's commissioners to the metropolitan board. And among the other well-known parks, commons, and open spaces that have come under the council's charge are Southwark, Finsbury, Blackheath, Hackney, Clapham, Hampstead Heath, Stoke Newington, Shepherd's Bush, Tooting Beck, Plumstead, Streatham, Wormwood Scrubs,

Wandsworth, Vauxhall, and Brixton. A large amount of legislation enacted within the past quarter-century has had for its object the creation and preservation of open spaces, the transformation of disused cemeteries into park spaces, and the encouragement in all possible ways of park-making in and about the metropolis. The result has been surprising in the aggregate. The City corporation has lately made good use of some of its wealth in the purchase for public parks of several extensive tracts beyond the limits of the metropolis. The guilds and certain private associations are also zealously helping to atone for past neglect, and to provide the present and future metropolis with recreation grounds and breathing-spaces. But there is daily reason for regret that the need of parks was not sooner foreseen, and that so many ancient tracts of common land have been swallowed up in the expanding wilderness of brick and mortar and narrow streets beyond recovery. Much remains to be done in the opening of park spaces in London.

The great metropolis needs improved and systematized local transit. For want of anything better, the omnibus system has grown to enormous magnitude. The street railways are only moderately successful, because not permitted in the heart of the city. There are three systems, one in South London, one in North London, and one in East London, operated by several companies, and having lines aggregating about a hundred miles in length. They are not very profitable, and contribute nothing to public revenues except ordinary taxes. The regular steam railways run innumerable suburban trains, and constitute the rapid-transit system of London. Their tracks are laid upon elevated road-beds which bridge the streets. But they enter the city with so little system that their network of tracks comes short of furnishing a really scientific scheme of metropolitan transit. An underground line, the "District" road, continued by another, the "Metropolitan," serves a very important purpose, making a circuit and connecting a number of the principal railway passenger stations. Ultimately this underground system will be extended, although it has many disadvantages. The streets of London are hardly broad enough or straight enough for the introduction of anything like a complete system of surface cable or electric lines.

WATER AND LIGHTING SUPPLIES.

THE London water supply is another problem that demands attention. The health, comfort, and permanent well-being of a large city depend upon its having an abundance of

pure water as upon almost no other consideration. London has always been served by private water companies, and there are now eight of them operating in different districts. They derive nearly all their supply from the rivers Thames and Lea, the intakes being several miles above London. Strenuous attempts are made, under the acts forbidding the pollution of rivers, to keep these sources of supply uncontaminated, but with only partial success. For the most part the companies filter their water; but the supply is none of the purest, and it is limited in quantity. Because a continuous flow is not provided, most houses are obliged to use cistern storage. Legislation intended to protect consumers and compel the companies to give adequate service has not been very successful. Absurdly enough, the companies have been allowed to collect water rates based upon the rental value of the houses supplied. Now it so happens that the assessed rental value has trebled since 1855 and doubled since 1868. It has increased twenty-five per cent. since 1880. The consequence is that the water companies have been steadily increasing their charges without improving their services. They supply actually less water per house on the average than they did ten or fifteen years ago, and they collect greatly augmented rates. The market value of their shares has gone up accordingly. The advance in assessed values of house property from year to year is worth additional unearned profits of half a million dollars to the water companies every year. From 1871 to 1883 their stock had increased one hundred per cent. in value.

Parliamentary investigating committees have from time to time reported in favor of the assumption of the water supply by a central public authority, but until now the suitable authority has not existed. Negotiations looking to a purchase for the public a few years ago resulted in agreements on the part of the companies to sell out their antiquated and insufficient plants for the modest sum of about \$170,000,000; but eminent engineers estimated that an entirely new and superior supply could be procured at a cost of \$60,000,000—this to include four gallons per inhabitant per diem of pure water for drinking purposes brought from the chalk strata, and an unlimited supply of river water for general uses. The fire department was under control of the metropolitan board, and is now subject to the County Council. Its work is hampered by the private control and the insufficiency of the water supply; and everything in the situation conspires to demand a new consolidated municipal water department. Upon the organization of the council last year,

a number of bills for the enlargement of its powers and the further improvement of London government were introduced in Parliament. One of these bills provided for the purchase of the plants and rights of the water companies by the County Council. The question has been vigorously agitated during the present year, and the County Council, encouraged by the vestries and all London, is besieging Parliament for the requisite authority. The demand cannot be long resisted. A public water supply would give the citizens a far better service at materially reduced cost, besides earning sufficient profits to pay the interest charges and gradually redeem the principal of the original investment.

Most of the large British towns and cities have assumed the gas supply as a municipal function, and have found it advantageous to do so. But London has not been properly organized for such undertakings, and the manufacture and distribution of gas remains in private hands, although it is under the surveillance of the County Council. Until a few years ago a large number of gas companies competed for the London business. These are now consolidated into three companies, which operate in different territories. Their shares sell at from 250 to 300, and they pay dividends of from 12 to 18 per cent. They, like the water companies, tear the streets up quite at their own pleasure. The general government with its postal telegraph wires, the water companies, the gas companies, the council with its main drainage system, and the parish boards with their control of local drainage and paving, all have independent right to break the street surface, and it would be superfluous to comment upon the confusion that has often resulted. Nothing could better illustrate the need of a fully empowered central authority.

Twenty years ago, or more, London began to construct capacious subways for wires, pipes, and various conduits to protect the surface of the streets. But the gas companies secured the right to use the subways or not at their option; and there are on record instances where, immediately after the completion of costly and magnificent subways under beautifully paved streets, gas companies have torn up the pavement on each side from one end of the street to the other, and laid their leaking pipes in the ground. It is not so very strange then, especially in view of the fact that nearly all of the large cities of Great Britain have assumed the water and gas supplies and are operating them with great success as municipal monopolies, that the London people are now determined to centralize and to municipalize such services in the hands of their new representative body.

Electric lighting has made relatively little progress in English cities; but a noteworthy beginning in London is now announced by the St. Pancras Vestry, which has decided to provide electric light within its own populous district both for street illumination and for private consumption. Within a few years we shall undoubtedly see the subway system extended throughout the central parts of the metropolis, and carrying water pipes, illuminating and fuel gas pipes, telegraph and telephone wires, electric light and power wires, numerous pneumatic tubes, and perhaps other and newer fangled things. And these services of supply will have been taken in hand very largely by the public authorities.

HOUSING AND SANITATION.

THE housing of the working people and of the masses of the population has forced its way to the front in London, as in all great European towns, as one of the most serious problems of the day. Unfortunately, in the period when the new forces of industry were giving modern cities so rapid a growth,—the period, we may roughly say, embraced in the first half of this century,—it was deemed a matter of little public concern how private owners constructed either factories or residence blocks. They might build tenement houses to accommodate a hundred families, with practically no open court space, with low, small, and dark apartments, and with an arrangement of rooms that offended against privacy and decency and invited epidemic diseases. An ounce of prevention would have been better than remedies that are costing millions of pounds sterling. The metropolitan board was given authority over the construction of new buildings, and by successive acts of Parliament it acquired wide functions as to the housing of the people, that have now descended to the council.

Besides regulations of a sanitary nature, and those relating to safety of construction, the authorities make rules as to the height, frontage, projections, and general street appearance of houses. An act of 1882 confers a much needed power to require a certain proportionate clear space in the rear of each house. Under a series of artisans and laborers' dwellings acts the metropolitan board acquired the power to buy up property in unhealthy areas, clear away the old houses, and sell or lease the ground for the erection of suitable tenements. Several millions have been expended in this way, the best results being due to the coöperation with the authorities of private individuals and associations. Thus the Peabody Fund houses, Miss Octavia Hill's model tenements, and the

fine blocks of several incorporated associations for building workmen's dwellings, have provided decent homes within twenty years for several hundred thousand people.

Fortunately in the outlying parts of London the prevailing type is the small house of two or three stories, and in a majority of the metropolitan districts the average is not greater than eight or ten people to a house. There are, however, in the central quarters many terribly congested districts in which nothing will suffice but wholesale demolition by the public authorities. Gradually a million or two of Londoners must be rehoused; and the vastness of this problem seems to be transforming some very practical and conservative men into socialists. In connection with the house reform legislation, authority has been given to establish workmen's lodging-houses in London, upon the plan of those so successful in Glasgow. But little or nothing has yet been done in this direction. The parish and district authorities have power to establish free libraries and reading-rooms, and to construct and operate public baths and wash-houses. Something has been accomplished towards these ends, and there are perhaps fifteen of the combined baths and wash-houses in London; but there should be at least a hundred and fifty. The free libraries, moreover, are so few and far between that their existence is known to a very small percentage of the population.

I am aware that there is much in the intricate management of London affairs that I have left undescribed. Thus for the purposes of the English poor law there is a Metropolitan Poor Law District, subdivided into thirty parishes or unions of parishes, each subdivision having a board of guardians elected by the rate-payers. These boards administer the poor laws and care for the hundred thousand paupers of London. They administer outside relief, and support poor-houses—"work-houses" as they are called in England—and infirmaries.

The ordinary sanitary administration is in the hands of the vestries and district boards. These bodies attend to garbage removal and street-cleansing, maintain sanitary inspection of houses, employ public analysts and food inspectors, and provide against epidemic diseases. It must be remembered that each of these parishes or consolidated districts is as populous as a fair-sized city, their average inhabitancy being more than 100,000. While their functions are similar, no two of them organize their business in exactly the same way, and there are wide differences in the efficiency of their work. The sanitary administration of the entire metropolis ought to be brought under the control and inspection of the central council,

although parceled out for practical execution to the minor councils.

As a result of public improvements and reforms in the sanitary administration, imperfect as these reforms have been, the death rate of London has been reduced from more than thirty as the average annual rate per thousand during the half-century from 1800 to 1850, down to the present average rate of about twenty. This means in a population of 5,000,000 the saving of 50,000 lives a year. It means, of course, the prevention of a vastly greater number of cases of sickness, a marked increase in the average duration of life, and an important conservation of the physical strength and wealth-producing energy of the people. The saving of 500,000 lives in every decade in the one city of London as a result of improved public arrangements is a triumph in sanitary science that may well encourage further efforts.

THE LONDON SCHOOLS.

ON the creation of a popularly elected school board for the metropolis in 1870 and its great work of education I may say in a word that it has now more than four hundred schools, with about 450,000 children enrolled as pupils. Prior to 1871 all the elementary schools of London were denominational and private, being partly supported by grants from the government. There were then about 300,000 pupils enrolled in all London; and a large proportion of the schools were utterly inefficient, and attendance was irregular. Probably not 200,000 children were receiving efficient and regular instruction. There are now at least 650,000 enrolled in schools of good character and standing approved by the government inspectors. Thus the general educational condition of London has been revolutionized within twenty years. Compulsory education is not a merely nominal provision in London, for school attendance is enforced by an army of 272 "visitors."

The school board was the first public body that the metropolitan population was permitted to elect by direct vote. It has fifty-five members, elected in eleven large districts. The entire board is renewed every three years, and the principle of minority representation prevails. Thus in the Tower Hamlets district, which elects five members, the voter might "plump" his five votes for a single candidate, or might distribute them to two, three, four, or five candidates. In that district two years ago Sir Edmund Hay Currie and Mrs. Annie Besant were regarded as candidates favoring the "progressive" as opposed to the "reactionary" policy. The radicals and anti-denominationalists con-

centrated their votes upon these two candidates and elected them, whereas if they had pushed a full ticket of five names they would have been defeated. The plan gives every considerable element an opportunity to secure representation.

Supported by various agencies, public and private, technical education is rapidly advancing in London. I have recently described in this magazine the Polytechnic Institute movement, and a long chapter might be written upon the gratifying progress of other practical education movements among the working people of London in recent years. No large American city has, at this moment, so favorable a prospect for the intellectual and industrial training of all its young people as has the English metropolis.

CERTAIN PENDING QUESTIONS.

THE metropolitan police force is not under the control of any local authority, but is directed by commissioners who are responsible to the Home Office of the general government. There is a strong demand in London for the transfer of the police authority to the County Council, and the subject has provoked much discussion. It is urged that the concentration of imperial and national interests in London is so vastly important that the higher authorities should maintain control of the police in protection of all those central concerns that pertain to the greatest capital in the world. Ultimately a compromise will probably be reached. The County Council ought certainly to have some share in the police administration of the metropolis.

A problem that is continually upon the minds of the London reformers is that of the ownership and taxation of the land upon which London stands. There is very little freehold land in or about the metropolis. Houses are built upon land acquired by leasehold title. When the leases fall in, they carry the houses with them. Everything eventually goes to the ground landlord. The ownership of ground-rents and of houses is usually separate, though sometimes united in the same individual; but it is almost never the case that the occupier is the owner of either. House occupiers have no motive to make repairs, and house owners make as few as possible, especially in the twenty years that precede the falling in of a lease. Nobody acquires the home feeling, or takes a proper interest in the affairs or improvements of the vicinity in which he lives. Taxes are collected chiefly from the occupier, and local revenues are raised almost wholly from rates imposed upon the rental value of occupied house property. Lots not

built upon, since actual rental is the basis of taxation, are exempt.

The whole system is wrong. Large parts of London are held as individual properties, such as the estates of the Dukes of Westminster and Northampton and the Portman and Bedford estates; and these properties are increasing enormously in value by the falling in of leases and the increase of rentals. There is a powerful movement, led by the Liberal party, in favor of what is known as leasehold enfranchisement. It is proposed to enact laws giving the holder of a lease the right to purchase the freehold at a fair valuation. The reform has everything to commend it. The most determined opposition to it comes, however, from the advanced socialistic element that advocates the municipalization of the ground upon which London stands, and that fears the success of a reasonable reform like leasehold enfranchisement. Eminent men serving on a parliamentary commission that investigated the leasehold question in 1884 signed a report emphatically condemning it. "The system of building on leasehold ground is a great cause," they declared, "of the many evils connected with overcrowding, unsanitary building, and excessive rents"; and they further averred that "the prevailing system of building-leases is conducive to bad building, to deterioration of property towards the close of the lease, and to a want of interest on the part of the occupier in the house he inhabits; and legislation favorable to the acquisition on equitable terms of a freehold interest on the part of the leaseholder would conduce greatly to the improvement of the dwellings of the people of this country."

It remains to give a few facts about the financial administration of London. The parishes are the areas within which assessments and collections of taxes are made. The various rates are all levied upon the rental value of occupied premises, and the County Council and school board levies are collected and paid over to those central bodies by the local officers of the parishes and districts. Taxation is much heavier in some districts than in others, because of the greater amount of pauperism, or other neighborhood causes. Bills are pending in Parliament for the equalization of taxes throughout the metropolis. The council, as successor to the metropolitan board, is the borrowing authority for London. About one hundred lesser authorities — vestries, district boards, guardians of the poor for various districts, bath and wash-house commissioners, burial boards, and the school board — owe the council more than \$40,000,000, which they have expended in public improvements. The council's own net indebtedness — inherited from the metropolitan

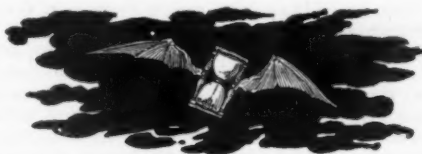
board—approaches \$85,000,000. Thus the outstanding obligations in the name of the central municipal authority amount to about \$125,000,000. This sum may be regarded as the debt of London. The annual rental value upon which rates are levied exceeds \$150,000,000.

Many of the public improvements of the metropolis have been paid for out of the proceeds of an ancient but thoroughly objectionable tax of thirteen-pence—about twenty-six cents—upon every ton of coal brought by land or by water within an area considerably greater than that of the metropolis. The list of public works that the proceeds of these coal dues have secured in the past two hundred and fifty years is most formidable, but taxes of this kind bear too heavily upon the poor. It is the fault of the rating system of London that wealth does not pay its fair share towards public objects.

THERE is much that is instructive and admirable in the governmental arrangements of London, and still more that is commendable in the spirit of reform and progress that is now awake and active there. But perhaps the chief lessons for us in America are lessons of warning. If London, within the lifetime of men still in their prime, had taken due pre-

cautions, what errors might have been averted! London is now creating a park system, and acquiring land that has quadrupled in value within thirty years. London is widening and straightening streets, and incurring thereby the expense of appropriating frontage that costs twice as much now as it would have cost a few years ago. The people of London have been compelled to pay hundreds of millions as a penalty for the neglect to provide an adequate public water supply. They suffer an inestimable loss in convenience and in actual money through the haphazard nature of passenger transportation facilities. An intelligent system might have been devised if the matter had received due attention thirty years ago. If London had provided suitable building regulations forty or fifty years ago, and forbidden faulty and unsanitary construction, enormous subsequent expenses of demolition would have been averted. If the ground-rent system had not been allowed to grow insidiously through the past generations the general character of London, architecturally and in other respects, would have been enormously improved. Our American cities, studying the experience of Old World centers like London, cannot exercise too great forethought in preparing for the greatness that inevitably awaits them.

Albert Shaw.



THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

WHEN the dead return, 't is not in garments ghostly,
And shapes like those in life they wore;
Not as vague phantoms shivering through the casements,
Like fugitives from night's dim shore:

Not with signs and omens dolorous their coming;
No outward sense their forms may mark;
To spirit prescience alone their spirits
Speak sweetly from the outer dark.

When the dead return, 't is as a blest conviction
That fills like light the waiting soul.
It is but this; and like the daylight fading
It vanishes without control.

Yet who has felt this bliss no more can sorrow
Hold utterly within her sway;
He knows that howso sharp may be his anguish
It can endure but for a day!

Arlo Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Century's" Twentieth Anniversary.

THE first number of this magazine (under another name) bears the date of November, 1870. If this were not an unescapable fact it would be hard for those of us who have worked in the editing and publishing of it from the beginning to realize that twenty years have elapsed since, with how much of strain and anxiety, of enthusiasm and honest pride, the initial number was at last made up, printed, bound, and issued to the world!

It has seemed to us as perhaps more modest, as well as more feasible, not to attempt at this time a detailed review of the literary and art accomplishments of THE CENTURY, but instead to dwell upon the mechanical phase of magazine development in our day; and to this end we have asked Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne to describe the evolution which has taken place in his own printing house in connection with periodical printing. Mr. De Vinne was not the first printer of the magazine; but early in its history he took hold of it, and the progress made during the lifetime of THE CENTURY has been owing very largely to his own skill, energy, and patience in experiment. In the interesting article he has written, and which is published in this number, nothing is said of this; but it would ill become us not to make here and now such public acknowledgment. With a printer less conscientious, less open to new ideas, it would have been easy to block or delay the advance in magazine illustration which has been urged forward by the Art Department of The Century Co. and the artists and artist-engravers who have so ably worked for this magazine and for its companion ST. NICHOLAS. It is gratifying to be assured that the above statement will not be set down as a strained form of self-glorification, but that, on the contrary, it only expresses the opinion of nearly all, either at home or abroad, who have watched the development of modern illustrated periodicals.

It would be an agreeable task to speak here by name of the various members of THE CENTURY force, in all the various departments, who have worked with devotion to a single end, during a large part, or the whole, of the past twenty years. But omitting this we may, and should surely, speak of one who is no longer with us. Dr. Holland, besides being one of the founders, was editor-in-chief of the magazine during eleven years of its existence. The aims and methods and general character which he gave it are strongly impressed upon THE CENTURY; while, in sympathy with the times, it has continued, and doubtless will continue, to expand in new and important directions.

If some other writer were reviewing the twenty years of this magazine we would wish him to examine the record of these pages as to printing and wood-engraving; to note the relation of THE CENTURY to American literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, landscape gardening, science, and invention, and to the various reforms that have been made or are in progress

in religious teaching, in education in general, in charitable enterprise, in the industrial world, and in governmental administration.

If there is any one dominant sentiment which an unprejudiced reviewer would recognize as pervading these forty half-yearly volumes it is, we think, a sane and earnest Americanism. Along with and part of the American spirit has been the constant endeavor to do all that such a publication might do to increase the sentiment of union throughout our diverse sisterhood of States—the sentiment of American nationality. It has always been the aim of THE CENTURY not only to be a force in literature and art, but to take a wholesome part in the discussion of great questions; not only to promote good literature and good art, but good citizenship.

The kind of Americanism which THE CENTURY has desired to cultivate is as far as possible from the "anti-abroad" cant of the political, literary, or artistic demagogue. It is the Americanism that deems the best of the Old World none too good for the New; that would, therefore, learn eagerly every lesson in good government, or in matters social or esthetic, that may be learned from the older countries; that would abolish entirely the stupid and brutal tax on foreign art, but is not so besotted in Anglomaniacism as to wish, as do some American congressmen, to steal bodily the entire current literature of Great Britain for the benefit of American readers.

In working on the lines above briefly mentioned THE CENTURY has had the encouragement of a following of readers remarkable as to numbers—we believe in the same field unprecedented; remarkable also for generous appreciation. Mistakes have been no doubt made, some of them the result of that very spirit of experiment and desire for improvement which must characterize every live periodical—that spirit and that desire which if once lost would soon lose to us the immense and inspiring audience which it is THE CENTURY'S privilege and responsibility to address month by month and year by year.

Forestry in America.

WHAT is the present stage of development and discussion of forestry interests and subjects in this country? We have not, as yet, any real forestry in America; and we can have, therefore, only talk and writing about it, consideration and discussion, or, at best, efforts to arrange and prepare means and conditions for practical forestry. Some of the States have forestry commissions, and all should have, each with one paid officer to devote his time to the promotion of popular intelligence regarding the care of wooded lands and of the sources of streams, tree-planting, and the relation of forests to the fertility of the soil and to the agricultural prosperity of the country. We have also several State forestry associations, voluntary, unofficial organizations of public-spirited men and women who

wish to stimulate popular attention and interest regarding forestry matters. Their work is useful, but it might be made much more effective. Meetings, addresses, and newspaper writing are indispensable in the earlier stages of any movement requiring popular intelligence and coöperation, but systematic and continuous effort soon becomes necessary, and this can be commanded only by employing and paying a competent agent or secretary. Many good things have had their origin in gratuitous missionary labor, but the time comes when the work of carrying them forward must be paid for.

Effort in behalf of forestry interests takes different directions in different parts of the country. The State of New York has nearly a million acres of mountain forest lands, not in one compact body, but in scattered tracts separated by private holdings. In this situation the property of the State cannot be adequately protected from spoliation, nor properly administered as a source of revenue. Those who have given attention to the matter in this State therefore favor disposing of outlying tracts, by sale or exchange, and the acquisition by the State of sufficient additional territory to constitute a large State park, or forest reservation, around the sources of the Hudson River and the other great water-ways of the State. This plan was presented in a message from the governor to the Senate during the last session of the legislature, and by the concurrent action of both branches of that body was committed to the present Forest Commission for thorough investigation, the finding to be reported to the legislature at its next meeting. This is one of the most important forestry enterprises ever undertaken in this country. The business and commercial prosperity of the city of New York depends in very large measure upon the permanent maintenance of forest conditions around the sources of the Hudson River, and the interests of large portions of the interior of the State are also closely connected with the destiny of the North Woods. No part of the Adirondack Mountain forest region is adapted to cultivation. It is naturally suited to the perpetual production of timber, and to this crop alone. The five or six millions of people who will soon be dwellers in the great city which is so rapidly growing up on and around Manhattan Island will need the whole Adirondack wilderness for an outlying park and forest playground for their summer rest and recreation. The movement to preserve these mountain forests, and to make the region a public possession, should have the cordial support of all civilized anglers and hunters, of lumbermen and owners of timber lands, and of public-spirited citizens in general. At present large portions of the region are being rapidly and irretrievably ruined.

There is a recent movement in Massachusetts to secure the incorporation of a board of trustees empowered to hold any parcels of ground which may be conveyed to them on account of historic interest or beauty of scenery, and to open them as parks or commons for public use, under suitable regulations and on condition of police protection. This beginning is of great importance. All the pleasant and convenient portions of the coast of New England will soon be crowded with buildings. There will be an almost continuous town, with few places left where men can walk and meditate by the sea without being intruders upon

private grounds. Land should be secured while it is obtainable for seashore commons, parks, and open spaces, with wise foresight of the conditions which will soon result from the increasing density of our population. Unless there is prompt action in this direction our children will probably live to see the shore lands everywhere inclosed, and in many places a fee demanded for a good view of the ocean, as we had to pay to see Niagara until the State of New York made that scene of beauty and grandeur a public possession and forever free to all.

It is desirable that all such efforts as this one just organized in Massachusetts should be made broad enough to include all the various public out-of-door interests which require the attention of the people, the care of beautiful scenery, of forests, streams, and wooded lands, historic sites, fish and game preserves, the purity of the water supply for towns, the treatment of roadsides, of parks, open spaces, and public grounds of all kinds. Such movements are apt to fail of full development and efficiency unless the coöperation of all classes of out-of-door people is secured. Plans for similar objects are under consideration in New Hampshire, and we hope they may be carried into effect in the preservation of the wonderful natural beauty of the White Mountain region. The scenery of New Hampshire is one of the most valuable pecuniary possessions of the people of the State. Good work has been done in Ohio and in other States in securing the preservation of important historic sites or of tracts of unusual natural beauty. California has been especially fortunate in this respect. One of her citizens, Col. J. B. Armstrong, has offered her a gift of six hundred acres of fine redwood forest to be set apart for the public use. Congress has passed the bill reserving for the public use the Tulare Big Trees, and there is every expectation that the bill for the establishment of the Yosemite National Park will also be passed. The endeavor to rescue the present Yosemite reservation from impending injury should attract and inspire all lovers of natural beauty and of the peace and joy which it nourishes, and should appeal especially to the pride and enlist the active coöperation of Californians. There is room and need for much more effort for similar objects. The people who are interested in forestry are acting wisely in organizing and carrying forward such movements. In many of the States of our country there is no opportunity for forestry in the proper sense of the term, but there is everywhere imperative need of popular education in the care of woodlands, trees, roadsides, and open spaces, and in appreciation of the value of change of scene and environment for all who live and work under the conditions of our modern life.

Our natural interest in forestry is connected chiefly with the problems of the management and destiny of the forests on the public domain. These forests, and the lands on which they stand, belong equally to the people of the whole country. They are as much the property of the inhabitants of New York and Virginia as of the people of the States in which the nation's forests and lands are situated. They should be at once withdrawn from sale, and the army of the United States should guard them from spoliation until a commission of competent men examines them and decides what portions of them should be kept permanently in forest for the protection of the sources of important

rivers. At present these invaluable forests are pillaged and devastated without scruple or limit by people who think it fine business to appropriate to themselves without cost the property of the nation. They have been doing this so long that they appear to claim the right to continue their ravages permanently, and are indignant at the suggestion of any interference by the owners of the property. Extensive tracts of these forests are destroyed by the pasturage of sheep owned by men who have no right whatever on the nation's land. Other great areas are desolated by fires, many of which are purposely started. Now these are the plain facts regarding mountain forests and their functions which are known to all persons of intelligence who have given any serious attention to forestry subjects. The sponge-like mass of roots, soil, leaves, and other vegetable matter which forms the forest floor acts as a natural storage reservoir, and holds back the water of rainfall and melting snow, allowing it to escape and descend but slowly to the channels of the streams, which are thus fed with comparatively equable flow all the year around. If forest conditions are destroyed, if the network of living root-fibers which holds the soil together and in place on steep slopes and around the shoulders of the hills is killed out by fire or pasturage, the soil soon begins to break and slip down from the hillsides, carrying away the sponge-like stratum which before had held vast quantities of water in store in a natural reservoir spread all over the surface of the hills. After this the water rushes down the hillsides in destructive torrents; and it soon scoops out great chasms and gullies, choking the streams and covering the fertile lands of the valleys below with inert sand and gravel.

"The forests on the public domain have a special interest and value for the people of this country because they guard the sources of rivers which can be used to redeem and fertilize millions of acres of arid lands. A territory large enough for a great empire can be made marvelously productive by means of irrigation, if these forests on the nation's land are protected and preserved. If forest conditions are destroyed on these mountains, many millions of acres in the arid regions below must forever remain desert and uninhabitable. The timber of these forests can be fully utilized without impairing forest conditions, or affecting in any degree the permanent flow of the streams which have their sources in them. Artificial storage reservoirs will doubtless be found necessary for purposes of irrigation, to supplement the function of the natural reservoirs, the mountain forests, but if the forests are destroyed the reservoirs will be filled up with sand and gravel, dams will be broken and swept away, and there will soon be but little water available for use in agriculture. Besides, if the forest covering of the mountains is destroyed, the mountains themselves will soon begin to change. They depend upon the forests for their permanence. If they are deprived of their indispensable vital integument, "the everlasting hills" are torn away and dragged down by rushing torrents of water and storms of wind. The rivers perish because their sources are destroyed. As much water may fall as before, but it becomes destructive instead of vivifying. It rushes away in uncontrollable fury and is lost.

All this is known. It is not a matter of theory, probability, or opinion. It has been incontrovertibly

established by repeated observations in all the mountain countries of the Old World and in our own country. The results are uniform. No exceptions have been observed, and there is no question or doubt regarding these destructive tendencies and effects among those who have observed the facts which are everywhere palpable in this department of nature and of human experience. Those who know anything of the subject are agreed that, in general, the forest-clothing of mountains cannot be permanently removed without far-reaching evil results. But the interests which are opposed to the protection of the nation's forests, and which are nourished by their constant and enormous spoliation, are strong and determined.

A Duty of Congress to Itself.

THE defeat of the International Copyright Bill on the 2d of May has illustrated the saying that next to a victory the best thing for a good cause is a defeat. The movement for honorable treatment of literary property has shown its vitality since that vote as never before; has, in fact,

Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows.

The indignant protest with which the unexpected rejection of this measure was greeted by the press and by the opinion of educated people in general cannot be mistaken; it clearly demonstrates that whatever stigma the House of Representatives may be willing to put upon itself, the people of the United States do not deserve to rest under the charge of being "a nation of pirates." Never was public sentiment more outraged or more ill-divined than by those Representatives who concluded that their popularity was to be enhanced by voting for what they erroneously supposed to be "cheap books." There has never been presented the slightest evidence that any considerable portion of our people oppose this reform, while the Copyright Committee has poured in upon Congress petitions for its passage from hundreds of the most distinguished Americans in all walks of life. The luster of these names should have challenged the attention of Representatives and plead for the importance of the measure. As it is, the House has put itself in a most disgraceful position — disgraceful to the country, but chiefly to itself. Happily there is yet an opportunity in the present Congress for righting the record. Should the present long session terminate without the redress of this time-honored wrong, let it be a solemn obligation upon every reader of these lines to urge upon his Representative during the recess his duty to the cause of justice, to the opinion of intelligent sentiment everywhere, and to the collective and individual reputation of members of Congress.

To Representatives who do not recognize an ethical obligation to set the official seal of criminality upon an offense which has incurred the condemnation of the civilized world, appeal may be made — indeed has unceasingly been made — in the name of the prosperity of American literature. It is humiliating to have to urge upon lawmakers so elementary a consideration as the value of a national literature — that literature is the phonograph of national life, preserving and reproducing what is most worth record; that it is a standing

army for the defense of national ideas and institutions; a necessary means of fireside travel and of intellectual interchange by which the sympathies of the different sections of the country are strengthened; and, last of all, the strongest barrier to a sordid materialism which is the greatest menace to the American system of government. Alas! to reach some legislators even these considerations seem too subtle; they are not cast in the idiom of the corridors of the Capitol. Some material equation of dollars and cents seems to be needed, such as the fact that American authors have suffered the loss of millions of money by the absence of International Copyright. To such Representatives that statement seems more tangible than, for instance, this significant paragraph from Sir Henry Maine's treatise on "Popular Government":

The power to grant patents by federal authority has, however, made the American people the first in the world for the number and ingenuity of the inventions by which it has promoted the "useful arts"; while, on the other hand, the neglect to exercise this power for the advantage of foreign writers has condemned the whole American community to a literary servitude unparalleled in the history of thought.

These words, nevertheless, are painfully true, and until writers are admitted to the equality of the law with other men we probably shall never have in America a thoroughly self-sustaining profession of letters, producing a national literature of three dimensions—with depth of thought as well as length and breadth of superficial activity. It is not merely a question of the additional money return which ultimately would accrue to a given effort, though that is doubtless desirable as a condition to thorough work: it is a question rather of the soil and atmosphere which nourish letters—of a friendlier and more appreciative attitude of the people towards their own literature, of the restoration of the decreasing regard for books, and of the enhancement of the self-respect and dignity of the writer. To quote from the admirable address of the Western Association of Writers in memorializing Congress in favor of the Copyright bill:

The classics of every nation should be read by every nation, but the bulk of the literature of each country should be its own, conveying its own traditions and national ideas, and inculcating the spirit of its own institutions.

For readers as well as for authors International Copyright means a declaration of American literary independence.

The Making of California.

WITH General Bidwell's faithful narrative in the present number *THE CENTURY* begins a systematic record of some of the chief features of the Anglo-Saxon movement to California, a part of the national life which has no parallel either in our own history or in that of any other country. We say "a part of the national life," for though the immediate scene of the search for gold and of the foundation of one of our

greatest commonwealths was a narrow strip of Pacific coast, the lines of sympathy and interest at that day reached to every quarter of the country, if not to every quarter of the globe. Nothing more characteristically American than this movement has been exhibited in our hundred years. The material conquest of California is not only important in itself, but as having set the pitch for the winning of the nearer West. The actual successes of that period have had their counterparts in other portions of the country; but the romance, humor, and tragedy of the California movement have an enduring and attractive individuality. Frequently in the long story one catches a discordant note, savage or sordid, but he is a superficial student of the time who does not see that it was not all for gold that the buoyant, brave, and hardy pioneers poured into the land of promise, by every practicable route, from the workshops, colleges, farms, and offices of the East. That they were not mere misers or speculators is proved by the way they spent their treasure, the yield of which, it has been calculated, cost in the mass, in labor and expenditure, dollar for dollar.

It is, therefore, not only the development of California which interests us, but the development of Californians—the broadening of a self-reliant type of American. "Get work," says the saw:

Get work; be sure 't is better far
Than what you work to get.

Yet the spectacle of the activity of the surging crowds in the cañons of the Sierra lacks something of ideality until one ponders upon its inner motive, as shown in the entr'actes. One has only to read the newspapers of that day, or, better, to look through the volumes of "Hutchings' California Magazine," to catch the "very pulse" of the movement to California. Those pages are a sounding-board of homesick cries; they are pervaded with loneliness, with pathetic praises of home and children in prose and verse, intensified by the uncertainties of absence. Every note in the human gamut was familiar to the pioneer, but it is this lingering on the domestic note which in the retrospect gives him particular and poetic interest.

The picture of those times is a varied and salient one, full of light and shadow, and it will be the aim of our series to do justice to each. Adventure, danger, courage, heroism, and sacrifice are familiar terms to those who know the intimate life of the period, and these are thrown still more in relief against the unknown and changing conditions of a stormy experience. The events of that time are far enough away to be contemplated by this generation with the interest of novelty; and under the guidance of the pioneers themselves, led by the honored contributor of this month's paper, we hope to make our readers agreeably familiar with the pastoral life of the Spanish Californians, with the several perilous routes to the land of gold, and with the many-colored scenes in the midst of which a star of the first magnitude was added to the national flag.

OPEN LETTERS.

Spoiling the Egyptians.

THE traveler in Egypt is very soon confronted by the fact that Egypt is not all there. He visits the greatest ruin in the world, Karnak; the famous Hall of Ancestors has been stripped of its treasure: the bas-relief representing King Thothmes III. making offerings to three-score of his predecessors is in the Louvre. Seen on the spot such a sculpture would be of extraordinary interest and value even to the most casual student of Egyptian history. One stands in the doorway of the same hall and the great obelisk of Queen Hatsou rises before him—a reminder that her chair, recently found, is now in Manchester, England. A statue of the architect of Karnak would be a rare sight when one's thoughts were full of the glories of his work; the only one known is in Munich.

On one side of the main entrance to the Temple of Luxor, in front of the great pylon built by Rameses II., stands a single beautiful obelisk of red granite; its companion is in Paris. Of the two obelisks which formerly stood near Pompey's Pillar—the only conspicuous monument now left in Alexandria—one is on the Thames Embankment in London, while the other is being slowly reduced to powder by the climate of New York.¹

At Assuan the tourist visits the granite quarries whence came most of the obelisks of Egypt. Close by was once a pillar bearing a Latin inscription, to the effect that "new quarries having been discovered near Philæ, many large pilasters and columns had been hewn from them during the reigns of Severus and Antoninus (Caracalla) and his mother Julia Domna," and that the hill was "under the guardianship of Jupiter-Ammon-Cenubis (Kneph) and Juno (Saté)," deities of Elephantine. The inscription would be interesting to one standing on that very hill, but how carelessly it is passed by in the distant museum to which it has been removed.

Tombs are empty; not only were the mummies long since taken away by pilfering Arabs, but heavy sarcophagi, many of which might have been left in place without the possibility of injury, have been borne overseas.

Bubastis has been recently excavated, and its famous temple of Pasht is now scattered over the world—in London, Paris, Manchester, Greenock, York, Boston, Canada, and elsewhere. Bubastis is within two hours of Cairo on a main line of railway (to Ismailia on the Suez Canal), and if the interesting sculptures and statues found by M. Naville could have been kept on the ground and under proper surveillance (a less serious expense than their transportation) a museum would have been formed for the delight and instruc-

tion of visitors for all time. To-day, standing upon the elevated site of the houses of the town described by Herodotus, one looks across the bed of the broad canal which once flowed around the temple, and down upon a few scattered stones from among which nearly all of any interest have been removed. Probably no one person will ever see again all that was found at Bubastis, and the interest in the place itself is gone forever. Is it worth this to the museums which now hold the scattered fragments?

To give a list of all the Egyptian antiquities which are missing from their own land would be to reproduce the catalogue of the Egyptian exhibit of every museum in the world. A large part of these are mummies, funerary ornaments, vases, etc., of which there are thousands in existence, and such may properly be carried away to give pleasure and profit to the sight-seers of distant lands; but others are specific monuments, statues of gods and goddesses, bas-reliefs from the walls of certain tombs and temples, rare tablets, and the sarcophagi of famous kings, of every one of which there is but one.

The modern spoiling of Egypt was begun by Napoleon Bonaparte, who bore away the most precious things of a conquered land to enrich his own museums. Italy, served in the same way, has been more fortunate, and has seen many of her antiquities returned. In the time of Napoleon, before the era of railways and steamships, Egypt was farther removed from the great centers of civilization than is the interior of Australia to-day. Even forty years ago the traveler who had visited the temples of Egypt was looked upon as an explorer, and his book found a ready publisher. Then there was some reason for removing to other countries these neglected antiquities. The obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde was transplanted from the Temple of Luxor in 1831, when only the tops of the pylons and columns showed themselves here and there among the hovels of an Arab village. But to-day, thanks to the good work begun by M. Maspero, under the Egyptian government, the hovels have been swept away, the columns brought to light, and, when the work is completed, the temple will be seen in all its grandeur, but forever imperfect for want of the missing obelisk.

In this day of rapidly improving travel Egypt grows more accessible every year, and the time is not far distant when the journey from New York to Cairo will be no more serious a matter than is now the trip to Paris; and the Londoner will think nothing of running down to Luxor to spend his Christmas holidays under its warm sun. A thousand persons will visit Egypt a century hence to one to-day, and, without disparaging the heroic work of many of the excavators and the

¹ The following is quoted from an article in the "New York Tribune" of July 27, on the recent attempt to preserve the obelisk now standing in Central Park: "Before making the application [of the preservative] all the loose flakes on the surface were removed. They filled more than six barrels with stone, and weighed in the aggregate more than half a ton. . . . Now it

is simply a question, Professor Newberry says, how long paraffine and other preservatives can fight off the climatic attacks. If strictly cared for, the inscriptions may be retained in good condition for a century or longer. . . . The obelisk, which is now in a healthy old age, will be obliged, like everything else, to succumb at last."

grand results of their labors, it may yet come to be a matter of regret that the era of excavation could not have been contemporaneous with the day when the world would no longer think of removing the monuments from their own land and their own associations. Antiquities seen in Egypt possess an interest for even the unscientific tourist which can never be felt in the lifeless halls of the Egyptian departments of our museums.

The paramount interest in the country of the Pharaohs is not an art interest but an historical one; and its connection with the Bible, so strongly accentuated by the recent finding of the royal mummies at Deir-el-Bahari, makes it surpass all other lands in this regard. In Palestine there are only the localities to remind one of the Bible, but Egypt is full of sculptures and inscriptions which bear upon sacred history, and now the very bodies of Bible characters are being brought to light. Are we furthering historical research by scattering the tools of study throughout the world? It may be granted that much good has been done in the past and many valuable discoveries made by allowing such a document as the Rosetta Stone to rest in the British Museum within reach of the scholars of England; and the thousands of sculptures and statues in the British Museum and in other collections have done a vast educational work and have helped to interest the world in ancient Egypt. Indeed many of the more fragile monuments would probably have been destroyed long ago had they not been removed to a safe place, and before the establishment of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities there was no such place in Egypt. Is it not time, however, to call a halt, and to provide for the preservation to Egypt, from this day forth, of all the objects she needs to make her history complete?

The exportation of antiquities by private persons has long been forbidden by law, but responsible explorers are granted permission to excavate with the understanding that a share of the result of their work shall go to the Egyptian Museum—theoretically the Museum being allowed to take whatever it pleases. But professional courtesy makes it difficult for the Museum authorities to retain the best of everything found by other explorers when the matter is left to choice, and indeed, with English influence becoming every day more paramount in Egyptian affairs, it is impossible for them to act freely. There is also too great an opportunity for the concealment of treasures, and for the carrying away to other countries of more than is needed simply to gratify a love of acquisition.

When M. Mariette, the founder of the Egyptian Museum, was in charge of the monuments, he insisted that excavations should be made only by the government of Egypt, which then furnished the necessary money. Foreign excavators were excluded, and the removal of antiquities to other countries ceased for a time. The government now provides only enough for the actual expenses of the Museum, and if new

excavations are to be made the means must be found outside of Egypt. If those interested in such work are not willing to intrust their money to the eminent commission, consisting of three Englishmen, three Egyptians, and two Frenchmen, which would at present have it in charge (provision could be made that certain approved explorers should do the work), then would it not be well to accept, with some modifications, the system of exploration which obtains in Greece? There such work by foreigners is allowed, with the restriction that absolutely no original object shall be taken from the country. Casts, squeezes, and drawings may be made, and reports published, and sometimes an explorer is granted for a certain number of years the sole right of reproduction of the objects he has excavated, and these he is allowed to sell to museums.¹

The climate of Egypt is such that many objects which elsewhere would need a roof above them can there remain uncovered in the very spot where they are found. Such of the more fragile objects as need to be removed from the place of finding should be gathered into one great treasure-house, amid the climatic conditions which have already preserved them through so many centuries.

Some of the things still hidden may well be left for our successors, but we in our passing day are trustees of the monuments now known, and there is much to be done in the way of preserving, guarding, and further excavating these. Esneh, one of the most beautiful of the Ptolemaic temples, the traveler finds nearly covered with mud-huts, and with only a single great hall visible; but here the columns are so grand and the proportions so magnificent that he longs to organize a force on the spot, dig out the other halls and the sanctuary, and reveal the beauties which are only awaiting an explorer with the means.

Thirty years ago the Temple of Edfou, now the most perfect of all, was buried under forty feet of soil, and nothing was visible except the top of the pylons. M. Mariette says: "I caused to be demolished the sixty-four houses which encumbered the roof, as well as twenty-eight more which approached too near the wall of the temple. When the whole has been isolated from its present surroundings by a massive wall the work of restoration at Edfou will be accomplished." The wall is not yet built; the village huts come close to one side, and on the other side towers a heap of rubbish nearly to the top of the 125-foot pylon.

The same eminent authority tells us that "Karnak, more than any other Egyptian temple, has for a long time suffered from infiltration of the Nile, whose waters, saturated with niter, eat into the sandstone. . . . The time may come when, with crash after crash, the columns of the magnificent hypostyle hall, whose bases are already three parts eaten through, will fall, as have fallen the columns in the great court in front of it." At Karnak the earth is seven feet deep around the base of the columns, and heaps of rubbish rise close to the

¹ While the present law in Greece works well in the case of important monuments, yet when hundreds of small objects, almost identical, are found together, a few score of which would be sufficient for Grecian museums for all time, it becomes a matter of regret that some of these cannot be exported for the enrichment of foreign collections. The treasury of the National Museum could be benefited by the sale of articles which now only crowd its shelves in useless duplicate. So many objects found in Egypt

are of this class that a law absolutely restricting the exportation of all antiquities would not only be continually violated (without much more severe customs' examinations than are now enforced), but it would be unnecessary. The present law which allows only antiquities under the seal of the Egyptian Museum to be removed is an admirable one, but it is almost a dead letter, and it is said that £20,000 worth of antiquities are exported every year.

outer walls and almost level with their tops. Fragments, not too large to be moved with comparatively simple machinery, and the proper position of which could be accurately determined by their inscriptions, lie everywhere; heads of statues, and even parts of obelisks, could be put in place. No one who sees the results of the work done in excavating the columns of Luxor, and in some cases reconstructing parts with brick and plaster, can doubt that similar labor put upon Karnak would repay a hundred fold in our day, and it might be the means of preserving to the world its grandest ruin. A recent commission has estimated that \$15,000 spent upon Karnak will make it safe from immediate danger and practically restore it, and \$42,500 is asked for by this commission as the minimum amount imperatively needed for the preservation and protection of all the most important temples.

Egypt must be aided in guarding her treasures. There is already a system of surveillance, and a tax of one pound is levied upon every Nile traveler to contribute to the preservation of the temples. But the ignorance and cupidity of the Arab guardians is apparent to every tourist: for a sufficient *bakshish* they can easily be induced to leave the traveler while he gratifies his own private bump of acquisitiveness by chipping away a piece of sculpture or cutting out a cartouche. A trustworthy man, of some education, should be in charge of each temple, and held responsible for damages to its walls. To such a man might be intrusted the work of continuing excavations and clearing away rubbish by slow degrees, as at Pompeii, so that no great amount of money need be spent at once; and, as at Pompeii, a new element of interest would constantly be added for the tourist.

The government does all it can with the limited means at command, but Egypt is "a nation meted out and trodden down," and the movement to preserve her monuments and to keep them within her own borders as the common heritage of all nations must come from without.

William W. Ellsworth.

COMMENT.

THE original spoiling of the Egyptians history considers to have been a creditable act; but the "spoiling" by our nineteenth-century vandals in Egypt is not only discreditable but barbarous. The Egypt Exploration Fund, whose vice-president for France is Maspero, is in hearty sympathy with the English society for the preservation of the monuments of Egypt, and some of its officers have started a fund for that purpose. Its managers have repeatedly called attention to the terrible mutilation of sculptures by relic fiends or by those who fill their orders. Professor Sayce, of our Fund, and Colonel Ross write earnestly from Egypt, extracts from their letters appearing in my letter on "Civilized Barbarism," in the "Boston Post" of March 19, 1890. Mr. Ellsworth does not express as much indignation as I then expressed. I closed with these suggestions:

I hope our American press will disseminate these painful facts as to the destruction of precious historical monuments at the instance of vandals who visit Egypt, or who pay gold for monuments that must be had at any and all sacrifice. First, I hope thereby our people will be more careful how they give *carte blanche* orders for mon-

umental remains, without regard to how they are to be obtained. Secondly, that that perfection of pleasure-giving, instruction-imparting tours, a trip up the Nile, may not lose, at least in part, its infinite charm—that of the inscriptions, pictorial representations, ethnographic bas-reliefs of a great people and contemporaneous races of 2000 to 6000 years ago—to all educated people who would profit by their inspection of the remains of ancient Egypt. Lastly, that the importance of exploration and research, such as the Egypt Exploration Fund carries on, may be strikingly emphasized—and more decipherments be made ere it is too late. For its work is above as well as under ground. Professor Sayce declares that "it is evident that whatever inscriptions there are above ground in Egypt must be copied at once if they are to be copied at all."

Brimful with general sympathy for Mr. Ellsworth's views, I must yet touch judiciously on a few of his special ideals and intimations. Egypt as a colossal Pompeii means a colossal and impossible fund to preserve absolutely intact her monumental treasures. Hence the museum at Cairo, to preserve the portable treasures, has a grand mission aside from its value as a great museum. Such is the greed of the Turk, Egyptian, Arab, that the greater the fund the greater would be their steals; such is iconoclasm in Egypt that it is religiously bound to deface statues and inscriptions. The most that we can accomplish, with a liberal outlay annually, will be the protection of the chief temples and sites. Let us spend \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year for this purpose; but who will give the money?

The most valuable of the portable sculptures discovered at Bubastis were removed to save them from certain destruction. There was no money for guards to protect them by night and day; much less for building a museum "for the delight and instruction of visitors for all time." The best pieces were reserved for the Cairo Museum, which always has the pick of all "finds" in Egypt, and whose director grants the right to explore for science and his museum's benefit. Most of the objects taken from Egypt by the Fund, by permission of the director, are duplicates which he does not wish, but which are of great value to other museums. Comparatively few people can see Egypt; but hundreds of thousands of people can and do see the collections elsewhere, to their great profit in many cases.

Greece is not a typical case: with fifty fold its monuments and every Greek an iconoclast, the cases would be parallel perhaps. No little triangular jealousy exists between English, French, and German savants in Egypt,—the natural *odium archaeologicum*,—some of whom are sure to let the tongue wag under the influence of the green eye. I notice that sometimes tourists' letters unwittingly catch the glitter of that eye. Let us save the monuments of Egypt; let us explore; let us use the duplicates to make our own "Egypt at Home" for study and profit; all of which is consistent and may be accomplished.

Wm. C. Winslow.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND, BOSTON.

General Lee and the "Yankee in Andersonville."

As a constant reader of THE CENTURY, "A Yankee in Andersonville," by Dr. T. H. Mann, comes under my observation in the July number. The article in

question seems a fair and faithful relation of facts; indeed, as I was in Lynchburg at the time he mentions, I know his account of his experience there is as he states it. Any one who experienced the necessary and often unnecessary horrors of many of the Northern "pens" where so many suffered and died can readily believe, as I do, all he says of Andersonville. But in speaking of seeing General R. E. Lee "for the first and only time in my life," he is evidently inaccurate. Dr. Mann says:

He [Lee] sat upon his horse carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of the saddle, and leisurely smoking a cigar. He appeared a middle-sized man, with iron-gray hair and full gray beard, not very closely cut; as fine-looking a specimen of a man and soldier as I ever saw. He remarked, as we filed past him, "Am sorry to see you in this fix, boys, but you must make the best of it." His tone was kind, and spoken as though he really sympathized with us, as I have no doubt he did.

It is kind in Dr. Mann to think and speak thus of our Lee, but it is plain he never saw General Robert E. Lee. All who knew him will say this picture is not true to nature. "Jeb" Stuart's favorite attitude, sometimes indeed under fire, was to sit "carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of his saddle," and maybe "leisurely smoking a cigar,"—though I never saw him smoke,—but General Lee never did so undignified a thing as this in his life. If there was any trait of his character that was always conspicuous it was dignity, and while on duty he was the sternest man I ever saw. In the social circle he was most courteous and affable. That he should have addressed Federal prisoners gratuitously at all was very unlike him; but if he had, it certainly would not have been in that free-and-easy, glib style quoted. It would have been very much more like him to have used the term *men*, but to have called them "boys" is altogether inconsistent. That he "sympathized" with the prisoners no one will doubt who correctly estimated the goodness and noble-heartedness of the man. His humanity and sympathy for his suffering "people"—a term of his own that he always used in speaking of his soldiers—in my humble judgment alone prevented him from being what Stonewall Jackson was, the greatest general of either army. I was connected with General Lee's army for four years nearly, and I believe if he had been a smoker I would have known it. And I am informed by one who knew General Lee better than I could that he never smoked a cigar in his life.

Very likely Dr. Mann really saw one of the many bogus counterfeits of General Lee, as I have many a time seen them attitudinizing in the conceit that they resembled him in personal appearance, which would explain some inconsistencies of an otherwise interesting and very likely faithful war reminiscence.

Dr. Mann, in speaking of his two-days' railway trip to Danville from Lynchburg (a two-hours' ride now), mentions that it was his only experience of riding in a passenger coach, "box-cars" being used on all other occasions. If he had known how few coaches there were in the Confederacy he would not have been surprised. Our troops, and indeed the sick and wounded, were from necessity nearly always transported in box-cars; and on one occasion as early as 1862, when our resources were not nearly so exhausted, I saw Jefferson Davis get out of a box-car at Gordonsville, having rid-

den from Culpeper, the only other occupants of the car being Federal prisoners captured from Pope's army.

And if Dr. Mann had known how scarce "raw corn" was as late as 1864, he would not have commented on its being issued as rations to prisoners, when very likely our soldiers in the field (many of them) were suffering even for raw corn. I could give some personal experience here in point.

One more item, which I must say with all respect is beyond my understanding, how it was possible for the prisoners at Andersonville to dig wells (not tunnels),—perpendicular wells, and a number of them,—eighty and even a hundred feet deep, in the hard clay soil, with only pieces of old canteens as digging implements. I can believe that the "mass of maggots" was "from one to two feet deep," but there must be some mistake about the depth of the wells or the pieces of canteens.

E. A. Craighill, M. D.,
Late Private Co. G., 2d Va. Inf'y, 1st (Stonewall) Brigade
A. N. Va., and Asst Surgeon C. S. A.
LYNCHBURG, VA.

DR. MANN'S REJOINDER.

It is possible, of course, that I did not see General Lee, but the picture he made sitting upon his horse in the twilight of May 5, 1864, has not yet been effaced from my mind. Dr. Craighill will agree with me that the men of either army, who stood up for four years and took the brunt of battle, were not in the habit of seeing apparitions.

The Confederate army did suffer much from lack of rations, and no doubt at times from lack even of raw corn, but the cause was lack of transportation rather than of such supplies within the Confederacy. There was corn enough rotting in the fields undgathered, and in the bins, within twenty miles of Andersonville to feed properly every prisoner in that stockade.

Why could not a well one hundred feet deep be dug with a split canteen for a shovel and an old case-knife for a pick as easily as could a tunnel? No doubt it puzzled a Virginia planter in ante-bellum days to imagine how a New England Yankee could obtain a living from the bleak and rocky hills he inhabited; yet he did it by digging away, in sunshine and rain, every day in the year except Sundays, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Fast Day, and "Lecture."

T. H. Mann, M. D.,
MILFORD, MASS. Late of Co. I, 18th Regt. Mass. Vols.

"The Builders of the First Monitor."

As one of the executors of the late Captain John Ericsson, I feel called upon to correct some of the statements made by Mr. G. G. Benedict in his article in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1890. From documents in my possession, and facts of which I have personal knowledge, it is clear that Mr. Benedict is seriously at fault in many of his statements.

It is not true, for example, that Mr. C. S. Bushnell had less "practical experience and wealth" than his associates. His practical experience in vessels dated from his boyhood, when at sixteen years of age he was master of a large vessel, and a large owner and extensive builder in sailing and steam ships up to the time when he became contractor for the ironclad *Galena*,

of which Messrs. Winslow and Griswold were subcontractors under him for the iron plating.

Captain Ericsson's most intimate friend, Mr. C. H. Delamater, is entitled to the credit of bringing the plan of the *Monitor* to the attention of Mr. Bushnell, who no sooner saw and appreciated it than he carried it to Hartford, Connecticut, where the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Gideon Welles, on a certain Friday early in September, 1861, urged him to take the plan immediately to Washington and lay it before the Government. This Mr. Bushnell did, not stopping at his home in New Haven, but arriving at the capital on Sunday morning. After breakfast he invited Mr. Winslow and Mr. Griswold to take a ride with him, that he might, undisturbed, explain to them the magnitude of his discovery. To their credit it may be said that this was an easy task, and it was agreed that all three should call upon Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln the following (Monday) morning. Mr. Seward gave them a letter of introduction to Mr. Lincoln, and the latter was so much pleased with the plan that he promised to meet them the next day (Tuesday) at the Navy Department, and use his influence with the Naval Board for its adoption. Promptly at eleven o'clock Mr. Lincoln appeared, and, after listening to the adverse criticism, expressed his opinion that "there was something in it, as the Western girl said when she put her foot into her stocking!" After the President had withdrawn, Messrs. Bushnell and Winslow secured from Admiral Smith and Commodore Paulding a promise to sign a favorable report, provided Captain Davis — the remaining member of the committee — would join them. This he declined to do, and the enterprise seemed hopelessly blocked. Mr. Bushnell, after consulting with Secretary Welles, then started for New York, and by persistent persuasion succeeded in inducing Captain Ericsson to go on to Washington, where he had no difficulty in satisfying Captain Davis of the stability of the *Monitor*, and inducing him to join his associates in recommending a contract for its construction.

Mr. Benedict's statements, that "Days lengthened into weeks while Bushnell labored ineffectually to remove the prejudices and obtain the approval of the Board," that "His own efforts having proved thus unavailing," he applied to Messrs. Winslow and Griswold, and that they "decided to take the scheme past the Naval Board, directly to the head of the nation," etc., are wholly misleading. The fact is, that the entire enterprise was managed with the greatest expedition. The plan was never presented to the Board until the Tuesday morning when President Lincoln met Mr. Bushnell and his associates at Admiral Smith's office, and was accepted three days later, after Mr. Ericsson's arrival from New York.

"Mr. Bushnell says that [the hard conditions exacted by the Government were] never an embarrassment to Captain Ericsson and himself. If so, may it not have been because their pecuniary risk was so much less than that of their associates?"

The real reason was because of the unbounded faith which Ericsson had — and which Mr. Bushnell shared — in the ability of the vessel to do all that was required of her. It may also be said that Mr. Bushnell had secured other parties to take the place of Messrs. Winslow and Griswold in case they finally refused to sign the contract. After hesitating for a week, they

decided to share in the enterprise, but only on condition that Mr. Bushnell should secure Mr. Daniel Drew of New York and Hon. N. D. Sperry of New Haven as bondsmen for all parties. Mr. Bushnell was both able and willing to take all the risks involved in his share of the work, and has always felt more than satisfied with the public appreciation of his effort to aid the country in its darkest days. He has never had the slightest wish to appropriate the lion's share of the credit, and joins most heartily with Mr. Benedict in honoring all gentlemen whose names are given such well-earned distinction in Mr. Benedict's article.

George H. Robinson.

The Flag first hoisted at Mobile.

THE JUNE CENTURY, page 309, speaks of the flag hoisted by Lieutenant De Peyster over Richmond as "the same one that had been first hoisted at Mobile on the capture of that city."

Now the first flag hoisted over Mobile was hoisted by men from the ironclad *Cincinnati*. On April 12, 1865, a fleet of transports took the force that had been operating on the east side of Mobile Bay against Spanish Fort, reported to be about fifteen thousand men, over to the west side of the bay. The naval force accompanied them, ready for action. On landing, a white flag, or its equivalent, was found on every house. The citizens reported Mobile evacuated. Two boats left the *Cincinnati* to hoist a flag over one of the batteries in the harbor. The gig commanded by Acting Master J. B. Williams, executive officer, reached Battery McIntosh first and hoisted the flag there. They found everything in order except that the powder had been thrown into the bay before the evacuation. After some little time spent in rummaging, the two crews started for the city. They found no opposition to their landing, and hoisted the ensign they carried on the roof of the Battle House, climbing up on each other's shoulders to get to the flagstaff on the roof. Twenty-five minutes after our ensign was hoisted a party of cavalry came tearing in, their horses all in a foam. They went up to the roof of the custom house, across the street from the Battle House, and the first thing they saw was our flag and our men across the way. They were chagrined, and set up the flag they bore against a chimney, where it could not be seen from the street. Our men went over and helped them hoist it where it could be properly seen, then we took down our ensign and returned to the ship. Our flag was hoisted while the mayor was surrendering the city.

Ambrose S. Wight,
Late Clerk to the Commander of the "Cincinnati,"
LINDEN, MICHIGAN.

A Letter from Lincoln when in Congress.

THE following copy of an autograph letter of Congressman Abraham Lincoln to the Hon. Josephus Hewett of Natchez, Mississippi, evinces a spirit of fairness and kindly feeling towards the South, and may be found of interest to readers of THE CENTURY. The original is in possession of Mrs. M. E. Gilkey of this place.

DUNCANSBY, MISS.

L. L. Gilkey.

WASHINGTON, February 13, 1848.

DEAR HEWETT: Your Whig representative from Mississippi, P. W. Tompkins, has just shown me a

letter of yours to him. I am jealous because you did not write to me—perhaps you have forgotten me. Don't you remember a long black fellow who rode on horseback with you from Tremont to Springfield nearly ten years ago, swimming our horses over the Mackinaw on the trip? Well, I am that same one fellow yet. I was once of your opinion, expressed in your letter, that presidential electors should be dispensed with, but a more thorough knowledge of the causes that first introduced them has made me doubt. The causes were briefly these. The convention that framed the Constitution had this difficulty: the small States wished to so form the new government as that they might be equal to the large ones, regardless of the inequality of population; the large ones insisted on equality in proportion to population. They compromised it by basing the House of Representatives on population, and the Senate on States regardless of population, and the execution of both principles by electors in each State, equal in number to her senators and representatives. Now throw away the machinery of electors and this compromise is broken up and the whole yielded to the principle of the larger States. There is one thing more. In the slave States you have representatives, and consequently electors, partly upon the basis of your slave population, which would be swept away by the change you seem to think desirable. Have you ever reflected on these things?

But to come to the main point. I wish you to know that I have made a speech in Congress, and that I want you to be *enlightened* by reading it; to further which object I send you a copy of the speech by this mail.

For old acquaintance' sake, if for nothing else, be sure to write to me on receiving this. I was very near forgetting to tell you that on my being introduced to General Quitman and telling him I was from Springfield, Illinois, he at once remarked, "Then you know my valued friend, Hewett of Natchez"; and on being assured I did, he said just such things about you as I like to hear said about my own valued friends.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

Horace Greeley at Lincoln's First Nomination.

ON reading "The Inside Facts of Lincoln's Nomination" in the July CENTURY, I am reminded that I was in that large house in the Chicago "Wigwam" the day Lincoln was nominated, and was very desirous of the nomination of William H. Seward, as were a large number with me from Wisconsin. After the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, before proceeding to the nomination of Vice-President, the convention adjourned until the afternoon. I went from the convention to the Tremont House. Shortly after arriving there Horace Greeley came into the reception hall of the hotel with some of his friends. I then thought his face never showed more feeling of triumphant satisfaction than his political antagonist was defeated, that Seward and Thurlow Weed were humbled. I noticed this the more as I knew of the bitter feeling existing between Greeley and Seward and Weed.

Mr. Greeley's friends were gathering around him in the hall, congratulating him on the result. I heard one ask him: "Now what next? Who is it best to bring forward for Vice-President?" Mr. Greeley said, "The friends of Mr. Seward are very sore, and they must

have their own way as to Vice-President." On being asked if he had in his mind the proper name, Mr. Greeley put his open hand to the side of his mouth and in an undertone said, "Hamlin of Maine"; and Mr. Hamlin was nominated in the afternoon.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

G. H. Stewart.

An Error in "A Single Tax upon Land."

IN his article on "A Single Tax upon Land," in the July CENTURY, Mr. Edward Atkinson says:

It was presented more than a century since by the economists of France known as the physiocrats; it was applied in France under Turgot, before the French Revolution, with very disastrous results.

This is a remarkable statement for a man to make who "has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to explore the subject," for the proposition of the physiocrats holds about the same relation to the modern proposition as Fulton's steamboat holds to the *Umbria*. Besides, it was not applied by Turgot, though he attempted an approach to it, and as a result he was swept out of power by the privileged classes whose monopolies were threatened.

Henri Van Laun says in "The French Revolutionary Epoch," Vol. I, p. 35:

At all events, Turgot, "the man with the brain of a Bacon and the heart of a Chancellor de L'Hôpital," is regarded as the likely savior of France. His fame had preceded him, and this led the people to expect a renewal of administrative marvels, such as his intendants-ship of Limoges brought to light. If regeneration without a revolution had been possible for France, Turgot would have accomplished it. Plans vast and numerous, comprising everything the Revolution afterwards effected, were incubated: the abolition of feudal rights, of laboring upon the highways, vexatious restrictions of the salt system, interior imposts, liberty of conscience and of the press, unfettered commerce and industry, disestablishment of the monastic orders, revision of criminal and civil codes, uniformity of weights and measures, and many others.

When at last Parliament was convened (see p. 41),

to them Turgot, with honest straightforward eloquence, unfolds his scheme. "No bankruptcy, no increase of imposts, no loans"; to which are added free trade in corn, the abolition of gilds, and last, but not least, equality of territorial imposts for all. What matters it to them that in less than two years, with provisional measures of this kind, he has paid twenty-four million francs to the public creditors, redeemed twenty-eight millions of installed money, and moreover discharged fifty millions of debt. Let him do so again, but not ask them to abate one iota of their privileges. They refuse to be taxed like the common herd; they consider such demand preposterous, and flatly decline to listen to it.

As a last resort Turgot prevails upon the king to register the edicts in a bed of justice, but the pressure of the privileged classes is so great that Turgot is compelled to resign (p. 44).

Good Malesherbes, Turgot's trusty helper, disgusted with all these vile cabals, voluntarily quits the Ministry; the latter, more courageous, waits until he is sent away, uttering these memorable words at his first dismissal: "Sire, the destiny of kings led by courtiers is that of Charles I."

Says John Morley, "Critical Miscellanies," Vol. II., pp. 150-151:

He suppressed the *corvées* and he tacked the money payment which was substituted on the Twentieths—an impost from which the privileged classes were not exempt.

This was about as near to the *impôt unique* as the privileged classes permitted him to get.

Leon Say in his work on Turgot, Anderson's translation (p. 205), says:

Calonne's territorial subvention, bearing upon all land owners and upon all estates without exception or privilege, was nothing more than the land tax of which Turgot was developing the plan at the very moment of his dismissal, and which was to have been the object of his next reform.

James Middleton.

NEW ORLEANS.

MR. ATKINSON'S CORRECTION.

MR. JAMES MIDDLETON'S Open Letter, which I am glad to see in print, gives me the opportunity to correct the error in my article on the "Single Tax upon Land" and in the rejoinder to Mr. Henry George, to which Mr. Middleton refers.

The single tax, or what the physiocrats call *l'impôt unique*, was not applied in France under Turgot; that is, it was not put into practice. The services which Turgot rendered are rightly and fully stated in the extracts given by Mr. Middleton. *L'impôt unique*, or the single tax advocated by the physiocrats, may or may not have been of the same nature as the single tax on land valuation now proposed by Mr. Henry George. It was, however, based upon the same idea, in which Turgot shared, that all wealth is derived from land.

I may rightly give an explanation as to how this error crept into my copy and into THE CENTURY. You may remember that the first draft of this article upon the "Single Tax upon Land" was submitted to you, and while you liked it and desired to publish it, it was too long; neither did it satisfy myself that it was in a sufficiently popular form to be easily comprehended.

In that original draft I attributed the issue of the

French *assignats*, the paper money of the French Revolution which collapsed in such a disastrous manner although secured upon the confiscated lands of the nobles, to the misconception in regard to land which had been held by the physiocrats and sustained or applied by Turgot. In making the necessary excision I overlooked the fact that I left the statement in an incorrect form, as if a single tax on land valuation, corresponding to the plan of Mr. George, had been actually put into practice in France. This is not the fact; and the simplest way is to admit the error. Even when writing my short rejoinder to Mr. George, I failed to observe that by my excision I had left the paragraph in its erroneous form.

Edward Atkinson.

BOSTON.

George D. Prentice and S. S. Prentiss.

MR. JOHN GILMER SPEED writes to us that although Mr. Joseph Jefferson's remarks as to Mr. Prentice's dueling prowess reflect the opinion of others with better opportunities to judge, nevertheless Mr. Prentice was bravely and consistently opposed to what he called "the miserable code that is said to require two men to go out and shoot at each other for what one of them may consider a violation of etiquette or punctilio in the use of language." Mr. Speed says: "Mr. Prentice had on more than one occasion to defend himself from attacks made upon him in the streets, but he was never the aggressor in such fights."

With regard to S. S. Prentiss (who, by the way, was lawyer, orator, and statesman, but not an editor), letters from lawyers state that while he did fight two duels with General Foote, he fought no others, and was really opposed to the practice; yielding in these cases to what Dr. Nott in his sermon on the death of Hamilton termed "the force of an imperious custom."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Present Style.

JONES, Smith, Robinson,
Simmons, Kent, Parr,
Riley, Moore, Grant, Dunn,
Little, Lillie, Carr,

Marsh, Dusenbury, Bland,
Hurley, Murphy, Daw,
And Jamison, Attorneys and
Counselors at law.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Observations.

To know a thing we must see it as a whole; to understand it we must see it as a part.

WHETHER I shall be unfortunate depends also on others; whether I shall be unhappy depends only on myself.

EVEN mine enemy can sympathize with my grief; but only my friend can sympathize with my joy.

HEAVEN is a place into which the more I push others the more I am led myself.

TWO men have no need of philosophy — those who have no leisure for it, and those who have.

Ivan Panin.

Some Bookish Rhymes.

AN UNCUT COPY.

WHEN I was young I sent my friend a copy of "My Verses,"

And when he died he left his books to me, dear to his heart.

To-day I looked them over all, and find — ten thousand curses! —

My book is there and no two leaves have e'er been cut apart.

AN INCONSISTENCY.

THE bibliophile who loves his margins wide —

Who grudges e'en to type an inch or two —

Most strangely has not ever stepped aside

To read with glee a virgin blank-book through.

THE GRANGERITE.

HE says he's fond of books as of himself —

This man who never yet has hesitated

To hack and cut a dozen books for pelf

Wherewith *one* may be extra-illustrated!

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Reader's Choice.

LET critics praise the thoughtful prose
Of warriors and of sages,
Let maidens linger o'er the verse
Wherein the poet rages —
From these I turn without regret
To Advertising Pages.

The authors drive unwilling pens
In search of novel plots;
The poet's lines are haunted by
The ghosts of those he blots;
We smell the artist's midnight oil
In all his lines and dots.

But oh! the Advertiser,
He seeks untraveled ways —
We feel the eager wish to please
In every word he says;
The other's toil is hired,
For leave to speak *he* pays.

No matter how inspired
The poet may seem to be,
For every foot I give his price —
Each throb is charged to me;
The Advertiser's efforts
Are always thrown in, free.

They greet one with "Good-morning!"
Sweet words of cheer and hope! —
(What matter that they're followed
By hints of toilet soap?)
They offer us great padded chairs
In every kind of slope.

A cup of chocolate is brought
Upon a dainty tray;
Assorted jack-knives then are shown
In bluff and easy way;
You're asked to see Niagara,
And pressed to spend the day —

There's no time to be weary:
Before one has a chance
Up pops a "gent" in shirt-sleeves,
And with a backward glance
Displays invitingly a pair
Of his "Three Dollar Pants."

Typewriters by the dozen
Dazzle our eager eyes,
And each one "holds the record,"
And each one "took the prize";
And when we read of any
The others we despise.

Of powders made for baking
There's but one pure in ten,
As proved by affidavits
Of scientific men;
You turn the page — and all 's disproved
By men as wise again.

Behold a Queen Anne cottage
Where Cupid loves to dwell!
'T is built for really nothing —
Just how, "our book will tell";
And here are patent shingles
To roof the pretty shell.

Lo! fountain-pens, unnumbered,
"On trial," and the rest,
All used by Twain and Tennyson,
All guaranteed the best,

All worth their weight in — promises
After a six-months' test.

We read of schools on mountain tops,
Of railroads to the sea,
Of cameras, revolvers,
Of tricycles and tea,
With gowns and gaiters, watches, clocks,
Each on a guarantee.

For agents, all are begging,
Though fortunes great are made
In books upon commission
And "all expenses paid";
They offer farms for nothing
On maps and plans displayed.

In winter — here are heaters
With patent grate and flue;
In summer — ice-cream freezers,
Refrigerators, too;
And here are Brobdingnagian fruits,
That grow in spite of you.

Oh! could I own a check-book
In Russia, edged with gold,
Backed by some banker's well-stored vaults,
And all his wealth untold,
I'd write to every one of them
A letter fierce and bold —

I'd order from each dealer
All he did advertise,
And all these dreams of luxury
At once I'd realize,
Then sit and open bundles
In a sort of Paradise!

Tudor Jenks.

A Song of a Square.

It's a bright little spot in the heart of the town,
And the sun in its wanderings often looks down
On the fledglings of fashion who constantly fare
With jesting and laughter through Rittenhouse Square.

Whole beves of beauties in glistening brocade
Stroll languidly under the sycamores' shade
To gossip and chatter while taking the air
And flaunting their feathers in Rittenhouse Square.

While loitering over the greensward there go
In endless procession fop, gallant, and beau
Tricked out like Sir Plume in his ruffles, to stare
At the gay promenaders of Rittenhouse Square.

But one little maid in the glittering host
Is humble and poor. All the wealth she can boast
Is the gold that shifts over her shimmering hair
When sunshine is plenty in Rittenhouse Square;

Yet not a fine lady of any we meet
Has glances so cheery or smiles half so sweet
As those she flings over her shoulder at care
When walking beside me through Rittenhouse Square.

O Nelly, sweet Nelly! The proud world goes by,
But what is its scorn when we know, you and I,
That when April is white upon apple and pear
There'll be wedding-bells ringing in Rittenhouse
Square!

Mary E. Wardwell.

In Cap and Bells.

In motley, I — a jester, I —
Time's fool with bauble, asses' ears,
And peeping from my hood there blears
A face all seamed and scarred with smiles —
The footprints of the miles and miles

Of weary jests,
Jested at Master Time's stern hests.

In motley, I — a jester, I —
Living to make King Time each day
Crack his pale cheeks with laughter gay,
To smooth the hard cushions of his throne,
He, the strong mastiff — I, the bone
Crunched in his teeth,
Ending my jests for him in death.

In motley, I — a jester, I —
But oh! we wear — Time's honored fools —
Hearts of sable on life's field, gules.
The world 's a bladder; men, dried pease;
I, the stick, rattle them to please

King Time alway:
But *Z*, I am not that I play.*

You like the colors of my cap?

Marry, 't is well!

You like the jingle of each little bell?

Marry, 't is good!

I 'll shake my hood

To drop you quips at your command.

So, come to me: hold out your hand:

But for each ringing laugh you give, *I* cry,

"You are the jester, *you*: it is not *I*."

Esther Singleton.

Patient Griselda.

In days of yore called Golden,
'T was the woman was beholden
To her husband for her high or low degree;
He raised her to his level,
Were he banker, bishop, devil,
Angel, poet, alderman, or Ph. D.

So Griselda, called the Patient,
Had to stay where she was stationed,
Nilly willy, in her high or low degree;
To fill my lordship's goblet,
Or darn his holey doublet,
Was all *she* knew of life or liberty.

To-day in late requital
Let the husband take his title
To distinction through his lady's high degree,
And rank in art and science
As professor by alliance,
Perchance as consort of a K. C. B.

Oh, she asked not for the ballot,
For it is not to her palate;
But she claims her right to learning's high degree
With doctors of divinity
With whom she feels affinity,
And wants a little lien on L.L. D.

So, though eons she has waited,
Is Griselda re-instated
(Not as that patient person thought to be),
In learning's lore man's counterpart —
And yet we think thy woman's heart
Thy crowning grace, Griselda, Ph. D!

Marguerite Merington.

His Old Yellow Almanac.

I LEFT the farm when mother died, and changed my place of dwellin'

To daughter Susie's stylish house, right in the city street,
And there was them, before I came, that sort of scared me, tellin'

How I would find the town folks' ways so difficult to meet.
They said I 'd have no comfort in the rustlin', fixed-up throng,
And I 'd have to wear stiff collars every week-day right along.

I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water,

I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of shows;
And there 's no end of comfort in the mansion of my daughter,
And everything is right at hand, and money freely flows,
And hired help is all about, just listenin' for my call,
But I miss the yellow almanac off my old kitchen wall.

The house is full of calendars, from attic to the cellar,

They 're painted in all colors, and are fancy-like to see;

But just in this particular I 'm not a modern feller,

And the yellow-covered almanac is good enough for me:

I 'm used to it, I 've seen it round from boyhood to old age,
And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom of each page.

I like the way the "S" stood out to show the week's beginnin'

(In these new-fangled calendars the days seem sort of mixed),
And the man upon the cover, though he wa' n't exactly winnin',

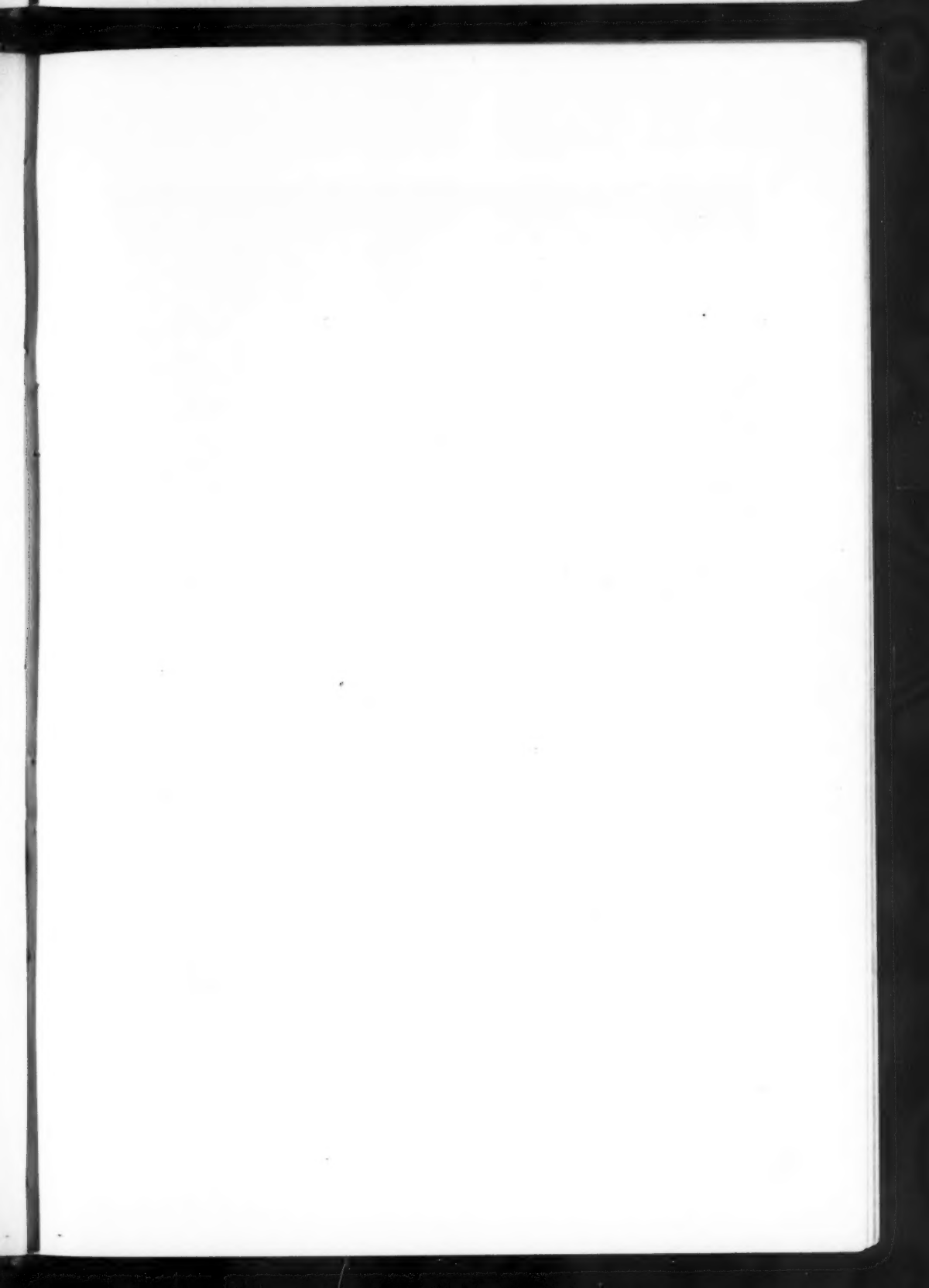
With lungs and liver all exposed, still showed how we are fixed;
And the letters and credentials that were writ to Mr. Ayer
I 've often, on a rainy day, found readin' very fair.

I tried to find one recently: there wa' n't one in the city.

They toted out great calendars in every sort of style;
I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered 'em in pity,

"I 'd rather have my almanac than all that costly pile."
And, though I take to city life, I 'm lonesome, after all,
For that old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.





ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

DAPHNE.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.